

I Want to Read

God,

have someone else write this poem.
I don't want to tell this
story again / There is always a girl

with books and running ink
stacked in her hands. She wants to see
what is out there.

When she looks within herself
she sees that she is full
of hot chocolate and oatmeal. She says, *God,*
I want to read.

And the books in her arms disappear
into nothing but black

letters falling in the moonlight.
One day the girl could not move
her arms. Frozen branches crystallized

in the rising sun. That morning
she found the tops of acorns lying
belly up (with no one around to blame)
in a road she did not live on.
The girl says, *Please.*

She bunches her fists.
Says, *Excuse me, god.*
I want to read.

Silence follows like an encore.
She says, *God,*
Today I could not get out
of my own disaster.

The words begin to lift themselves
off the floor to take structure
between her palms,

stand in sentences,

hold their capitals high,
and their titles higher.

The girl says, *God*,

it's between me and the wall.

This isn't about you.

*I need to hear my thoughts
come out of the mouths
of liars.*

*There is truth
in poetry and false hope
in poems. She says, God,*

*there are days that feel like
the world is being sucked
into the seams of my mattress.*

*I only have one chance
and look,
the stories are right there.*

*If I don't go now I won't.
I hope you can understand that.*