

## **The Night My Father Gave Us A Morbid Lamp**

the night my father gave us a morbid lamp

i can remember

he called it country. and an amulet from his father.

his dearth of penance I guess.

for giving me a body I run from.

sometimes my body is the hovel of everything named after voidness

rigor mortis. we children of disconnected sinew

picking crumble on the scrubbed face of bitumen.

here i know what it means to

immerse forebodings into lines

for a heart that carries dampness

names every throb after falls

here a boy is a song emanating from broken strings;

symphonies of green bottles in the dark.

silence is a building of many breathless rooms

i choose not to dwell in one.

for home is where tranquility breathes

and nothing looks like burning thresholds.

here we watch our lovers' half naked bodies

basking under the streetlights of Allen Avenue:

sacrifices to the gods on big wheels. that's how  
you break the crust of survival.

of loneliness. of walls painted with burgundies of duress.

boys like me name our woes after our bodies:  
the focal point of shards of mirrors

we, a dozen roses in a silted tunnel;  
you offer your body to this city

it gives you blue memories - punctured dreams of illumination.



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