

Poetry: Bizarro

by Hannibal Tabu

I'm a man without acceptance
ambiguity stamped into mitochondrial strands

No one suspects, but my IQ is stratospheric,
my greatest joy is the symmetry of a good equation.

To them, I'm a punchline walking through a wall
when the door's right next to it.

Did you know I love paintings?
The subtlety of brush strokes and texture.
Between yelling and breaking things,
Sometimes I catch a glimpse of beauty
hundreds of miles away.

I think theorems and hypotheses
but all that comes out is punching and smashing
frustrated hate flows where I'd prefer to know love.
Forever stymied by a brain humming Schubert melodies
and a mouth screaming dyslexic absurdities,
frustrated by a body that breaks
where my mind seeks the birth of tulip buds ...

I'm the superb man you didn't know,
"imperfect" copy always envious of "brother" who has it all.

Every day I feel sick
trapped inside this mass of miracles
using skies as my sidewalks
eyes that cast ice,
dragon's breath from my lips
"Gifts" that can no more benefit mankind

than they can embrace beauty.

My world is sharp where it should be round,
caresses from my lover
come from end of a baseball bat.
my words are mangled misimaginings of drunken toddlers
and without my prodigious power,
I'd be a ward of the state
eligible for assistance
differently abled ... but hopeful.

How can I quell the contradictions?
I can't escape prison of my chalky, brittle skin
none of my "friends" understand,
not the genius, not the clown, not the fascists from space
... and I had to say something, anything
to anyone
before the ray's affects wore off ...

... hello ... hello.

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