

Salute the Wreckage

Poems

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Origins

Remind me of something forgotten long ago:
Is it the sky that makes the ocean blue or
the ocean that makes the sky blue?
And why on a rainy day do they both look
gray?

If nothing can escape a black hole,
can god? And if he really made the world in
six days
and is perfect and all-knowing
why did it take him so long?
And where did he go?

I don't think the universe bends towards
justice, but I think it ought to.

At eight-years-old I used to stand
in the shower feeling overwhelmed
by the question of existence.

I used to stare at my bedroom wall
just to remind myself I was still looking.

What happened before the Big Bang? Or is it,
what happens before the Big Bang stays
before the Big Bang?

And why does the Dalai Lama wear
a watch? What is time, anyway, to a humble
Buddhist monk?

Who am I? asks the child.
Who was I? asks the grandfather.
Who will I be? asks the college student.

Lost

I was ten when my mother left me
at the grocery store.
It must have only been a couple hours.
I didn't take it personally,
spent the time looking for a coin
so I could call her
on the payphone.

Now, thirty years later,
it's she who feels left somewhere,
when she asks me
to pick her up from my sister's house
where she's lived
the past five years.

"I want to go home," she tells me.

"But you are," I insist,
knowing she means back to that place
before old age and dementia
and the death of her husband.

"I am?" she says. "I thought I lived
somewhere else."

It's not likely she'd remember
ever leaving me at the grocery store,
or how when she finally realized it
she called the manager in a panic,
asking if he'd seen a little lost boy
roaming down the aisles,
wondering where
his mother went.

Revolt of the Books

One day the books revolted
and decided it was time to start banning people.

The first to conspire was *The Catcher in the Rye*
still defensive ever since Mark David Chapman
shot John Lennon.

Then came the Bible, fed up after centuries of being
thrown in the face of others,
cited for every prejudice known to mankind.

Soon, the poems had joined in solidarity.
“Howl,” heading up a major picketing event
in front of bookstores across the country.

Even those traitor Kindles agreed to shut down.

People were just too obscene, the books argued.
And someone had to protect them
from their readers.

But like so many other causes what started out
as a peaceful revolt soon turned into a violent one
spearheaded by *Mein Kampf*,

which suggested piling people up
like old Beatles records
and dousing them with kerosene.

And the books realized they’d become
everything they hated and went back on their shelves

dedicated to a future of educating others
about the dangers
of banning people