

Omni

often the image of God comes  
to me for no reason at all  
sometimes he has that beard  
that slightly crooked crown  
other occasions he is made from words.  
strung from a museum skylight  
an open one-subject notebook  
college-ruled and blue

sometimes God is the dalai lama  
buddha  
truman capote  
nothing  
sometimes he is nothing

my grandfather used to wind the brass  
clock on the mantle and his thorny beard  
would brush up against the key as though it  
was somehow guiding it  
somehow walking it like a brass candle Acolyte

sometimes God is just a metaphor  
my dog whom I've spoken  
to (out loud) with no amen

dear God in the form of this yorkie if you  
are in there in your frosty-pawed innocence  
bark two times

desperation sometimes God is desperation  
and I am sitting in a counselor's chair  
cursing the communists the settlers  
the politicians and pop music  
but hitler was a god over the jews  
and white man a god over brown  
wealthy over poor  
biggie over hip hop

my grandfather's son  
my own father  
with the pill pocket jingles

once passed out on the couch  
eating strawberry shortcake  
as he watched my sister and her  
horse canter in the pasture

sometimes God is my lover lying  
next to me snoring before sunday church

the other day I swear God was mickey mouse  
and I, a mouse ka tool

sometimes God is my father rip-roaring drunk  
in the bed screaming that we are wrong  
using His own name in vain

when my grandfather finished  
winding his clock he sat in an armchair  
crossed his legs jingled the change in his pocket  
and was satisfied with the work he had done

today this day God is wide-legged  
corner savvy swaying with skirt fisted to thigh  
as She hums the doxology  
and repeats  
judge not lest ye be judged

and I pay Her tithes today this day  
I stick the offering bill to Her breast  
and She climbs in my vehicle one leg at a time  
just like everyone else

when my sister escapes to the pasture  
she tells her horse to trot and he trots  
she tells him to gallop and he gallops  
without ever speaking words

Found

they gave me propranolol  
cut in half  
a piece for my whole brain  
there's nothing wrong  
and there's not  
they just stole the allusionist in me  
that girl that could compare  
god to twizzlers and argue for the  
great merge of simile and metaphor  
like church and state  
they separate  
because after four and a half years  
of no allusions  
no purple pens  
no revisions of glue stick prints in torn journals  
that's the damn best I can do  
because pre pandemic and pre entrepreneur  
I was a writer  
and not one if those live ones either  
the kind that dash and indent and watch  
the allusions drip down the page like some simile that would have been in my mind but it was  
stolen  
by sertraline, propranolol  
pop music  
divorce  
the death of my father  
mother  
the virus that almost consumed  
the remainder of my family  
the day I quit teaching literature  
gave the books to goodwill  
metaphored my metaphors in a work  
about how I lost my metaphors  
alluded to it afterward  
the day I reemerged like some kind of brave simile about a girl compared to words who failed  
because her fight or flight got the best of her

## Selfie

I used to have all the things to say  
about all the things

I knew politics and religion and books and bobbed  
and weaved allusions

I knew nothing

but I found words in all the nothings

I found the aperture on my camera lens to be quite similar to the changing moon how it comes  
and goes how the geometric pattern comparison may not align but nonetheless I found that the  
world remains quite the same most of the time in the same way that my aperture remains wide  
and only narrows for groups of ten or more

in the same way that my bokeh

becomes much clearer with large groups

and then in my self-portraits

it becomes quite wide

and the bokeh becomes quite blurred