

I'd Like to Report That

I don't watch the news.

Ignorance is not bliss
But an ugly old suitcase
Left on a curb.

Sorrow is a leech. A burden.

It lurks, thumb extended
As it waits for my shoulders
To stop and offer it a ride.

My vertebrates
Are leaking into one another
As they are crushed
Over and over again
Under the endless
Weight.

So I don't stop.
I minimize the burdens,
Shucking them off my back,
Littering curbs.
I am tired.

I don't watch the news.

Bitter

Pour slowly.
Watch the grounds
Converge with water
Into ink.

The scalding
Liquid defrosts fingers chilled
From waking
Alone.

Fog rises
Until it steams your glasses,
Until you are blind.
Drip

Drip. Droplets
Shatter the black mirror,
Sending out quivering
Rings.

Pull a mug
From the cabinet
Overflowing with mismatched cups
And fill to the brim.
Let it cool.

Cream? Sugar?
Anything to erase
The bitterness
That spills
From his lips.

Sit at the stained table.
Hold the steaming mug
Close to your chest.
Don't spill.

Pinball

In pinball,
The goal is constant motion.
I imagine my thoughts
In a cage of flesh and bone,
Ricocheting from fear to fear.
I imagine myself
Standing over the smudged glass,
Wheezing breaths forming fog,
Wondering what would happen
If I just let the ball
Drop.

I Have a Question

What do you say when the sterility of white sheets coats your throat

And the white dust of morphine dribbles down hers?

What do you say when your fingers tremble as they trace

And the lifeline on her palm ends too soon?

What do you say when your aching young blue eyes beg

And their watered-down mirror cracks?

What do you say when your lips meet her wrinkled brow

And it already seems cold in this humid room?

What do you say when you barter with God with empty hands

And ninety-two is a 'good, long life'?

Hi, darlin', she said.

Two words for me. I had none for her.