

In Crisis

Towns

My granddaddy sold pabst blue ribbon
out the back of his truck
on the black
side of town,
his
side
of town.

My grandmamma wasn't raised by Pearl,
she was
raised
by
the wind.
It blew her up and down,
the black
side of town.

I keep a charred black penny
under my tongue,
when I pray, for the courage
in crisis.

Full I

Every few months
my eyes swell up
full with all they have
seen
with everything my mind can
not longer hold
still

they do not leak a secret or a sight
until the dead of night

Full II

I choose to fill me up
right and good
and to the rim
until I spill over
with a love that can not be contained.

Goddess Mother

She has a black pearl as a third eye
 \shinning, gleamin'
and knowin' all
It blends in with her skin
 Nearly perfectly.

She speaks to me in whispers
so I'll work hard to listen, to learn things.

My future- our future-
is in the seams of her palm.
Strong and deep. Extending forever.

Getting Rid of My Grudge

You ever held a grudge?
 they're ugly,
 nasty little creatures, ain't they?
When I held a grudge for the first time, it was tiny-
hard like a seed. But boy,
did that grudge grow
and grow
(under the right conditions they can get quite big, ya kno)
into a big ol' hateful thing
taking up all my: space, time, mind

One day I looked at that big ol' grudge...
"And what you do?"
Well, I told it to get the fuck out.

Didn't go easy either.
It took
some
time.

(We had become accustomed to one another, ya kno,
like a dear friend)