



VIRUS CITY

A prose poem

SJ EGRET

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Written in Asheville, NC
Printed & bound in the USA

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To those whom counsel taste, feelings, love & beauty foremost

PROLOGUE

And You, so vain to believe you could use the lake's fire to melt your chains. Arrogant, using lake's fire to melt your chains; left only with death's brother as your mate. This virus plagues us with more than respiratory issues - it clouds our dreams. Please, don't read this unless you're ready to be freaked out...

A prose poem

VIRUS CITY



I, following you through the hell of New York City, behind barkeep's counters near the register where patrons shalt go,

acquiescing as you conned strangers at booths, winking at me to play along.

I, who split off into the bathroom just to find feces covered on the flusher, with cheap Chinese food containers in the trash and pained patrons pooping next door.

I followed you with these conned booth-sitters outside until you turned on me, declaring it was I who had the cure, the vaccine, and who held out on its sharing.

It was you who watched these new friends grip my head from behind and gouge their fingers in my eyes.

You created the battle between me and your hairy new friend where I took up arms with a screwdriver, and he scissors.

I was successful in blinding him unconscious but my bullets all were fake. Luckily with help I had him discarded off the balcony with the applause of constables below.

We then were in a world required of hazmat suits and the loss of individuality. Taped to machines, with wires all around as we sat on stools in a hall turned laboratory. I was left without a suit and told, “don’t worry, you’ll be fine”.

Then how come when I went to the restroom it was pain and terror awaiting me?



Part II

We were on a speeding train heading over water. But this was close to the end.

From the start it was you I followed.

In the heart of the city you said I could park there, that it would be fine.

No later than 10 minutes I was screaming, making alarms with my voice, at the hoodlums stealing my ride. While I successfully scared them off, you left me.

You go get yourself killed, but communicated to me still after nonetheless.

You told me where to go, to burn your corpse in the industrial oven you knew would work.

I drove that whole facility, up & down stairs, avoiding my face being seen.

I finally find the oven and you instruct me, from beyond, to carry forward, that it was too dangerous.

My love for you so strong and your corpse so close I admit I hated the thought of wasting such white gorgeous creation of God that I did settle in to try yourself with crackers prepared in a Tupperware snack.... although a bite or two and I could not possibly complete this feast.

At this point I run, knowing well the feds will catch me soon.

This brings me to the speeding train over water.

I write you saying, I have your corpse, I couldn't access the oven, and I will store it safely, you know where, in the public parking garage, locked behind key, assuming my follower doesn't find it first.



Part III

I learn of your jailing and I bring myself to your aid. I, acting as counsel, take the position of your innocence and plead for more evidence.

The girl was killed, shortly after you dropped her off at the daytime concert. Was there another who saw her after you left but before she went inside? We must find out.

Three suspects: Two unlikely and one a drugged-out 4th-generation watch-maker. I target this preying watch-maker, learning from the detective his attorney is the vicious one we all know.

I, after hours on the case, am famished, wandering the stairwell of the county jailhouse... So many hours... and this, after the train, after the corpse, after the hazmat debacle...

1, 2, 3, and more prisoners go by... some stop and kick my head, me on my hands and knees crawling on concrete stairs, others just pass by. But the worst of the kickers came on the final stair, and to my horrid surprise, this kick was from you, my closest friend.

THE END



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A writing of Clarence Badfoot from the pen of SJ Egret.