

Being for the Benefit of Others

I can see why backin Seattle they grabbed their shotguns and said,  
“He y  
l e t ’ s b e Cobain.”

Is it time to bow?

Place your hand in mine, as I show you ‘round  
my wailing walls. Will you break down and cry with me as we sit  
in the theater and watch home movies stitched together on my skin reel.

Are you laughing?

Can you hear the piano play its sad song on keys made of my teeth?  
I want to see you in ecstasy as my fingers curl while  
Dalí paints my parents’ portraits in the corner of the room.

Can you be my mother and not be there?  
Can you be my father and ?

I can’t keep up with the tides that sweep our feet. Your nimble knees  
buckle while mine stay stuck like trunks. You dance around me with your feathered hair  
and sun soaked toes singing behind sunglasses

*Make me your maypole*

I think I’ll lock my door when you leave.  
I can only hope that some will listen and look into my eyes. But for now I’ll have a glass and  
watch the world spin on its axis. I get dizzy and erupt from my stomach in Milky Way spirals  
and call it art. I’ll die when I’m 40, so for now I’ll make pictures with

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