

Uncertain Summer

Sure tension is genuine, enough heat spreading between
all these words spoken because——
they aren't the ones essential.
Instead fragmentation occurs, an existence image-real
in certain eyes but so false, some living
subterfuge accorded, needed by dreams
with the whole picture frame still ill-fitting.

Hid, closeted in unreachable regions, lethal
leftover smoke is an addiction to consume bowels
nicotine raw——
That's how he smoldered and flaked off, hot ash
for hot ash, uncertain of everything
but the die-hard self, an absoluteness
privately nurtured.

Who said, "*Sick*" facing the myth's death?
Who found a perversion for curing? Picked the tumor?
Hoped for scabs? Still, through it all, if conscientious,
do we understand, really, collective shock? It's beyond guilt,
violence, cruelty, this quietly difficult
and festering surprise.

Who thought, given time, like summer remembrance at its end,
love would commune through the camouflage put on and shattered?
Was such honesty criminal?

Father. Mother. Listen. Look——
Standing before you is an imperfect figure,
no mapped out plan, no accusation or "*done wrong*" apology.
Here's someone who wants devotion not so unlike yours.
See, any difference is not in feeling,
and when he goes to that lover what oxygen they will be
by positive tender touch!
What mutual affirmation committed to life!

Thus, is he not, without weak alibis' charade,
the son that you wanted? Perhaps yes, perhaps no.
Yet, supplying nothing less than palpable meaning,
this season time wraps, just who in hell should he *act* like?
Someone who, faking control, undermines it,
or someone of essence who simply, as a lie, cannot begin to breathe?