

Sorting Myself: a collection of poems

History Lessons

I felt the edges of the stones
that calloused faithful feet,
tossed them in a sea that refused to part
when I prayed "Help my unbelief."

I walked in sands of ancient deserts,
found mustard seeds in the rough.
I had tasted faith before
from a rusting silver cup.

I traveled far and wide,
tracking prophecies,
ever stumbling toward a gate
marked by trails of bloody feet.

I doubted my way up and down
the heavens' crystal stairs,
and suffered many sleepless nights
crying dull and meaningless prayers.

I fought earthly inclinations
to keep my traditions strong,
not knowing, always doubting
if my steps were directed all along.

Insatiable

I have this crazy notion
from a place I can't describe
that the end of a person does not exist,
and souls can never be defined.

It's an unbelievable theory,
that the body is designed
to be more than just a vehicle
which aims to satisfy.

But you say my thoughts are unrealistic,
that my standards are too high.
The end of a person is his stomach,
and he can never be denied.

Flavor of the Month

Yes, I will have the
double-chocolate loneliness truffle
drizzled in low self-esteem sauce

Hold the low-fat, self-respect sugar substitute:
I want to savor as much
heartbreak in a carton
as possible,
because who knew
eating your feelings
could be so damn satisfying.

Male Privilege

"Why don't you smile?"
the man at Starbucks said.
"I bet you have such a pretty smile."

This, from a complete stranger,
who knows not my circumstances,
my private battles,
my very life.

I gape at him and his broad shoulders,
and his condescending "Because I can" veneer.
Please, I think, Contain your male privilege,
its crumbly texture already snowflaking
on my table. Let me enjoy my coffee.

Hindsight

There is a moment in teen-dom
when you look at the wrinkling,
post-baby bodies
of older women
with a snide confidence
that you yourself are eons away
from enduring such humiliations,

only to discover one day,
like an apple slowly browning
in open air,
your own washboard stomach
is not elastic like it used to be.
You dared to let yourself go
in a single blink of an eye.