

## Five Poems by Andrei Codrescu

### REMEMBRANCE OF MY FORGOTTEN SKINNINESS

I was a man so skinny light travelled with a  
horrendous thump upward through my only vein  
which the folks, naturally alert, would point  
to each other at night as I stalked  
the mains of natural gas.  
Often mistaken for a street lamp I would suffer  
the gold urine of the ruined bums.  
All this time I was nothing. I had no purpose.  
A hack doctor polishing with spit a scalpel.  
A wall in a church where they've buried a tractor.  
I was a man so skinny I stuck to paper  
and screamed at the letters.  
The lettuce of desire dragged me down.  
The weight of the podium could be measured in hogs.  
In the bags themselves I wouldn't fit.  
But when I came to America the situation changed.  
Today I am a solid bank of meat.  
I have just eaten Critter.