

WHITE ASH, WHITE TRASH

TONI SCORSESE

Through a muddy lens of her glasses, Frances hues the future.
Fruitless, joyless, hollow.

What flavor is fruitless anyway?

Bland; no froth, no fizz – nothing left fermenting, but Frances.

What color is bland anyway?

Arid; no juice, no essence – nothing left steeping, but Frances.

Through the arid lens of her windshield, Frances chafes the wipers.
Perfunctory, mechanical, dithering.

What sound is perfunctory anyway?

Silent; no song, no air – nothing left chanting, but Frances.

What temperature is silent anyway?

Bereaved; no mass, no anatomy – nothing left dissolving, but Frances.

Through the bereft lens of her mind, Frances huffs the present.
Insolvent, intractable, insufferable.

What emotion is insolvent anyway?

Empty; no poise, no possession – nothing left vacant, but Frances.

What reality is empty anyway?

A pile of ash, a heap of trash – nothing left white, but Frances.

Fuck that: FIX IT FRANCES!