

Omni

often the image of God comes
to me for no reason at all
sometimes he has that beard
that slightly crooked crown
other occasions he is made from words.
strung from a museum skylight
an open one-subject notebook
college-ruled and blue

sometimes God is the dalai lama
buddha
truman capote
nothing
sometimes he is nothing

my grandfather used to wind the brass
clock on the mantle and his thorny beard
would brush up against the key as though it
was somehow guiding it
somehow walking it like a brass candle Acolyte

sometimes God is just a metaphor
my dog whom I've spoken
to (out loud) with no amen

dear God in the form of this yorkie if you
are in there in your frosty-pawed innocence
bark two times

desperation sometimes God is desperation
and I am sitting in a counselor's chair
cursing the communists the settlers
the politicians and pop music
but hitler was a god over the jews
and white man a god over brown
wealthy over poor
biggie over hip hop

my grandfather's son
my own father
with the pill pocket jingles

once passed out on the couch
eating strawberry shortcake
as he watched my sister and her
horse canter in the pasture

sometimes God is my lover lying
next to me snoring before sunday church

the other day I swear God was mickey mouse
and I, a mouse ka tool

sometimes God is my father rip-roaring drunk
in the bed screaming that we are wrong
using His own name in vain

when my grandfather finished
winding his clock he sat in an armchair
crossed his legs jingled the change in his pocket
and was satisfied with the work he had done

today this day God is wide-legged
corner savvy swaying with skirt fisted to thigh
as She hums the doxology
and repeats
judge not lest ye be judged

and I pay Her tithes today this day
I stick the offering bill to Her breast
and She climbs in my vehicle one leg at a time
just like everyone else

when my sister escapes to the pasture
she tells her horse to trot and he trots
she tells him to gallop and he gallops
without ever speaking words

Found

they gave me propranolol
cut in half
a piece for my whole brain
there's nothing wrong
and there's not
they just stole the allusionist in me
that girl that could compare
god to twizzlers and argue for the
great merge of simile and metaphor
like church and state
they separate
because after four and a half years
of no allusions
no purple pens
no revisions of glue stick prints in torn journals
that's the damn best I can do
because pre pandemic and pre entrepreneur
I was a writer
and not one if those live ones either
the kind that dash and indent and watch
the allusions drip down the page
like some simile that would have
been in my mind but it was stolen
by sertraline, propranolol
pop music
divorce
the death of my father
mother
the virus that almost consumed
the remainder of my family
the day I quit teaching literature
gave the books to goodwill
metaphored my metaphors in a work
about how I lost my metaphors
alluded to it afterward
the day I reemerged
like some kind of brave simile
about a girl compared to words
who failed because her fight
or flight got the best of her

Selfie

I used to have all the things to say
about all the things
I knew politics and religion and books and bobbed
and weaved allusions
I knew nothing
but I found words in all the nothings
I found the aperture on my camera lens
to be quite similar to the changing moon
how it comes and goes
how the geometric pattern comparison may not align
but nonetheless I found that the world remains
quite the same most of the time
in the same way that my aperture remains wide
and only narrows for groups of ten or more
in the same way that my bokeh
becomes much clearer with large groups
and then in my self-portraits
it becomes quite wide
and the bokeh becomes quite blurred