

The Faces from my Prayers

are the unremembered included,
are the blueprints at any given moment to purge beyond paintings & poems,
to speak more sibilant mantras against the vicious bilious brutes
that thicken any hide taught the mysteries of sociopaths,
the source for the agoraphobic, the desperations of the ledge-leapers
calling all angels in this river's familiarity where others, alienated,
so suddenly swim.

They hover up from those waves saying we have been of the locked jaws,
the gnashed teeth in dreams. We have been sleepless among the sleeping.
We have felt the welts, the stings, real & imagined. We have been the films,
the songs, the stories to refer to, the phones in a musical of not-so-big-business,
the horns that those who do not love themselves hope to hear for heaven is surely
without divisions, & struggle is just another pleasure to put a painting to a poem,
a face to a prayer.