# Cut glass

Those good things were never mine.

suddenly I found myself counting the holes

in the seams of my shirt

wherever I looked I saw more.

the faces on african masks,

lips pouted in wicked exaggeration

seemed to be staring

accusing me, unimaginable crimes

of baseness and low birth.

as I looked down

the holes I had counted seemed

to grow together

until I was clothed only in string

my black socks shining

like a beacon visible from space

and suddenly I couldn’t care less

with all sense of competition removed

I was liberated, free to laugh

while around me suits talked and dresses

recounted their imaginary sins

I learned suddenly, in timely fashion

to accept beauty where beauty lay

in the glorious facets of cut glass

spinning like tops in the air around my head

I could have been their pet

but my dignity wouldn’t permit it.

for I am the van gogh of the sacred misery

the undiscovered genius

tortured brush in hand

wracking my lobes for the spell,

the incantation that will knock together

the atoms that spell success

and inside a transparent moment

it comes to me

a liberating ray of yellow moon:

for all the hairless naked glory

of my redundant suffering

I secretly know

I’m better than they are, so there,

and that, my love, and you

are the water of life.