

## Adam Crothers

### Wednesday

Another day of fresh cigarette burns,  
not failing to hit the side of a barn  
  
but falling far short of a neat bull's-eye.  
Not quite seeing the wood for the balsa,  
  
knowing the great hereafter for elsewhere.  
Athlete's foot, Achilles' heel, mouth ulcer,  
  
one for the stomach, two for the money.  
*Nothing to see here. Give me a minute.*  
  
At the slow end of a forty day fast  
unpeel the digits from your onion fist  
  
and mask yourself with the pocked palm's odour,  
the musk and slip of six weeks' work, either  
  
mustard gas and ether or your man's flesh  
flash-fried, seasoned, laid out, sprinkled with ash.