

I sit across the bottles  
clanking the table  
like putrid petals  
scraping the wind.  
I drink, why?  
Because my father's  
mask never provided  
shaded darkness in  
June, because my  
drinking—the light  
in flight—swallows  
my reflection  
curving the glass,  
because the bottles  
jangle against  
the wood  
rasping imprints  
of time-flash

like water behind  
dams in distress.  
I drink, why?  
because my mother's  
inhibitions  
were pressed against  
my shoulders,  
because I needed  
black orchid  
broth instead of beef  
stew, because I  
learned to breathe  
with my fingertips—  
because I never  
knew the difference  
between the dusty  
bubble gum and  
my shoe,

because throwing vowels at  
a dog is better than  
throwing empty verbs to  
fog.  
I drink,  
why? because the  
ugly duckling will  
always be an ugly duckling,  
because "I" will  
always be dotted,  
because the bus  
station's urinal will  
harvest daffodils  
like a stack of librarians  
harvest thought.  
I drink because  
water is expensive  
and i can  
not afford it.

