

2.23.2016

In a hotel room
waiting for his next
doctor's appointment
I look over at him
lying asleep on the bed
on his back with his hands
resting on his chest
like a man in a coffin

I look over again
but can only look
for so long
because it's scary
to see the future

and as I watch
my old man
lying there
seemingly dead
I instinctually begin
to write his eulogy
in my head

but then he begins
to snore
and I breathe too

The Best Parts

My buddy asked why I wear a hood so much.

“I don’t know,” I said.

He slowly grabbed it from behind and pulled it down.

I let him.

“It helps me exist in public,”

I said, as I pulled it back up.

“I can shut out some of the world.”

He didn't say anything.

We waited.

“It’s probably a security blanket,” I shrugged.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought,” he said.

Suddenly

I raised my elbow and

hit him with it.

Deep into his eye socket.

Pushed through.

Then

I forced both my hands into his mouth.

Pulled it open. Snapped his jaw.

His cheeks split.

His tongue dangled.

No.

The best parts
never happen.

I wasn’t asleep
but
it was a dream.

Still is.

The Cold

Today I watched
a grandmother
and a grandfather
hurry their grandchild inside
from the cold

I wanted to stop them
I wanted them to leave the child outside
a little longer
So he could feel the cold
The slow cold that enters the bones over time
Even if you're bundled up
It gets in there

Ten minutes
Twenty minutes
That's all he needed out there
Feeling the cold

It's good
Waiting
Just waiting

For it to get colder

Couch Poem

I'm tired
I want to take a nap
but it's daytime
and apparently
I can't sleep
during the day
anymore

I can hear and feel
the hum of society
like a machine
keeping my mind churning
while I hold my body still
using all my effort
just to relax
here
on this couch

and the more I can't sleep
the more it pisses me off

on the outside
I'm this warm motionless body
and on the inside
I'm fucking fuming and boiling
mad at the world
for keeping me awake

it shouldn't take
this much effort
to take a nap
to write a poem
to sit here

it shouldn't take
any at all

One Day Old And Grey

“Why do you like being alone so much?”
he asked.

“You’ll figure it out when you’re older.”
I said.

Even though we’re the same age: 29.

“Or maybe you won’t”
I said,
“I know men who are still delusional
in their 60’s and 70’s.”

He sat with this.

“Well, maybe you’re the delusional one.”
He said.

I sat with this.

“That could be true.”
I said.

And it could.