

Six/Six/Six

How beautiful the fruits
that the spring has brought
that we all dance around
and sing
"I love you, my mother"

I do miss my mothers
who have all ran away
to all of the nearest steeples
to call for Eden
and Jezebel

O Jesu,
could this be all?

The moments cling like Velcro
and days fade like music

I read stories of phalanx formations
and mental castrations
and public menstruations
and this is just the front page

Elizabeth, Jacqueline and Tom
have moved to the New Earth,
they feared how things have gone,
and I must say that I cannot blame them

The mournful dread of the Upper Middle Class
has finally evoked eternal midnight
and we've lost any need to wait

We head out to time square
With fists in the air
Our riots sang love songs
As we rigged statues with bombs
And even after all of the arrests
I will remember my temporary lover's caress

Ten
Sixteen
Six Six Six
Lucifers in their hearts
Max and William treat them well

Ten
Eleven
And a Six is repeated

I heard a preacher
on a public bus
before they were all abandoned

He spoke of hope and forgiveness
and a woman said, "and what of retribution?"

He said, "they'll know when the time will come"
and she said "I won't just sit on my thumb!
I was born of the rich, the old and the mad
and I need not wait on your ancient temples so sad"

He apologized and sighed
and she said it so clearly
She said, "what's in it for me?"
and he said, "you'll have to wait and see"

Of course, now the buses are no more
and the bruises have covered the woman's face
and her abuser cries for forgiveness
but all he receives is divine retribution

And when I go to the supermarket
I do not worry of such trivialities
and I fill my cart up with truffles
and I wonder why we're no longer angelic

I've begun to fear disease
just like how I fear getting old

I know there will be those to look after me
but what have I done to deserve this treatment?

And what of this good will?

And what of the dream?

That beautiful wonderful blissful dream we all share?

Where we close our eyes, and awake in the heart of a white rose

Where Mary Magdalene sings us opium poppy lullabies

and the horses run in heart-shaped patterns

just so we can stare into their tracks and imagine

It's not a proper lullaby

but it's the best we could get

And St. Martin's three chairs

with night lights and sleep tights

They wonder what could be in there

and if the sun could ever be so bright

I've fallen from my highest road

and I haven't tried to get up

and I remember a conversation from a Man and Woman

Man: Do you remember that night?

Woman: I choose not to.

Man: You resent me for caring.

Woman: I resent you for having given up.

Man: I'll never give up on you.

Woman: You know that isn't what I meant.

Man: This is all I have.

Woman: I can smell the booze on your sleeve.

Man: That's desperation that you smell.

Woman: Am I meant to pity you?

Man: Could you?

Woman: Could I indeed?

So back and forth for quite some time
and none of this goes anywhere
and it's just like those superpowered conventions
where they argue on who has the bigger nuclear penis
and who's quicker to disregard the poor's pleas

Well, there's beauty in heights
and sorrow in depths,
so let us dig deep down
and see what we might find

O Holy, O Holy

O Mercy, O Mercy

O Gabriel, I know I've been forgiven

but why does it feel like I've been mistaken?

The sins still weigh on my soul:

The murder of crows

and the rape of waves

The birds fly at eye level

and the feathers stick in my hair

I haven't bled in weeks

and I wonder why I'm never hungry

Dear Father,

who art in heaven,

hallowed be thy Name,

thy kingdom come,

thy will be done,

on earth as it is in heaven

On earth as in heaven

Dear Father, what have you done?

Dear Father, I sent you my tears

Dear Father, why isn't this easy?

Dear Father, why must you lie?

Dear Father, when will I inherit the earth?

Dear Father, blessed are the meek who know that they will go nowhere

Dear Father, how long must we sleep?

Dear Father, did you fear the bombs?

Dear Father, I fear the bombs

These days it's some sort of walking, talking bomb,
the type with feelings,
a lover and a driver's license

Dear Mother, I have no scars.

Dear Mother, aren't you proud?

Dear Daughter, I have no gifts to give you,
nor to you my dear Son

Scorpions crawling through sand
like maggots crawling through bone

Lovers crawling through bedsheets
awaiting restless sleep

So, let us sleep now,
we'll just close our eyes
and we'll dream of better dreams
where we can live our better lives
and all of our families will be there
and we need not say good night
because the sun will shine forever
in eternally blessed Six Six Six