

Crawl

by Tyler Berg

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Sometimes the supreme realness of living creeps in on cat paws
It coils around my innermost self, the one I keep locked away safe
like Bukowski's bluebird,

And it makes my mind crawl,

Crawl to the dark places I love most, loud music and off key
laughter, glimmering green and brown bottles eagerly holding the
dim lights overhead inside themselves like ransomed stars.

Indeed it crawls when I know too much. When truth lingers like a
bad taste on the tongue, it makes me crawl to neon signs and rain
slicked sidewalks shining like some shortcut to Shangri La.

I crawl to what made me, to the safe, smoky heat of my spiritual
infancy.

I am no more than a brief, beautiful beast born of alt rock and
profanity, a mere crawling creature of slurred poetry and hot blood
on bleached floors. Some walk steadfast into the unknown, uncertain
but eager, not me, I crawl. Grinning crooked into the void.

