

So I Will Keep Choosing to Forgive Them

These pieces
of me will themselves
apart. Where shoulders could fit
collars, they demand to be
hips. I've got an angsty set
of ankles who demand
to be ears. These lungs
leap fences, leaving
breathing to the toes who go
and drag me up stream
like salmon. Don't even
get me started on my
calves! Ever trying to grip
bars convinced they
won't slip, so long as
we get the elbows involved.

It's all the thrill of
setting camp in a downpour
so the mosquitoes can
ride the storm dry.
We crawl
the thickets. Ignore the lifts.
Tap-dance the fallen
leaf litter homes of
hornets. Share our bed
with the sorts of
sticks who do pokey
kinds of comfort to our
fleshiest edges. We
are forever trusting
rocks who promise moonlit
miracles for the spine.
It's restless,
wakeful sleep that leaves me
whelped with singed endings.

My knees know, though, I must
be delightfully silly a scene
for the Sun. Sitting here
on a wet log, dripping socks
hanging nearby as I itch, spewing

coffee brewed too hot as
we chuckle, the spleen
and I, saying to the nose:
“I hear a roll through
scree is good for the
soul! Shall we?”

Remember!

I don't know what it's like to be a boy
squawking echoey

loud strength
ricocheting against walls

feet in too long shoes
a man crept in overnight

I only know what it's like to remember
double layering

shirts into armor
envying corsets

or *anything* else
that could bind me

I don't know what it's like to be a boy
ashamed naturally

shape-shifting
the way it's supposed to happen

I only know what it's like to remember
sneaking into stalls

tugging that unfamiliar bulge
cigar-like hard

string red rotting
me wincing at that shame

I find myself forgetting these days
until I see a filthy boy

on TV somewhere
starving in rot

camera crew of
grownups unseen

I find myself
thinking *Can't you see*

all that rotten filth?
Can't you imagine the shame

if he saw himself like that?
Can't you just stop

filming? Just go wash away
all that filth?

And I find myself
so sad for the little boy

I have to look away
go to the lake

strip to my skivvies
dive deep inside

It's the only place
I know I how to remember

I already washed away
I just have to remember

not a sliver of him
was ever rotten

I just have to remember
not a sliver of him

ever has to believe
he ever was

Little Brother*For Penelope*

You drain
the wild
out of me, encased
here stuck

watching you
excel in that unknowable realm beyond
my world,
this calamity

you'll never tour. You! '
Shimmering achievements
fluid freedom
splashing my walled view.

You,

far away,
squinting, seeing
only succeeding.

Blue Trees

I've
 never much
 understood Lego instructions
 or even the brains of children who understood
 why the white blocks really *must* touch the blue blocks, or why
 they'd even work that hard for a motorcycle in the
 first place. I've actually always hated
 Legos, but in a pinch, no
 better
 options,
 I'd
 build
 blue
 trees.

I've never
 much understood
 me. Why
 I couldn't just love to
 play like the others.
 That simple joy of
 connecting the colored pegs like
 the paper
 work
 said.
 Maybe
 I
 needed
 to
 hate

Legos

because one of us really ought to help them grow a river of blue trees.