

POLYSEMOUS CACOPHONY

Logic is a whore
and so is metaphor
the cacophony of the
drunken chorus spouting their
oblivious mouths off

there seems like there is no point in talking

yet my children demand answers from me
and I provide them but I can't help
but feeling the need to hide from them
that I just feel like I'm waiting around
to die in a world that changes like inch-moving glaciers
our reasons just stringed to seasons
born into rooms where actors
horrific and callous perpetuate palpable echoes of
their suffering upon us and into the
next room there's beauty and ease
and the hallway unfolds an infinity of rooms that
leave me disoriented and puking into the puddle of my tears

the yellow jackets want to build a nest in a hole by our front porch steps
so i cover their entrance/exit with a glass bowl to starve them to death
with nightly pours of boiling soapy water to murder them all
in a way that saves the surrounding wild strawberries

violence is like waves in the ocean
the crashing continue incessantly
and it's never going to stop

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