

Our father

Our father
made a home in the cabinet
under the kitchen sink
a place where he could be small
folded in between the rusty
pipes and bottles of drain cleaner
we know he will never leave

for the day
the cabinet was where he worked
reading his documents by the
strip of light that shined
through the door from
where the rest of us lived
i could hear a flutter of
bleach-white paper
when he turned the page
a sound that would make my
heart fall an inch deeper into
my chest

at first
we tried to coax the
man out
like a spell, we chanted
out out out in a fever
and clawed at the doors
that he had boarded up
with duct tape and
slabs of wood that
he had pried from the dining
room floor
we continued to pull even as
our fingernails were
jagged with blood

We placed bets on his reasoning
Did he go to this place to cry?

or was he sleeping?
Was he sad?
or was he angry?

we knew then that
he was sure to die
before we ever reached
a conclusion
this did not stop
us from conjecturing
through the night
until finally there was
the nausea
that coincided
with dawn and an
onslaught of
terrible light

I supposed it was anger
no one volunteers
to live so small
and confined
without it
and I think I understood
the anger that drove
him away
a man who is powerless
and cut off from
power
is like an insect paralyzed
on the wall
exposed and afraid
of a quick death
that is without
meaning
in this dark place
that we could not reach
our father had found
some meaning

prayer to the morning

out goes the weeping that may tarry in the night
out in morning fog

angel visions and gold encrusted shadows
both play upon the walls brawl as children do

everything is brilliant in creation
perhaps everything is a bit violent too

we may forget the decay and
the lovers that went away

there is no fighting no fraying flailing falter

out goes the venom in the marrow
the poisoned queen does not rear her head

instead

plateaus are etched out of clear skies
climb them you brave wanderer you
wide-eyed meadow creature

formidable always
you will live forever

open your eyes that are mouths to eat with and devour the universe you hungry god

all that exists has always existed
belongs to you

for you made it

you are perched at the very edge of the wild blue yonder
poppy fields and fig branches sway in gentle breeze

lullaby dreams satisfy the empty spaces
old jealousies are candles going out

obsessions flicker become memories past

there is no more holding on because suddenly you have become the Thing without
Fear

hope is the anxiety of mortality o brief existence
our creeping crippling doubt

love is what hope strives to be in vain

you are the bride of christ in awakening
the night terrors that keep your slumber restless i pray are gone
morning doves whistle and it is by your name they
exalt in a love most divine

o ecstasy sunrise has brought you close to me
and to think we once long ago
but not so long ago
dreaded the arrival of another day

i only beg that you lead me straight into temptation
concerning the rest you may do as you please

guide me as the shepherd guides his sheep
lovingly lovingly

open wide dear body

running to leap and come crashing thru the heavenly veil keep up the running that
your feet cannot touch ,your breath left at
the door

widen the jaws to span from top to bottom split the skull from the anterior you
open like a fat and worn out textbook one could fit a world between your teeth you
could swallow all the world's jonahs
,mountains and mountains

i would worship you and be your most loyal disciple and o great untouchable you
know i kiss you only to betray you you know i am judas ,tho i love you so

drunkenness affirms the adoration loosens the grip of the rope that binds us
separately to opposite sides of the ten by ten room ,keeping us far apart
pinioned like dissectible things

we could collide in dance and macabre rhythmic jerking two uncomfortable lovers
we move our hands over our skin afraid to be seen i hope i long i crave to be seen

,more than anything i want to be seen

i scream slide onto bathroom tile when you reject me and go away for awhile tho i
understand completely why you do why you must do what you do i slam your head
that is my head that is your head onto the painted brick wall so i can break free for
awhile please know that it was never my intention to hurt you but
,me me me

i am overjoyed at the sight of your blood that is my blood and mangled bloody hair
i lap up the droplets greedily my tongue red and reddening
,throbbing with the weary heart

in the car we go nowhere head full of happy nothings i keep the music loud to
disturb your private sanctuary because i am angry with how you have so shut me
out i drown out
,your sleeping beauty

i widen the jaws to span from top to bottom and roar a tiger roar stir the jungle forest to a lively death my lungs that are your lungs beg to be released and left alone but i know i swear what is best is this discomfort

,this choking heaving seething breath

in this infinite moment rage in the revelry of this infinite moment and the smile that caterpillars its way across your face so rarely hold on tight to this feeling turn to o infinity tho it is apocalypse and pain traverse thru this sanctuary and graveyard the lime-lit halls of hospital wards attain the sublimity of eve and her apple-tainted breath her

,fig-speckled breasts

stretch your arms hands fingertips to god grasp at the hem of the skirt of divinity swing from archangel chandeliers scorch in the essential light that is

,flying fleeting gone

,this is the cathedral that yawns and trembles with organ moans
,this is the body without organs the anorexic flask of skin the souged entrapment anemic lacking all lack

,this is the altar of the lonely decrepit pilgrim daughters weeping barefoot mothers
,this is the wreckage of sleepless nights spent pacing a ten by ten room drooping eyes and slurred tired speech

,this is my possession my namesake my rebellion my apprentice my wandering friend my hunger my hunger of hungers my disappointment my depleting depleted love

endure o heart these phantom limbs and lost parts my bruised beaten battered container contain this pregnant mess of want and loss in bursting forth in retreat in trenches and napalm and war-zones in cannibalism holocaust pandemic in miscarriage in mice in men and swimming in petri dishes

of fathers and men you despise of men you adore and this titanic these ships you must mourn rebuild and

,captain back to shore

open wide and step out into this blooming garden inhale the life that is yours that is mine claim and conquer

,o holy one

balloon and overflow let gravity grant you lightlessness tidy the house and let the disorder back in thru the front because it is your

,most welcome visitor

promise to keep on loving laughing dancing in the ten by ten room treading thru
this mess of spiderwebs and broken nails of sorrow and gladness and much more
sorrow followed by much more gladness it always comes back back back to you

open wide dear body i have found my arms at last to embrace you with

there it was and there it was not

there it was
and there it was not
the feeling that goes, goes, and is gone
the knee-buckling and
chest-tightening flinch
like running fingers over rust
an old jar of molasses
sticky and stuck,
it will not open

the air will leave fresh bruises
cold and purple indents on pale legs
as you recall the half-moon of grapefruit
oozing onto white, white ceramic
hoping it will finally be sweet
like candy and nice things
and again you bite into the bitter, rotting
half-moon of grapefruit, wanting to
wish it away, the taste that is painful
caressing the back of your throat
like a scream

wincing in daylight
i can't help but feel like a newborn baby
horrified, thoughtless, surrounded
someone is pulling at your neck
begging you to wake up! snap out of it!
and what is there to wake up to?
you flinch and snap around
to greet the nothing
there it was
and there it was not