How to Bake French Bread

Gather the ingredients, frantically, in the same way you gather yourself rolling out of bed. Flour and water; the foundation. Yeast, sugar, and salt. The soldiers. Oil and cornmeal to keep it from sticking. Commence the chemistry.

Combine the yeast and sugar in warm water. Watch the leavener’s 25 billion cells feed off the sugar and surely it will bubble. Recall yourself in fourth grade learning about carbon dioxide. Measure out the flour, salt, oil, and the rest of the water. Combine with the yeast mixture. When you spill flour on your dress think of the time you baked cookies with your mom. Dust the counter evenly with more flour unlike the times your friend placed powder uniformly on a bathroom counter. Knead the dough for 5 minutes, not in the way your friends needed you. Notice the setting sunlight drizzling through your balcony window. Observe as it breaks into pieces on the floor creating rainbows, but continue kneading. Fall into an affair. Pushing. Pulling. Folding. Glance at the gifted gardenias from someone who calls you darling. Form the dough into a loaf and let it rise. Sprinkle with cornmeal. Be gentle. Bake. The smell of french bread will desperately surge your apartment floor. Cut into it and listen closely to how something full sounds hollow. Put it to your lips and feel the warmth seep into your mouth. Devour.
Homeless, No Less

You are
in an hourglass aren’t you?
I see you scattered
on the sidewalk.

Life took its toll
and buried you in cruel sand.
Your hand tried to emerge, but more
sand submerged you.

You are
in an hourglass aren’t you?
You have two socks on, but
only one shoe.

I am lucky enough to walk
with a shoe on each foot
and scatter myself
in a home.

You are
in an hourglass aren’t you?
Thirsty, but you
hold a plastic bottle of vodka.

A quarter full.
You are in an hourglass
aren’t you?
I am too

But the sand in mine
is different
and life has flipped
you over too soon.
When you take a psychology class you will learn that the body has been imposed on the mind and perhaps this imposition is the reasoning why we lack the adoration for mental beauty. When you learn that emotional intelligence is superior to your IQ you will have an aha moment. The irrational guilt you felt from failing your fourth-grade math test will dissipate and you’ll tell yourself stories of how you may not be book smart, but how you’re a dangerously emotional intellect. You will read your pretentious books written by pretentious people and realize you might be pretentious too. You will have conversations about the existential crises you routinely have and how you love that existentialism is a constant hunt. You will impose your drunkenly pretentious ideas on someone at some bar who probably doesn’t give a shit. When you read Freud’s theory on psychosexual development, you will disagree with his insane proposal of the anal and oral stages. But you will admit how everything in life is either pain or pleasure and you might never understand how to balance the two. When you try to take your humble subconscious mind and impose it on your pretentious conscious mind possibly you’ll develop something beautiful that finally isn’t cliché. So perchance your pretentious imposition will fall to sleep and pain and pleasure will learn to coexist.

Broken Sprinkler, 2003

A spectacular situation emerged
as water pistoled through
the air and kids ran like
pistols towards it.

“Don’t slip!” As Tod’s feet
shifted beneath his body and fell
to his bum. He picked up his feet
and ran faster as popsicles were
left as artifacts on scorching asphalt.

Grass glistened and water stuck
to it like jelly while bare feet
and light up sneakers skipped
through it. The sun was obligated to
92 degrees and clouds obeyed and ceased.

Playful hollers rang
in the bustle of a fleeting
celebration, but memory fled
the air when the aqueous
flash fizzled out.

Laughter became softer as summer
delighted in the bliss it brings.
Then soggy toes deserted left over
puddles and dinner of mac & cheese
and green beans couldn’t come faster.
Drenched in Dismal Dew

Listen to the booms of tottering trees
The trees walk this forest with anamnesis
Wretched branches clench memories
of the souls who once hung from them
And time will stumble on remaining
perpetually preserved

Time has given and taken
Souls dragged their feet willingly
Notes were left as apologies
Carved into trees “Mama, I’m sorry.”

Morning mist hovers over
dew-drenched grass
It will dissipate in mourning hour
These trees are the protectors
but also the takers
Witnessing the finale of time
It will not be forgotten

Nooses hang long from these branches
Souls gather to them in hopes of escaping
The obliteration of misery
will also massacre all that blooms
They ripped all their flowers
And left lonesome seedlings
    Feet dangling
    above
    their abundant possibilities

Suicide led them to the omega
These branches hung more bodies dishearteningly
Can you hear the whipping of the nooses?
Time grew people it did not intend keeping
then left their bodies in remembrance of suffering

Unmaking

I too
know the smell
of sweet plum wine
and fresh bread baking
the sound of clatter in a sunlit kitchen
and songs of a grieving pianist
the first sip of rocks and whiskey
the delight in bed unmaking
the gleam in dopamine eyes
I too know how to find comfort on the other side