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the altruists

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ashes can be swept away.

but smoke seeps into your hair and after that your flannel, and then it rolls into your backpack; soon it floats between your pages and you smell it on your sheets, the first sign of a stranger welling up within you who you’re not sure you could ever love, and it infests your chess pieces and your computer, and even if it doesn’t enter your body, it becomes a part of who you are.

the smokers share everything because they have nothing.
the mayans hoard every coin so they die alone.
and i, like the mayans, hold onto everything.
 i pay back every dime.
but neither of them have debt.
it’s almost enough to make me start.
almost enough for communism.
 i, like you, love the reprobate.

it’s the end times now, and i partly know why.
it took me that long just to see through his eye.
i’ve still got that mile to walk in his shoes— but i appreciate jazz, and i know the real blues.