

If Beg Means Obvious, Acquire, and Ask

What was it that I asked for? I know
I trusted him to pour a drink that vanished

Ounces of the night. It looked unchanged,
Yet I gathered some sleep on an eyelash,

My eye, forgiving, making up its mind not to
Sting from a salt finger's touch: accident-

Al. Brown. A man with home and work, still and all
Begged me to wreck him, to make the shape

Of an accidental music note bare. I mistook my wagging
Forefinger as crystalline clear not rock, not a foretold pillar:

Not forgiveness, failing to index turn down
With a mouth. My bones were so frail; he could've chewed them

Or chose to swallow how hyenas with choice
Too, choose, and so are spotted laughing—calcium, phosphorous

Transferred to him and then, from me
Now, an old friend, the old having nothing

To do with time, but looking back at a journey
Beginning—what beg could've also stood for—

The Sugar in my Tank

You insure the large beginning I can't guarantee:
A room glossed with a thick coat of sugar
Dust dispersed in the air, from banging
Your palms on the table, then striking a match
And seeing a chain of ignited particles, stimulated
By the air, swearing I was created,
Not creating gayness. I'm introduced
As one who couldn't restrain tragedy,
Like a rare cancer, a pelvic neuroblastoma
Making me bend to back pain.
What if you made a baby, and didn't
Replicate a genetic curse;
Assure each member of the family
The strength of hell was in your bedroom;
Ensure the blame's brought to you,
Reassure? Reassure. I'm uncertain of how I fell out of favor
With my father. I don't know if it was fate
Like you told everyone, or an experiment in
Which somehow, in the same story, you tell everyone.