

# Poetry: Bizarro

*by Hannibal Tabu*

I'm a man without acceptance  
ambiguous 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.

"Bizarro"

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