Degrets

how much time wasted waiting to be loved
unable to identify any love coming, there’s
the end, it can’t even pretend to stop, words
collapse into your movement, a gym of gestures
you pay to sweat within, in honor of something
like extension, lines enter our ears, lines swim
before our faces, we enable brutality against
our wishes, which are barely known to us
& that’s a lie, we’re too many to know, &
why isn’t a flower a star, if nothing else is
available, you can have your wise translations
you have them already, your whole sense of truth
is fed laterally, pity the applied ending, it’s only
a desperate face commanding us to begin again
if the hook wasn’t sound I’d raise you off it
cleanse the little tear with a list, or erstwhile
fabricated substitute, like the sweet powdered
hard core from the blooming old shit store
I was wrong to say lie up there, but its ok
we’re not gonna rule out a long term extension
as long as pure daylight stays out of the way

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