

I Wrote This Sober

by A.S. Coomer

The universe, one and all,
shifting and shiftless,
globes of understanding, experience, action & inaction,
bubbling like spit or cum or grits on the stove,
comes to a boundary,
a breaking

point for things unbreakable.

There is a wrong for every right.

There is a reason for all the senselessness.

Both sides of the coin are but copper.

I try to open my mouth,

to give voice to the eternal

flip flop,

the ambivalence of the lifted mind,

but it peters out and leaves me

Thick-tongued

and shifty-eyed.

Stuck. The beauty of the thing

is what I want to tell you about. The way it works

even when it doesn't work. That, and maybe how

the fluttering of little wings

can be enough. Maybe.

Yeah, I wrote this stone cold sober

but I was thinking about

last night.



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