

*Lithium*

My father calls me, conjuring  
Some sort of feeling, from cognac,  
Bad-conscience, and a fully-charged  
Lithium-ion battery. I hear  
The voicemail, may call back,  
Blaming an old battery—lithium  
Ages poorly, like us both—it's only  
Been one year since he's learned  
My leaning, not handling  
This life from hazard well.  
And I die quickly—I should, but won't  
Replace the cell phone, enjoy justifying lone  
Socialness, low binding vigor,  
Bring up gaps I share and shift with lithium.  
He will comprehend, as a mechanic,  
Churning alternators, fixing power units,  
Charging he'd punch a homosexual—  
Anger higher than the boiling  
Point, potential traction lower  
Than the melting—