

The Gift of Bad Timing

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Murmur

I was born to a hole,
forcing my noise through
blood dark chambers.

Intrigued men attached me
to their lie detector,
watched me jump and slide -

When they realized I wouldn't die,
they lost interest

knowing it would wane from syncopation
every eely stethoscope can detect,
to the faint rhumba only lovers feel.

Still, I am -

the faintness of so little
blue in my red, the panic of everything
rushing inside,

the pained ebb of a tide
pulled too quickly from shore.

The Sunday Call

Kelly Jane, you need to pray
earnestly,
my mother says in her quiet voice
of conscience,

As if I'm trapped in purgatory, where the weight
of one single prayer could tip the scales.

She always calls on Sunday afternoons, my time
to cook and clean, for the company
of solitude.

*I am busy, mother,
of course I love you*

in these moments my tone is examined
for slack and furrow.

Why don't you tell me what's really going on

Nothing

and it seems crows fly out, carrying one final sigh
into the dial tone.

Thanks for inviting me, I shouldn't have come

Into your house
to sift through your history
with eager hands,
walk across the carpet
heel worn with decades
of explorers' muddied feet –
inhale air perfumed by your
poison ivy adolescence and
ivy league adulthood;
touch the bindings of
fairy tales and philosophy,
despise the aged shackles of
meat and potatoes dysfunction -

Into your bed
to disrobe mystery
with fumbling fingers
run across boundaries
built-in steel-toed safety and
soft insecurity –
exhale the air trapped in my
too early dreams
too late reality;
touch the locks of
head and heart,
despise the antiquity of
black and white chastity -

Taste the sin of wanting.