

# Crawl

*by Tyler Berg*

Crawl

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.

