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Myth is a Tool of the State

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i am afraid of the committed life.
my friend the Poet was right:
“you’re not the kind to settle down with a wife.”
Mine is the open road and a dark sky
illuminated by heaven’s pearls and neon lights.
the night is young and so am i.

The Will of the Lord (even while sleeping)

i sing myself to sleep.
i dance with Saints and drink with Adam.
the Jordan is not too deep,
His blessings overflow, foam, and increase.

our desert spills into the Sea.
i cross the channel to find exotic love.
Sailors so green with envy—
they drop their anchors, I wander freely.

an old man asks why
The damn water swallowed his wife.
i cannot hope to reply;
i drink and love—i pacify.

no time to display concern;
my heart is fire, my own body yearns

all in my soft head
mermaids crawl out saltwater fields
reserved for the dead.
it is as our good Father said.

Myth is a Tool of the State

on the river his ship sails east.
Farewell, dear; perhaps our paths will cross again,
when all the fighting is over our love can begin
to ferment and heal crimson wounds.

i fear there is danger in dreaming that our war will abate soon.
but isn't it comforting to think that you will hold me while the night dies
and august colors flood our retinas and melt the morning sky—
would you not agree that such a design is pulchritude?
these fairy tales do wonders to alter my baleful mood.