

Elegy for the Worst

The worst that could happen did. People ruled by fever & chills said the word love meaning don't touch me, meaning this is my tongue a terrorist fuse, & your body a place I do not hate, and yes, my breath can destroy. Meaning escaped the lips pink ruins after language broke its promise to stay. Some used blood in the valley of bones to paint flowers on stones of unmarked graves. Worshipping memory, the art of despair, was how color, taste, and hands in blue gloves did what the living used to do, make death a plate after church on Sunday, hanging themselves on the covenant clouds where any moment the lamb would descend. The worst that could happen is happening again. Belief became hope that a wardrobe of wool stained with the dark of deliverance would clothe the world's naked body, meaning maybe you can hold me closer than that, closer than the meaning of maybe.