Heartbeast

Hate the helpless for asking anyway

Hate the help for having the energy to feed

Themselves through a hapless heap of people

Steeped with their own maligned feelings

Hate for reasons and you’ll never have to hate for free

Hate poetry like you sometimes hate your dads

Or moms, or like you hate the idea of dads or moms

Hating themselves, in not so many words

Traditions of hate cannot take in any but its purest

Wordless form. Hate everything for not being where

It’s needing to go, and you’ll get it there. Hate yourself

In others, for all your gifts and all your grievances

Burn them all away in a fever pitched toward tomorrow

Try not to hate the old because they are products of the same

Fitful circumstances, only an earlier iteration, but hate

Their ways because they were not meant for you