

The Black Bib

I am not good
at spilling my guts

They are greasy guts too
with fishheads inside

Just the smell will offend
any Park Avenue nose

when it isn't up its own ass
delighting in brown fumes

Still, despite my inability,
I will shout in the white wilderness

like a mad savage on a mushroom
stomping out spores

Or a generous geriatric
applying hot ointment to genitals

So seems the futility of it
the horror and indelicateness

When what little I have to say
is only please let me speak

please from my heart
that clenched fist of beef

please from vulnerability
please from acceptance

make me whole atop my parts
and waste few rhymes like farts

butt, if it suits me to blow one,
let me share it with Park Avenue

where the people are perfect
only because all people are

I can see it one-to-one
through any smokescreen you make

I don't care how you disappointed
I don't care where you failed

I'm a general physician
not a specialist

I'm a lamb in the field
You can touch the whiteness of me

You can let go
All that devilish thinking

the echoing commotion
in a dome of bone

ceaseless hair atop
coming out like fish shit

There is so much of it
on the barber shop lawn

You will give to it how many times
in a life of periodic croppings

having the same conversation
because familiar, so safe

Imagine giving one hair per visit
and at baldness you die

Would you go?
Would you put on the black bib?