

## Poetry Submission 1 Sixfold

1. About Having Sex
2. A Funny Thing Happened On My Way To The Apocalypse
3. The Token
4. It's Not All Bad
5. My Two Feet

## About Having Sex

The first time I had sex...

...With a boy...

My leg fell asleep.

I couldn't feel a thing.

The pins and needles forced me to change position

Which he mistook for enjoyment

Until I asked if he was in yet

He said he couldn't get any deeper

And he couldn't.

He was the shallowest person I knew.

The second time I had sex

...With a boy...

I realized I was making a few mistakes.

1. I was having sex with a boy
2. Refer back to 1

The third time I had sex

...Was with a girl...

My eyes saw for the first time

Stopped the madness in my head

A whole new world opened up

My legs to a fire burning so deep

No man could reach it because

Size didn't matter to the matchbook

Just how you strike it and my God she was striking

I had laid in her bed a blank page waiting

No, begging to be a love poem

Yet we never got past the rough draft  
Of a painting evoking emotion  
But always behind glass  
Antiqued silver ran through my hair  
Trapping the free-verse I knew I was  
I fanned one last ember from the matchbook  
And left  
Then I met this girl  
No...Wait...  
I met this woman  
Her eyes held mine  
Her arms held me  
Her lips softly spoke my name  
How insane must she be to want me?  
Me...As I am  
So I asked if she was scared of fire  
She said she could be my hearth  
I asked if she knew poetry  
She wrote a sonnet on my body  
Those fourteen lines pulsed within me  
Ten syllables lost in my sheets  
Complete three stanzas across my lips  
My hips trembled and I held on  
The first time I had sex  
I held on.

## A Funny Thing Happened To Me On The Way To The Apocalypse

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the apocalypse

I found more strength than

Famine, War, Conquest and Death

The four horsemen trotting my way

The grand masters of the final curtain

Conducting a requiem for one less life to take

I might have one more drink

Maybe another steak

Before I ride into the horizon

Over the Golden Gate Bridge

Sun rays like pillars of fire

Proving to the prophets there is one true God

They can't take me.

Wanna-be cowboys herding up souls

Like the sheep they became

Stepped in the promise of the Promised Land

If it wasn't so sad it would be funny.

I stand on the rail

Squinting to find St. Peter

Inconsiderate bastard!

Aren't angels supposed to glow?

Be some sort of guide?

Not a glorified lantern slide

Projecting images of Shangri-La

Onto a trampoline you leap toward

Bouncing you right back to the hell you came from

I jump

My whole life abiding by the rules

Ironically wrapped up in 7 seconds

I fall

My heart

My chest

A cardiac arrested development

Starts

To plateau

Flat as my pulse

A straight line

From beginning to end

No breathtaking peaks

No magnificent valleys

Just the wrath of the apocalypse

Marching by.

## The Token

*Zimbe Mbube zimbe*  
Stop Lion stop  
They come for you  
In robes of stealth  
And crown of cunning.  
Lay wait in the brush, *Mbube*  
Awash with sun-kissed yellow.  
*In the jungle the mighty jungle the lion sleeps tonight*  
*Mbube* sleeps with one eye open  
While the mighty jungle preys  
Poaching tokens of unsuspecting victory.  
*Mbube* Solomon Linda  
A token  
Minority  
Exploitation  
Forever reminded by  
The namesake of the thief  
*Near the village the peaceful village the lion sleeps tonight*  
It takes village  
To crowd tradition  
To crowd spirit  
As quietly as the jungle breathes  
With the anticipation of the next breath  
*Hush my darling, don't fear, my darling, the lion sleeps tonight*  
No, don't fear the lion  
Fear the jungle  
Wild vines of twisted intention  
Hang low  
For the village  
Planting strange fruit  
*Uyimbube*  
You are a lion  
Scavenging scraps like a vulture  
*Uyimbube*  
You are a lion  
We heard your roar  
*Amathamsanqa, Mbube, Amathamsanqa*  
Good Luck, Lion, Good Luck  
*Uyimbube, Mama, uyimbube*  
You're a lion, Mama, You're a lion  
Protect your future kings  
Ransoms paid for lives that matter

To a kingdom stolen yet holds pride  
Swallowed to keep legacy safe  
*Uyimbube, Mama, uyimbube*  
You're a lion, Mama, You're a lion  
*Kusukela Kudala kuloku kuthiwa*  
Long long ago people used to say  
All men are created equal  
Opportunities to employ  
Restraint  
When a man wears a hoodie  
Or plays loud music  
Or can't breathe  
Or sings a Zulu hunting song  
And dance we gave him  
While wearing a wedding dress of white privilege  
With garters of twisted jungle vines  
Waiting to be thrown to the next generation  
*Njalo Ekuseni Uya Waletha Amathamsanqa*  
Every morning you bring us good luck  
Quiet huntress  
Putting food on the table  
Setting  
The example of the provider  
Fierce protector  
Crying for each injustice  
Remind us to stand in our truth  
Be told from the mountain top  
Of a nation created from your bosom  
*Ziqhenye ngokuthi ungubani, Mbube*  
Be proud of who you are, lion  
*Lala Kalhe, Mbube Lala Kalhe*  
Sleep well, Lion, sleep well.

## It's Not All Bad

I have depression.

It's not all bad.

For one you catch up on sleep

And two

Your loss of appetite

Helps you hit

New Year's Resolutions every year.

It's the crying

The crying out loud why can't you be happy?

Why?

It's my brain

Like an egg

No fifty eggs

Hard-boiled

Over-cooked

Cracked-But-Not-Broken

Eggs

Nobody can eat fifty eggs

Spread them into rings like an aged tree

See?

Cool Hand Luke's

Failure to communicate

Thrown in the box

Alone

Hot



Thoughts blown up  
As if I love the smell of Napalm in the morning  
Me  
Shaken not stirred  
Like a snow globe raining infinite sadness on  
A Thomas Kinkade made  
From ghosts of Mr. Roger's Neighborhood  
With Daniel Tiger in a cage  
I rage against the Claude Monet  
My tears  
Mottle the impression  
But beautiful just the same  
My pain  
Imprisons the war  
Against idyllic fantasy  
Making depression not that bad at all

## My Two Feet

The stupidest thing you can do  
Is rupture a tendon in an empty parking lot of a Motel 6.  
They brag “they leave the light on for you”  
Which was in no way consolation as you collapse from your leg’s implosion  
Into a crumpled heap next to the crumpled receipt you tossed  
Now whispering “isn’t this ironic?”  
The second most stupid thing you can do  
Is ask for help from an senile couple  
Walking their Chihuahua, named Bootsie,,in a stroller.  
Ma’am Can you stand?  
Pain  
Sears up my leg like a zipper caught on my knee where  
My weight laughs as it bullies my knee into buckling  
the receipt, still pissed tells me to reconsider Weight Watchers.  
Ma’am can you stand?  
On your own two feet  
Without help  
Even when you know a car  
Is worth less than sticker  
but salesman talks over you  
Ma’am can you stand?  
Up for your right to choose  
When it’s right to have a family  
You’re more than a breeding ground  
Breeding is for dogs in strollers  
Named Bootsie  
Ma’am can you stand?  
A chance at landing that job without landing in his bed  
Ma’am can you stand?  
The way media portrays body image  
Showing off people like commodity  
But then does an expose on human trafficking.  
Ma’am can you stand?  
The drive to the hospital with Bootsie  
Ma’am can you stand?  
The senile couple who took you to admissions  
...at the county college...  
Before they realized “hospital admissions” wasn’t in the gps  
Ma’am can you stand?  
Watch over the children  
separated from their parents  
Looking for a better life  
Ma’am can you stand?  
Down  
Retreat

Resign on discrimination being your thread of existence  
Sewing up the one leg you can stand on as a crutch to not go any further  
No. No I can't.  
The pain passed on to my present propels me into the future  
Stronger  
Resilient  
Healed  
The woman's talking head in the passenger seat  
Didn't realize the revolution in the back seat  
Fuming at her interview questions  
"Do you have a husband?"  
"You're such a pretty girl. Are you looking?"  
As her audience passes her by at precisely 25 miles per hour.  
We finally got to the hospital  
She had one last question.  
Ma'am, can you stand?  
Yes. Yes I can.  
On my one leg that's stronger than both of yours.

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