

the devil brought me flowers and others

passing

my ears pop the moment I step outside
pressurized back into the defensive posturing
of a one-dimensional existence
a sudden tightness of my shoulders
a stiffening in the twirl of my wrists
my embodiment censored
past the point of alienation

there must be parallel universes out there
intertwined and embedded within our own
like opposing reflections on a windowpane
experience
desire
sensation
all superimposed

why else would I feel this double consciousness?
the feeling that there are multiple centers of gravity
one forcefully slumped over my neck
dimming my vision to dull and grey hues
while the others beckoning toward something
expansive but not quite tangible

it seems that somewhere
tucked neatly beneath a loose floorboard
is a universe where I am dancing
and no longer yearning to be free

what every man needs to know

he was told that there were only three rules

change your own car oil

open your own beer without a bottle opener

and learn how to tell a convincing lie

the first two were easy enough

but no one told him how difficult the third was

how important it would be

now that he was alone

driving down some empty country road

half-drunk but too stubborn to turn back

trying to tell himself that this was all worth it

family

does a satellite worry that one day
its solo ride across the stars
will begin losing momentum?

will it notice as it's worn down?
frustrated by the relentless friction
of hot air and endless questions

will it try then to break free?
make one last claim to individuality
from the ceaseless tug of an object
too big and too persistent to be ignored

will it know the moment
it burns brightest across the night sky?
beautiful but for an instant
before exploding into a million pieces
and crashing back down
onto Earth

coming out

before I can see it in their eyes

I can feel the looming

disappointment

teetering on the edge of a black hole

my words are pulled from my mouth

extracted abruptly

without anesthesia

sinking like an untethered anchor

I'm deep in the nightmare you find yourself in

after awaking

from someone else's dream

the devil brought me flowers

for being so controlling of what I do and say
you never shut up about that guy from the garden
how perfect it all was when it was just you
and him walking through the world newly formed

what really happened then
when he realized that entry into paradise
meant that he surrender his own dreams and desires
his ability to love as he wanted to love

of course he disobeyed you

now that I think about it
it all makes sense
you're jealous nothing more
and in your jealousy
you have made us
in your own image

your masculinity is a dead end
a trail of bloody cartridges
a rigid outline of repressed emotions
an omnipresent power so fragile
that a rose and the wrong sway of my hips
can end everything in another flood or whatever other
juvenile outburst you're trying to pass off
as divine justice

really, I can't be the first one to point out
these closed boxes that you expect us to live in

and whatever half-baked fucking justification
you come up with to try to get us to stay put
the natural order, your perfect plan
it all ignores the beauty that breaths and moves without you
the Life that exists outside of your narrow vision

deep down we all know
that you're just afraid
afraid that we'll give up playing
your boring games

what more do you want me to tell you?
my pleasure frightens you
I walk through the colors
newly formed
because the devil brought me flowers

epilogue in drag

when the music ends
she falls back onto her bed
the outfit changes
of a dozen different personas
scattered across the floor
with him forgotten somewhere beneath it all

she lights a joint and inhales
the sensation of air filling her lungs
doubling to accentuate the temporary
pressure of well-placed weights on her chest
filling that otherwise empty space of the cute bra
he hastily bought when he thought
no one was looking

the smoke pirouettes upward
curves and curls expanding
unpredictably into empty space
filling the gaps left by the full moon
peering through the blinds

she stares at the tendril of smoke
between her fingertips
envying that no one bats an eye
when it fails to stay rigid
its image not conforming
to the expectations of other
silhouettes that it took before
unconstrained
boundless potentials of being

she remembers that if it were so powerful
then left ignored
it may catch fire
and burn down the whole edifice
to give birth to something new