

This Blackest Purse

WHY?

i'm not who, with my eyes from stage, i claim to be,
i've only cradled death in my own ending,
flesh from far off and abstracted lit
candle wick flickering

and when a thing starts finishing around me,
i faint or fake a moustache, an accent, or flee,
in fear my expired license be pulled by sheer proximity

fact: the poseur in the bowler gets shot first,
thinks he's the shit cause he can spit and curse,
actin' brash and flashin' a pistol that squirts,
scowling, and shouting, "shall we dance?"

should our heroes hands be holding this blackest purse?
mom, am i failing or worse?
mom, am i failing?
what should these earnest hands be holding?

still sportin' my ex-girlfriend's dead ex-boyfriend's boxers,
i wanna operate from a base of hunger,
no longer be ashamed and hide my
tears in shower water while i lather for pleasure

i wanna speak at an intimate decibel
with the precision of an infinite decimal,
to listen up and send back a true echo
of something forever felt but never heard
i want that sharpened steel of truth in every word

the small fry in the bow tie dies first,
acting wild like the spirit of god moving after church,
faking he's hard like he's packed down dirt,
already, and yelling, "be my guest"

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