The Inaugural Eulogy

Falling out of a hole you found yourself in,

finding emptiness passed off as open space
as free, as room for improvement

pushing boxes around, painted in primary
colors, making houses, little neighborhoods
to hide the pieces in, people with no names,
waving and asking about your day, as you

rearrange the pictures on your desk
that might as well be the faces of the strangers
that they sell with the frames that you’re
always finding pieces of your life in.

Reaching out for a yellow (or red) ball,
across chlorinated water as someone
sings happy birthday to someone other than you,
reaching out too far to be too thin,
like shadows seeking shelter from the wind.

I’m always wanting to die until I find
a reason to live
that is going to get me killed.

There used to be transitions,
now settings change in the blink of an eye,
motivations are fleeting thoughts,
narrative arcs become double helixes
seen from no more than an arm’s length away:
your skin.

It is the focus that is constant as
the point-of-views cycle around
the happy merry-go-round that time
you misjudged your leap when you
and caught your mouth on the metal
and my teeth were stained red, but
it is always your skin

falling into the hole you’ll find yours
It is the focus that is constant as
the point-of-views cycle around
the happy merry-go-round that time
you misjudged your leap when you were (four or) five
and caught your mouth on the metal bar
and my teeth were stained red, but
it is always your skin
falling into the hole you'll find yourself in.