

The Sky is Crying

Walking by the green two women
Playing chess, the sky stretched on for
An eternity all the way down to
Colbert

I smelled the hoecakes the two women were
Eating my mind filled with disgust as I
Walked by the green eating

Nothing but aphorisms of a past
Life forsaken so all you adults took
A life upheld in a sky leaden with

Torrents of supposed indifference
Vistas of fading golden sunlight
And now, God, on top of all of

That you even take away the blue
Ocean I could've swam in I began
Instead to reach out to a sea

Of people my mind aswirl and my lungs
Corrupted by my own conniptions
Of loss people I hadn't spoken to in years

Or ever as I stood, mourning as
They were sent to college and I refused
To sleep kept awake by rain from grey
Horizons

Smokestack Lightnin’

When I do dream of a woman’s touch
(Oh you know where this is going) I
Often think how pure a vessel
Her body would be for my scabrous denial;
Though my expertise is lacking and
My body emaciated by grief
Though my wounds do burn with a sweltering feeling
And cold water brings no relief; no, no woman
To grasp my heart hard as a stone ballast
Windswept by rue; a whole cohort
Of hosts or demons of hatred come marching
When I shower my suitemate did enter my
Field of dreams; it rained all through the
Night he had not been home or slept a
Wink of shut-eye, would do him good his
Clothes all wet and his eyes alight as I
Shaved he walked in and said, “Fuckin a dude”

When once, one night as the uxorial
Owner did coax and beckon whistling
All the while cajoling or teasing a
Midnight spaniel whose coat was black but whose
Eyes were fire, with the glint of fury
Her headdress tipping magnanimous offering
A treat or bone for obeisance
So complacently did I sit in my
Bed my loins burning as I listened
As he wept my suitemate in the
Shower spinning his head vertiginous
And his raiment all on the tiles nothing
Was left but a pile of unrequited
Thoughts and his clothes all on the floor

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It hurts
I know it hurts; a dull pain that
Stabs on both sides of your ribcage like
Billowing clouds of smoke from stone that
Channels fog, heavy brumes of ochre, from
Burnishing fags 'neath silken mantelpieces
On windy days; and on both sides of
My stomach I feel vast, distant horizons
Stretching aimlessly 'cross vistas in
Georgia not far outside my university
Before the heart of this sager city is reached
When the aurora blooms over fields of corn
Benighted in sheer multitudes even
In daylight hours waning strength
Bemuses my enervated mind
Since the sun is strong its dial seamless
Sapping me of my indomitable will
To keep pushing forward even when
You feel muscular pain shooting down through your
Penis, you are incredibly strong you who reads
This, you are like the sun stretching
Till it hurts, every morning as you rise
From your pillows and give us a waning smile
Feigned but beautiful

Sad Boy Hours

Once there sat a boy in a hospital
Gown (then the surgeon walked in the room)
He was bemused- stricken by panic attacks
His parents chose to begrudge

He had white bandages all on
His stomach his face the color of
Lambskin his past was growing darker and
Darker his present- an effervescent

Calm glowing remarkably despite
The harbinger cloaked in ebony
Knocking at his door his future
Slowly slipping away nothing but

A dimly-lit countenance of a house
With violet skies falling to coal
Swiftly candles ablaze in jack-o-lit
Porches though snowfall came slowly but early like

A death long-awaited but sudden and
Ineffable; "I think my parents
Want me to ask you about sex"
The boy says as ma and pa leave the room

"But I feel so bloated and disgusting
Right now that's the last thing on my mind"
The surgeon's eyes got wide: "*Your
Body will tell you when it's ready*"

Then I got sent away

Dark Was the Night

When I was younger I didn't
Understand ambition but now that I
Have had my confidence and my faith
Renewed I recognize more clearly
Than ever the disconsolate features of
My guardian angel; sometimes she comes
To me in the form of my grandmother on
Her deathbed oh how I loathe myself
To lie unless withering and dying
Away each gasping breath an
Asseveration in it of
Itself if that shadow of the cross
Against the tree were no mistake
But was providential as wisdom and
With her shaking hands wrapped around my
Mother's, coated in tears from the lucidity
Of her pale blue eyes, she made a promise
To her without talking it still rings
In my ears to this day, a favourable
Promise so if my entreaties be
Unheard, unanswered, or if my lips
Grow stale or dry or crack like
Tenuous ice and I am silent
As that wood was, know that every
Morning and night, at least, I pray
In the shadow of her cross

And other times she visits me
(How strange) in the form of a girl my age
Slightly older, seventeen
Maybe eighteen by now I squeeze her
Shoulders till her eyes bleed aniline
Her skin, dark, more amber than the black
Shadow of my crucifix