Try To Hide

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TRY TO HIDE

The mind pulls a sheet over the face,
the opaque mercy of zero memory—
the body won’t return the favor. Though it

sings glory
  to me
  & the highest

with them
other two

hands plucking at the full box
of paper handkerchiefs, the body

this corporeal idiot

will ignore the mind's kindness,

& our mistress
  we're in church

a field of scripture

God is grabbing up dirt
fertilizing sunflowers
  i know what comes
next
  God will lift up my face
for a slap &
instead suck the knowledge.
The mind will try to hide God’s

gift of knuckle

my body will fall

on its back

opening for the rack

anonymous

male sacrilege

capricious taunting:

daddy

not my daddy

night is daddy

not my daddy

a cuckold, a thought, the two-timing,
alive entity and though unsatisfied
with life’s slow-pouring mud, it dearly

loves puppies

& kittens

&

la

&

la

la

la