

MARY RUEFLE

---

*Japanese Bloodgod*

I feed my sorrow  
I feed my sorrow spinach  
I feed my sorrow eggs  
I feed my sorrow sunflowers  
I feed my sorrow pineapples and newspapers and trash  
There is a cake rising for my sorrow  
I feed it opium and I buy Scotch tape for it  
I buy batteries for my sorrow  
I throw coins at my sorrow  
I look at it through binoculars  
I throw lavender on the sheets of my sorrow  
I burn frankincense for my sorrow  
I starch my sorrow  
I iron it flat, then I fold it again  
I buy blueberries for my sorrow  
Like all things, it likes itself  
It likes what it is made of  
When I want to touch it  
I fill the sink with hot water  
and add a submarine