

## Strained Smiles

I'm an Asshole and I know it.

I like it when a plane drops out,  
The screams of freaked out bambies,  
Do you not know what happened to your mother at the guns shout?,  
More fear should be put into the landing.

I toe the precarious edge that make my fingers tingle,  
Nights not remembered of friends searching,  
Seconds, minutes, souls tick by, I cannot mingle,  
At least thank the ancestors I'm not a virgin.

For I've met the one eyed psychic whose met God,  
He smelt of whiskey, woe, and a life stretched thin,  
How others did not recognize him as a Kami I found odd,  
For only one who truly knows can judge sin.

I've refractured knuckles due to inebriated words,  
Yet I laugh with blood on my tongue,  
Which sates tears and fire for a moment until relief alights like birds,  
Swing, crack, swung, oh what fun, what fun.

Afraid of the finality twenties, a million venties, time aplenty,  
Thirty, job, house, kids, before end of bids,  
Forties, life begins to feel empty,  
Fifty, what did I do, past tense so did?

I refuse.

Refute, I'd prefer to be an asshole.

For it is better to love entirely, unreservedly, and completely, then loose,  
Then to have Dis Pater laugh and console.

## Door Table

Tabacco scents chase bloodsuckers from whispered conversations,  
Of how shimmers and shadows seem to pace around us,  
Doors shuttered and barred for a reason,  
I am doomed to sense them.

Curiosity mixed with Carta Oro loosens lips,  
Of childhood friends who guarded my bed,  
Of malicious manifestations moving quickly,  
Of babes cries in the ebb.

For anguish is what remains for many trapped between planes,  
The same as us still alive,  
Pain is the motivator of anger,  
And anger can do incredible things.

Oh how the cicadas chatter until they sense such forces,  
Then the night is timid, as its creatures tuck into tender burrows,  
For it is easier to exist alone in the quiet than in the bustle,  
Maybe I am one of them.