


Papa

 The curse of brilliance is knowing | the answers to your philosophies hide | in the webbed space beneath your tongue |

Sleepwalkers chase lies that slip down easy | we welcome the lull |

(diminuendo)

These memories are salt dissolving |


I walked through the door | Yes, she was there | on her knees | at her mother's feet | Blue weaving into green across her bare arms |

She surveyed her sleeping mother's face | Her eyes calculated me | I saw her count how many steps | to the nearest door | How to gracefully navigate my drunk musk | without calling it to my attention |

She was so awake | saw me and flickered dim | a sacrifice | She was the color of pineapple husk | a more sophisticated me |

If there is any guilt | it was wanting | to wrap my hands around | all the possibilities | that were supposed to be mine |

(Modulate - D minor - calmando)

 That was Othello's problem | He wanted to drown in Desdemona's light | His didn't | set the rhythms |

He does not compose himself | the way I do |

At worst | I stole a moment to gift her instrument | a melody to yowl electric | Without the indigo burn | we are purposeless | a mundane elevator ditty |

She is crackling lightning | a symphony pacing a voodoo downbeat |

She is from me | poplar trees that do not snap | no matter how hard we swing |

That was the Moor's mistake— | he wanted to hold light | and didn't think far enough | down the page | to create a daughter