

Marry your man in the jailhouse,  
under thunder.  
Your wedding video on surveillance cameras, bringing a tear every time,  
measuring precise movements  
of conjugal visits.  
Eagle with the broken wing  
welcoming rapture.  
Homage to nothing.  
Limited to  
explaining myself  
in a nation of businessmen.  
Kick off my own great silence.  
Plough my own field,  
raise my own children,  
don't need Zed, or Fred, or Larry.  
Understand my own self.  
Failure is only caesura,  
Some chapbook of a life, telling me nothing.  
Men are just mysteries to themselves,  
structured in the structureless,  
bearing centuries-old burdens  
and learning nothing.  
My time overlaps with your time,  
living in parallel and learning nothing, justifying misery all the more.

Answering instead,  
but the answer confuses the question,  
Sloppy, sloppy sex,  
just kneeling away from yourself  
and kneeling closer to God unintentionally,  
forming cataracts of the third eye,  
blinding you to death, expecting nothing.  
Speculative fiction.  
No one from mythology to jeer  
and throw you off that wayward rhythm.  
A refugee of the spirit,  
rewriting your past  
and erasing your future.

India Lombardi-Bello, 2020