

SHOULD I BE ON SOMETHING

I have fucking ADHD.

I
I'm angry, and I was in therapy for almost three years
Because college, right?
When the revolutions started and
My father disowned me for falling
In love with
Someone
Older
Than
Me.

Can you imagine the shame? lol!
I have a tumor that doesn't show up on any tests or x-rays
But I feel it growing, and burrowing its way into my
Wires and canals
Sending tendrils out to patter blindly
And pierce my lungs;
Do you like porn?

I can't stand the deep breathing exercises these ziplock yoga-butts are hawking. It's like, gag me already.

I
I'm surrounded by saints,
Ya Mawlana Jon, Ya Habibullah Ed, Ya Zein al-Faqir,
O Blessed Madeline, Our Master Justin of Perseverance,
Tzadek Angelo, What can you teach me?
Put in a good word with the gods you wrangle
I'm so mad at mine I can barely speak, let alone get
Down on my knees and what
Fucking Pray?

The Point
Is to realize, ultimately,
That every pithy success and
All the stars we cross when we trace a constellation on our lovers' backs
End with a chariot ride into outer space
And a punch in the dick.

CONCERNING THE FUTURE

Never failed to keep my interest,
Although you've also

coated me in
this
Bitter Taste

Anyway,

I have no reverence for form
That presents itself;

But O,
What it could be...

It's all just struggle, sure,
and of course I
believe in you.

Well,
Not all.
Not at all.

Give me every word, wrapped and in potentia
I'll tear the covers
Off and store them, wedged between the wall and my bed.

Like with like,
Like when I lie about myself.

I'll let the warm, soft futures melt across my tongue,
Push them forward and disguise my
Smile –

Staining my straining lips

And letting my teeth
Rot.

ANOTHER MORNING IN TRANSIT

Meanwhile,
the heavy drooping man in the teal polo shirt is
steadily draining a liter of Coca Cola.

His mouth sucks
in and it's
clear he's missing most of his teeth if not all of them.
His movements are gentle,

almost delicate,

though when the bottle was full
he struggled to bring it up towards his reaching lips.

He's either drunk, or there's significant nerve damage in his left arm. I feel guilty for being disgusted, but I am.

Spreading in his seat like a bright blue puddle, he fumbles with the coke cap, and I think to myself "righty tighty, lefty loosey"
but don't say anything.

I'm sitting perpendicular to him and don't want to interact with anyone this morning, which is why I've got my headphones
on. Over the drone in my ears, I hear him flail words out, yelling at boarding passengers that the bus is full. I think that's
what he's saying anyway, but I'm not trying to read his lips too closely because looking at his soft mouth makes me
uncomfortable and reminds me of my grandmother trying to eat chicken soup without her dentures.

We pull up to a stop and the sun slams into our side of the bus.
For a few moments, he's illuminated and I see him brightly shine. It's jarring.
The bottle of soda is almost gone. I get off at the next light.

DAWN

What is the sweetness of night?
Is it the dying edge of a
Swiftly moving shadow?

Or

Is it the veil of sleep, beyond which
Woven webs of dust and gold
Fall delicately across my heart's fine lashes—
Of a
Face in blazing rest?

How difficult is it to walk away from
The flicker of that creased lid
Caked as it is by the accreted corner sands of time
(You know, the ones that build up in your eyes
and pinch you as you rub them out).

Perhaps the dulcet milk of rest is
More than what our moon can offer,
Despite her ever-fertile movement,
Her waxing, waning loyalty.

Perhaps...

...Perhaps what seizes us by our ankles and
Rips
The breath of winter from our lungs
Is truer than the sweetness of dreams.
And yet the irony my friends
Is that when we reach her,
Only then shall we weep for knowing sleep.

WHERESOEVER YOU TURN

God is a River
Followed upstream
the Source is a Spring
Ever-living, Self-Sustaining
Splitting the waters, Earth and Sky

God is a River
Hold fast to the mantle that winds and twists and wears the straight path
The path from source to source
From fetid, stinking mud to Isthmus

Bridging unseen barriers
Ocean,
Rain

A River flows like Grace
Carving through the hardest hearts
Cooling canyons out of stone
Snaking softly around standing idols,
Worshiping stone until it melts away

River is God
and cannot be contained
flowing beneath gardens,
forming branches
and streams

Come and make your offerings
Come, be Baptized and make Ablutions
In the Jordan
In the Nile
In the Yangtze
In the Mississippi

Don't you know the waters
were never truly parted?

Become the meeting of two seas

Be the Spit

That is the River

God is A River followed upstream.