

The Flutter

These days we are so tired,
the flutter of our lids cannot take attendance—
you & I cannot see a chance for a kiss deep enough
to ease our busiest bones.
Rabidly blinking against the twelve hour shifts, two-fisted work
punching out our eyes—
we are blind in the flurry of everyday details.

& the flutter in our gaze is an admission
of fanning flames resting on our pillows,
of losing our compass & map,
& how our smiles have faded in this moment.

Our hands cramp & blur in thoughtless motion;
the arches of our bloodied dogs flatten under the weight of our herd;
our hearts sputter in a flood of coffee & whiskey—
we repudiate the mail & refrigerator like enemies;

frantically we finger for stretch-mark pockets
down our goose pimped thighs
desperate for enough pay
to give time attention—

minutes hide under multiple hats shuffled in an incessant blitz of charades—
the marching soft parade of the expedient ego.

Monthly utilities—make-believe securities—
every money scheme,
every tax on every flush—
every lien upon our lives
are knives chucked at crabapples atop our skulls.

We trip on noose-knotted laces & dangle from daily worry
(singing little ones to sweet dreams in off-key lies).

We haggle insured deals with the Devil in place of God or hospitals

(dealing with Death is just easier these days).

We twitch like spindles, our shadows spark & smolder
(we're kindling for a world flirting with the sun).

These days, every open hand heralds a halt instead of welcome mercy,
nothing whets our steel to slice away our manic hats,
& starry nights overwhelm—awe shimmers, reflecting our emptiness—
& we get nowhere—
we just square dance in zen circles.

Still, the flutter of our wings feigns flight—
under a false ceiling of Sistine stalactites.

But as angels, our horns cock our halos—
 as angels, we constantly lose our feathers—
 as angels, we fall faster from grace than for daughters of men—
 as angels, we would gladly molt all hope in ever after
 for higher now—

an impassioned now that would bring me to the spirit of your marrow—

please give me a chance for a kiss deep enough to ease our busiest bones,
an embrace stark enough to calm the flutter of flesh
 allowing us to open
 our
 eyes—
 present
 still.

Matthew Jackson