

A Poem

La Dispute

Third time writing you a letter, getting darker. I'm getting worse and worse.

I had a reason for the writing, but trying to exorcise my demons didn't work.

To try to rid me of The worry and to purge you out of wonder for the future and the hurt.

I wrote a poem:

I'm increasingly aware I've been painting things in gray,
I'm increasingly alarmed by the pain,
I'm increasingly alive to every cloud up in the sky,
I'm increasingly afraid it's going to rain.

See, lately I've hated me for over-playing pain.
For always pointing fingers out at everyone
but Who in fact is guilty and for picking at my scabs
like they could never break but they can
and They will and I'll spill like a leak in the basement,
a drunk in the night choir,
just slur all those Words to make deadbeat that sweet old refrain,
self-inflicting my pain and therein lies the real Shame:
I heard when they were picking through the rubble
finding limbs, they sang hymns, but Now what of what I sing?

The worry, the wonder, the shortness of days,
The replacement for purpose,
The things swept away by
The worry, the wonder, my slowness of frame,
The replacements for feeling,
The casual lay. And
The worst of the wildlife wears clothes and can pray and
The worry, the wonder, for three meals a day.
Only death unimpeded, not slowing it's pace,
Brings that petty, old worry and wonder away.