

some poetry will shut you up

by M. F. Sullivan

o christ
here you are again
you sickness appearing in my brain
pouring smog from my jaw
my body hot and cold as though sleepless
while i could sleep
centuries
undisturbed
and awaken, tireder still.

o here the terrible violence
that comes upon me a few paces after you
the beating of my heart
pumping poison
supplied only by myself.

there standing on a cliff,
teetering as the bus rolls forward,
ten minutes behind because of two wheelchairs,
one necessary,
and one abused as a grocery cart.

there is too much time to think alone
and when i do come home
he is not, yet.
but the cat is,
sitting by the door as if
waiting all day.

at home i write poetry and drink and weep
like Hank
because it is better to do that
than put my head in the oven
like Sylvia.

there is too much horror in the world
and to not linger to survive,
even thrive in it,
would do a disservice
to the human spirit.

and though i can never wholly
dissipate you,
you awful gloom,
you shroud, you mask,
i can stuff you down a time
with a few lines
and a few moments
in the cloud-dim twilight.

