

I am lucky-- a blessed child!

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Stretching short limbs,  
popping poppies from itchy grass  
like they're compressed corks plugging wine bottles--  
Sugarcane and squeals  
filling my crooked ruby mouth.

*I am lucky-- a blessed child!*

Thrusting my head,  
retracing a collaring halo with the pops every full moon--  
Coffee beans and cries  
filling my fixed pomegranate mouth.

*Quiet!*

I creep to my porch door,  
after letting my pen down on the wood--  
I spot a moth flapping helplessly around a lantern  
He looks at me as broken as I am--  
I confess to him how I'm a bit lonely,  
the nights when I want to sleep then awake refreshed and happy--  
Instead, most nights I look at my feet  
thinking how the ache in my neck has worsened,  
how the people I've let down won't come back to listen  
I have no responses or answers for anyone--  
Just questions.

He spits and enters into the lantern,  
I quickly put out the small flame embarrassed and out of spite--  
I shut the porch door with a splotchy face,  
take up the pen that made a forgettable shadow and trace:

*Remember!*

*For the sake of survival!*

*You are lucky-- a blessed child.*