

Garden of Heathen

Turn Decaying
Liberties into
Compost

The streets in Hong Kong are black
the color of soil
fertile for revolution.

When helicopters cut the sky open
and tears wet the earth
umbrellas bloom.

Tell My Wi-Fi Love
Her

Cent of a woman.
All dollared up.
He forgets how to function.
She strings him along.
They dance to the algorithm.
Endorphins embrace.
Serotonin sighs.
Dopamine loops.
Dopamine loops.

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My Family Eats Dinner at the Kitchen Table

Across the kitchen table sits my mom, a woman of soap opera conviction; the constant martyr. The loving mother, the devoted wife, the dutiful daughter to her cancer ridden mother. She wears a sparkle in her eye that she calls a child's wonder, and I call a habit of ignorance.

Beside my mom sits my brother; crashing steps and violent blood. The haunt of my childhood. The modern day cubicle man. Make moderate money, preach big philosophy. The coldest fool I have ever known.

I ponder the seat to my right, of my ever-missing sister. Working, independent, occasional; a cuckoo clock. She springs into our house by the rare hour, brings candies and travel stories. She doesn't see the cracked clock face and the broken hand.

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Hallucinations

The lights of the plaza is not too far down the street but the clear night air is putting me to sleep. I'm going there because there are lights. There are lights so something is waiting.

I have to go there and see.

LCBO is closed. The lights in Shoppers Drug Mart are on but the doors are locked and no one is in to let me in. I don't have money anyways.

My back is flat between two parking spots and I reach up as if I have a fever

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Almost Holy

At night trees and pale flowers sleep,
the beauty of their flesh extinguished
under black cloth.

A bright hum pierces the air
and the street lamps crackle.

Light pulses through sleeping streets.
The road flexes sore shoulders and
the rain rubs water over his cracked
back.

All standing become almost holy;
a fire hydrant casts the silhouette
of St. Peter's Basilica,
metal road signs gleam—ancient
javelins
struck to earth in old battles.

Artificial light softens the bones of
man's creations.

And all become invisible in the
harsh brilliance of day.

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Ma

Danny and Hannah Jepson came to school with lice.

Ma cut off my hair, so I wouldn't get bugs.

I went toad catching in the little pond with Eric.

Ma cut off my hands, so my fingernails wouldn't get dirty.

Pa drank some and beat up Ma.

Ma cut off my arms, so I wouldn't swing at girls.

Ma cut off my tongue, so I could never speak dirty.

Ma cut off my legs, so I would always be by her side.

Ma wrapped a rag around my eyes, so I wouldn't see grief in the world.

Ma cut off my ears, so I could hear the sound of my soul.