

Music and Lemonade

The Lady

So after I've considered it all: the ifs, ands

and maybes

for that time of the day when the Lady

will make me self-conscious

when I will have to contend with preservation

or destruction

each with its own little slice of hell

the when and when not to answer the bell

I'll try to remember that space between clocks

that told me of the cool breeze of morning air.

Momma said so

A porous mind should work like a jar

glass cunt

Come the internet, and now you have a whore

Momma always said to seal the container tight

“Look at all these things,” the platforms say

“But no!” Momma says

“Mr and Mrs ShouldandCould

have changed the farmland to a city

Michael Angelo

to Rothko

Vangogh

to Winogrand

and it never stops!”

All our strivings become gated communities

and today’s unisex template of the housewife

beckons an apron

Oh... I meant universal

Nicely uniform neighborhoods discipline grass

to buzz cuts

But the moon!

And sun!

are still threats

looked at without apps and filters

Eros

How the buttered skin of your bare arms

glowed

a Creole breath of tawny sun

that jade surprise in your eyes

a color like grass and steel

sliver-green gem,

reflecting my desire or ours?

and how your crimson dress flowed with flesh

To milk a flower

Call it lust

I'll call it Eros

Birds sing of trees

Destruction in my throat

lump, cough, choke

I need a pet

that can't wince

Enem—ehem, looking for

not running from

hell

the shelter in the shade

Long live the caged bird!

and the hollow of his throat

small as it may be

From sand to glass to digital smiles

paraded guile

and endless selection

perfection overdone

the petty sham of Insta--gram

digital cocaine

to caricatures brought forth

for lack of froth:

Rabbit is the honest heart

whose sorrows come in poems' part

Vacuum

Bellow my gullet

cavity of life

this view of the city

at night

Cars like ants

flash

and you blink

to catch the whole and details

In this picture

of thunder in the backdrop

of geography through the mind's eye

of reality and not

dark roads become urban spider veins

and the ocean

a black space

Where do I go?