

Elegy::God & You in Shadowplay

For Q

*“What I sometimes mistake for ecstasy
is simply the absence of grief.”
— Sarah Kane*

Don't lose
your tower.

Your figure gives shade
to heat.

When the sun melts
into twilight, I wake
to name calling::

there is a mosque
in my ceiling
and all my sheets
are pillows
drowning.

Scavenging for pulse
has become a spiritual

practice.

My hands
cup for my darlings

with every ameen.

Yet.

I leak.

A mouthful of monsoons in my mouth.

I open my window

to a tiny land:

There you are.

You are a giant in slouch.

Your legs have several knees.

Your fingers are full of knots.

You

& God

have become the same thing

washed in

TECHNICOLOR

where all these skins

are too POPPING

these eyes

too GREEN

this music

too DANCING.

Many seasons,

I had my bones

kissing the sticky floor

with a soul

crying for knockout.

And all these party tunes

got me smothering

my ancestral lungs.

At least once,

God has made us all

very sad

but just like love,

God is not God

without His sadness.

Inside you, my God

in failure.

Inside me, you

but never mine.

And for us kind?

A sky

as planet's skin.

An imagining

birthing

on the cusp

of a disco mind.

Always

an always

for endearment.

