

Anna and other works

Anna

I'm sorry Anna,
but don't you know
that I am the anchor
weighted in water. Wavering
only when my strings are pulled.

And though it is so dark
and so cold here
in the forgotten water-world,
I will be waiting for you
 in shortness of breath
to reel me back aboard.

Happy birthday

And now I am 23.

What do I have to show for it?

A college degree

 which has done nothing for me

 but add to the pile of papers on the dining room table
and a confusion of “what do I do now?”

A pit stop in Kentucky.

Condo neighborhoods of spilled gravel,

popping tires on young girls travels,

and mountains blowing winds

whipping through my hair

like your fingers used to do.

“Woke”

with a vision of white hair and stiff joints

praying now

that I will never get there.

 Not that now is worth staying in.

I can’t even enjoy a main character walk.

I am a blimp here; the shadow of a beam of light
casted off the sun.

A shadow of “remember when...”

In the land unfortold,

I do not know where to go

 from here.

“Happy birthday.

Light the matches and blow out the candles.

And what’s next for you?

And have you been applying to jobs?

 I bet you feel like an adult now.

 I bet you regret hating yourself

 for your sin of youth,

 now that it’s over.”

And the questions keep rolling in

like a bulldozer over my city
of innocence and curiosity.

At least you still have this notebook that you found beneath the rubble.
Sweep the leftover gravel memories and blow the dust off
with those chapped lips of yours.

23 and nothing to show
but these shitty poems.
And nothing to do
but write more of them.

College

Living in it.
Missing rent
or making it the day of
with money we made selling
to classmates
and the twin brothers
who are tripping across the street.

There's a nintendo switch
—which is only used by the neighbors—
plugged into an unplugged flat-screen TV.
And on every flat surface there is a bong
with a Bic lighter next to it
—we're not sure if it works—
ready to be hit.

And we smoke
as the spiders crawl out of that hole
in the hardwood floor
and fornicate in your
forgotten t-shirt
lying on the floor.

It's 11 a.m. and we're so tired
that our eyes are red.
And we're so hungry
that somebody orders food
for delivery.
The food got here in 45 minutes.
We eat,
then we sleep.
Everybody retreat to their rooms.

Later we will wake up
and see each other in the kitchen
or the living room or the dining room or the porch
ready to do it again.

In the backyard

The sun
Is a caramel apple
Whose syrupy skin sweats
Tears. So sweet
I can almost taste it's bronze fingers
Melting from the corner of my lip and the blades of my mustache
Onto opaque pavement where footsteps are invisible
yet innumerable
like the seeded core of a caramel apple—what is the nucleus that binds us all?
Is it love? The evolving spiral of fire
That burns us all

I walk without directions

On this aimless walk I find a path
between the high weeds
and overarching trees.
I see faded footprints in damp mud
leading me to
I don't know.
But the field has been flattened
by blind men before me.
So I shall walk,
even if the only thing that keeps me going
are my legs.