

***Some of the Real Curses, 2020***

Emily, in White

As I gain the empty bed,  
and the pale, angelic dust  
goes lastly by the light  
of a westward facing window,  
I am greeted, guided gone  
by Emily, in white.

In the windy moment after,  
one which teases at forever  
(had it only happened sooner),  
She pulls a stubby pencil  
from the pocket of her dress.

And in her tired eyes,  
her lonely smile,  
I see how a verse will be written,  
a poem, but not for me.  
And that I might be remembered  
just in the word, omitted,  
or else in some mark, not made  
there, on the back  
of a black bordered, eggshell envelope.

Will she take my hand  
or only stand beside the door?  
Then toward her found eternity  
I make my way,  
with Emily, in white.

Untitled, 2020

I am proud  
of the way  
I empty  
each packet of sugar  
into my coffee  
with conviction,  
flicking hard  
to get the last  
of it out.

I am proud  
that I will be  
forgotten.

## Real Curses

I guess mine are real curses.  
Not to be played with,  
not even  
to be talked about.

The caster is laughing  
their head off.  
Some angels  
are weeping away  
over what might have been,  
what might have been.  
And the others-  
they turn around, wincing.

The structure of it  
is like this:  
A labyrinth but without  
any center,  
Ariadne's thread  
all senselessly knotted,  
Two dancers, heels  
endlessly drumming  
a dirge-  
    "That was a mistake"  
    "That was a mistake"

The architect  
heaving, and sweating  
while above, and below  
the aforementioned seraphim  
scramble to break it,  
rebuild it anew.

I, the belly-aching mongrel,  
become deserving  
of the curses.

## The Tunnel

It's like, you thought there  
would be a light at the end  
of the tunnel,  
everybody always said  
that there is, but then  
it's only a pile of bodies burning,  
and more tunnel beyond that,  
and darker than ever...

Lament

tfw you have advanced  
considerably as a poet,  
trebucheted thus  
into your sick and worthy wisdoms  
by peine forte et dure counterweight,  
only to have each ugly verse  
get finally dodged  
despite all the talk of what  
poetic things you would do  
with the badly needed winnings