
HOW WE FORGET TO LOOK UP

I feel, I feel, I feel like a morning star,

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Stars explode in your head & you spin, spin, spin—
dizzy and nauseous and alive all at once.
Smoke a New Port on East Side & you'll get
the scent of maple syrup and waffles—
breakfast you wished you had this morning
when you woke up hungry after not eating for three days.
Just lick it off your fingers like you would chocolate
or strawberry ice cream. Hurry. Before your palm salts
the taste and the thought burns your tongue.
You are too divine & bad at rations.

No one mentions the sweetness of poverty
in front of you—how exciting it is to have a palate
for air. How the quickest high comes with a huff of car exhaust.
Tuesday is over, so you tuck a sign beneath your shirt—
You're one quarter short from lodging on Second Street.
Don't worry. I saved you half my bed, but it's not our turn
to sleep. Everyone else sings too loudly anyway:

Shoo fly, don't bother me,

Shoo fly, don't bother me,

Shoo fly, don't bother me,

For I belong to somebody.