

## Timshel

Choking. On an inhale all I can taste is the fume of my brother's lungs and the white reek of my cousin's lungs. And the grease on a cockroach's back as it scuttles for cracks in the linoleum.

Mopping grey tears from my eyes and all I can see are wooden fences instead of grassy lawns and bedrooms crowded with itchy disappointment.

Fumbling hands and all I know is the catch in my Keeter's coffin and the shame that I didn't go to his funeral and the anger that we drifted apart in the first place.

My feet fumble to rise above my past like some blind saint. Holier than thou. Rushing through burning timber until I find the Salinas River.

And leave behind all my senses along with my memories. While you sink. Face down in muddy water. While I triumph over you.

But splinter still festers in my skin. And the wound starts to smell so much like mold, and old wood, insects and funeral homes.

That I may as well be there still.

## Open Arms

I suffer at the headland  
My feet hugging the earth  
The heavens touched soil  
And everything was black  
So I could only hear  
The voices of mankind  
And know that my people were crying  
while i was looking up  
And doing the same  
I don't dare cry down for them  
Out of fear that I would burden them more  
And as I press my palms to my throat  
Living off the blood welling from my gums  
I don't even notice that my kin  
Are building a house at my feet  
So I throw myself away from them  
And miss the shelter altogether

## You Should Never Go Home

I come across a cardinal house  
With a door crafted from a forest of memories  
The house cramped with kids  
All close in age  
Eavesdropping on private arguments  
Failing to get full  
On bargain breakfast  
Tripping over each other  
With no space to play  
I'm so desperate to get inside  
To know for sure how far I've come  
But before I can even grasp the handle  
The wood flies open  
And an ugly girl crashes into me  
And we both fall  
but the ugly girl only skids a knee  
While my head strikes the ground  
So hard that it tears open  
And all the flesh falls out  
The ugly girl has no trouble getting to her feet  
She rushes past me  
Crying at her circumstances  
Tripping over her hand me downs  
I almost call after her  
We could've asked each other some really good  
questions  
I could've asked her why she hates her mother  
Her father and every stranger that she passes  
And what's making her tread closer to the bluff  
Than she ever has before  
I could've asked her why she's itching  
To get out of this place  
She could've asked my why I would be fool enough  
To ever come back

## Pour Father

Father

You were poor enough to be a father to me

I could see that you were sorry

To have to hold such a sorry excuse

For a worshipper

Pour all your problems into me

So that you may absolve yourself of your guilt

So that we may pray together again

So that thou may be absolved

Of every cruel act

So that I must forgive you for every neglect

Don't consider me drowning

Trying to save you

Or shivering

After your words leave me soaked

Just hand me all your troubles

And your angers

So that I might take them on

And have to beg forgiveness too one day



