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Untitled

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What we generally refer to as beautiful:

The grain in oak and the cellular patterns of sight;
an exit sign that points to splintered wooden doors
and looking out windows again an 11:30 sun and
seeing through your reflection on the spotted glass.

Seeing someone you know but not saying hello and instead
watching them and how they watch other people and
wondering if someone else is watching you.

A dead man's sweater, cream and soft and the way it clings to
your skin like cellophane.

Looking at a pretty girl's legs, golden like well-worn brick and
wheat fields and smiling at her without realizing that
you have a burnt popcorn kernel in your teeth from the
night before.

A bloody nose, leaking like an old roof; shingles worn from the
storm and the hail that pelted and welted your skin.

A soggy box, sitting by itself, with pictures of relatives you
never knew.

The day you didn't shower and woke up at 2:00 because there
simply wasn't anything better that you had to do.

Barren, dying lawns where you play with your dog and smile
knowing that deep down, you both think the same things.

And who really cares about lawns?
Or if they are botched by the laughing and careless sun?

We have songs with only piano in _ and
pottery and poetry that we can read.

And makeup that dashes in the rain down your face and
short hair held with aerosols and sprays;

And we have purple peeps at Easter and sweaty, tarred men
working on cars and my dear,

didn't you know that we can laugh?

Didn't you know that we can laugh because we have
annoying, nasal alarm clocks that will wake us up
in the morning so we can do it all over again?