

For the rage thickening every fumbled move
An ink that never sets on my fingers or the page
As I leaf through the blood let afternoon to evening
Where images fail to become words,
Only a slurry of mismatched gestures that don't become the thing that I want to say
If we could dream in broken glass, jammed ports,
Portly politicians choking on the bile bubbling from their fraying larynxes
Then, I would sleep forever in this morass of rage,
This viscous muck that oozes out of my pores
Begging me to annihilate myself
As the only honest act in a world of breathless compromises
Spoken by loose lipped bureaucrats pretending to be artists.

I want to hear a deafening rage
Like the earsplitting hiss of air charred by explosions,
Like the gargled digital noise of too many screams vying for bandwidth,
Like the absent conversations whose void swallows every chirping bird, stray sigh, groan, moan
Whatever poetic device tries to capture the feeling of being there in real time with a ghost.

I wish it were easy
Like how the rage comes to me
How a conversation reaches a fever pitch over black masks, spray paint, gloved hands, no names
Only a moment that seems to unfold all the possibilities
Of being honest with my rage
Of letting it speak in a swift motion.

If only my rage
Was more than me
I say in a poem
On the page.