

Last Word

When we lock eyes
I see a shiny kill pill
clenched between
your gold rogue teeth.
I see a tight fist
and brass knuckle grip
raised against
cold celestial orders.

I want what is in you,
the elusive smoke and mirrors,
the burning cathedrals
and prison deserters. I want
the warmonger, the crazy
who locks himself up
in a blazing station
and drug dream.

I want to be the one
who fires that loaded gun,
who draws the same blood
that now pools around
your aching ankles.

But I am not you.
I am just some dazed sun
trying to rise above
your steaming ash
and swinging arm.
Remember,
I am the one
with the shaking hand
you so lovingly
pressed against
broken glass.

I will never
say no to peace,

but the truth could not be
more cruel:
Father,
I love you.