

Goat Caitlyn

Ravenous for the world,
Goat Caitlyn takes a big bite of glass
after the rum & Diet Coke is gone.

The car hasn't started in a month
since she chewed through the cables,
the metal, the plastic, the leather.

Goat Caitlyn does not give a single fuck
about contiguous brake lines.

Now she's gotten into the recycling bin
again. Not that I wanted to use that
rinsed tuna can for a craft project or anything.

The gift receipt for that alpaca hair poncho
disappeared, flower tops continue to collect
in her broken glass ecosystem,
yet she hasn't touched a single blade

of my waist-height grass.
Goat Caitlyn isn't vindictive—
her square pupils misrepresent
a close collaboration
with Satan.

No, Goat Caitlyn wears a blank nonchalance
as she consumes.

She's got a hunger.

Xenadrine Commercial During *Law & Order*

Soon we'll all have size 0 jeans and cancer,
like the family dog beside me on the living room floor
leaking blood, which is different than bleeding.

If I were a better person I would not think about
putting him down. I would remember
the way he slept on my stomach as a puppy.

I would wring my hands and maybe wail.
My mother has twice said euthanasia
sets a precedent; we're not to put *her* down.

I am too focused on one of my life goals to listen: never
smell a rotting body. On television,
it always makes the rookie cop puke.