

## there is milk beneath this poem

there's milk beneath this poem, and blood  
aswirl, like a marble cake of moments half-baked;  
there's blood beneath this poem, and tears  
unmixed like oil in a rain barrel of thoughts;  
there's tears beneath this poem, and come  
awash with a million squirming attempts to awaken;  
there's come beneath this poem, and the sea  
unforgiving, with its undertow of fears, unknown and unsought.

there's milk beneath this poem, and silent screams  
unheard for years and moments, draping the hallways;  
there's silent screams beneath this poem, and mad laughter  
adrift in the corridors of the family myth, undone;  
there's mad laughter beneath this poem, and choking sobs  
unmoving in my throat, like a chicken bone, unloved, always;  
there's choking sobs beneath this poem, and gnashing teeth  
awash with the bitter taste of sweet defeat, like bile, or yesterday's onions.

there's milk beneath this poem, and time  
like the blank white page before me;  
there's time beneath this poem, and space  
where the emptiness is reborn as room to move;  
there's space beneath this poem, and thought  
rumbling like the very voice of God himself, imploring that  
there's thought beneath this poem, and all  
is like nothing else, so much as the need to love;

there's milk beneath this poem, and all  
the death on earth can't change that.