

DOG-EAR'D FRIENDS

Mother, I have Dog-ear'd friends, poems on pages.
They breathe just like you. Bleed just like you. Laugh, fight, cry just like you.

There is poem in Queens that hugs me so hard I feel like her favorite flavor of empty juice box.
Once she let me stitch her heart back together, it was in Austin, it was in a parking lot.
That poem can edit my blood. She would have been the godmother of my first aborted son.
In Brooklyn, there is a poem that sighs at the sight of my breakfast: Gummy bears & Mountain dew.
She teaches survival tactics, tells me I am a good man. Helps me spell check my honesty.
The poem on Thirteenth and University has a distinct way of fucking with the Goosebumps of my anatomy. She is a glock to your temple. Suspending disbelief.
The poem on Bowery, tells me she might have cancer. Cries in my arms like a baby begging for healthcare.

These poems give me the strength to know all Jesus ever got was a book deal.
Every word I say is no accident. We are action words. Fascinating fonts, flying fearlessly, fighting to be heard. Call us Verbs. Vessels in vibration. Each fractured phrase, proof that life is the trajectory. Always aim for the heart.

Mother,
today I woke up started writing fuck you's instead of apologizes. Like a switchblade jealous of gunshots. I am a bloodhound trained to sniff out the wrong & bark. A poet, approaching this stage like a reckless Hiroshima. Onomatopoeia eighteen-wheeler.

The gravity of my words asleep at the wheel. Watch out for the alliteration. Another mumbling cliché races off the page. Approaching this cliff of bitten lips scrapping the edge of every alphabet. Wrapping letters around each utterance like a head on collision. Vocabulary careening through an absurd language. Each word a dead body stiffer than brail. Advertising the failures of this fitted flesh. Tilted to make eardrums to accept death certificates.

Mother,
my tongue is a morgue, open for business.

And I have learned.

A man with angry fists,
ain't got shit on a poem with an angry spine.

