

if you are looking for answers don't go asking the redheaded stepchild he will tell you that his red was once a sign of good luck that he believed in it up to the very end he saw the executioner lift the ax he gathered his red hair to create a clear path he laid down his head of his own accord he turned to the right he was looking right at them thinking any second now they will say stop it was all just a joke a test of sorts and that he was now accepted as one of them that his lucky red hair would prove its worth he would have laughed not even called it cruel he would one day take part in this joke on another but on that day in this story the ax fell in a clean single motion he heard it whisper as if to say i'm sorry it had to be like this it severed right above the shoulders a headless body with no sign of a neck he will tell you this story every time as if it were the only story each time in the retelling a detail is added by the tenth retelling a cadmium red spurted from a gaping hole between his shoulders painting an abstract on the emperor's new clothes by the twelfth retelling this abstract revealed the virgin mary's mug this is when the story gets weird he claims that her mug shot was seen shedding tears a single teardrop touched his dead body and within minutes of this miracle another head grew out of his shoulders still a redhead no sign of a neck tilted to the left and slightly cross eyed he will tell you that it was not much of a miracle he will tell you that nothing will ever be the same if you are looking then look look look

it's in the name u before o cut and paste or better yet i'll go by nort it's in the game we get him and you get her it's in the blame our hands are tied in you we confide it's in the aim the objective here the passage of one the disposal of other merciful mother why even bother insert the bullet pull back the trigger steady the hand take aim fire it's in the lie from that which is told to that which is taken his life a series of desperate desires to reach take flight to simply be invited he chooses silence he invites the shame

so i'm walking down the street on a hot muggy afternoon and people are bumping into me left and right and the little girl in the chartreuse polka dot dress is looking at me from a distance of about 100 yards and we make eye contact way beyond the seven second gaze that would mean meeting my life's partner had she been a man in the age range of 26-32 and still living in a closet somewhere in suburbia because i still have this thing for saving myself and we continue to walk towards one another and i can see her tugging on her mother's arm and i see as if in slow motion as she mouths the words mama that man's got issues and we continue to walk past one another and the mother covers the child's eyes and the streets are now empty and i walk into a park where there are thousands of pigeons at my feet and suddenly i remember that i have a sword strapped to my back no not a samurai sword because this is not about identity but a big cumbersome hunk of metal like governor schwarzenegger i mean his conan the barbarian's double fisted that's right i'm a badass motherfucker kind of sword and in a remote corner of this dream i can almost hear him saying have you seen my sword and i am unsheathing it in the midst of these pigeons and i am swinging it in all sorts of acrobatic video game like motions for a good thirty seconds and in that time the world changes i go from live action to animation and the pigeons scatter and in one fluid motion i am reinserting this sword into my scabbard and my hair now blond is blowing in the wind and once more no this is not an identity poem the cgi captures the waving of every single strand and i am standing absolutely still and there is a slight delay of a couple of seconds then all of these bird parts come falling out of the sky feathers heads feet and blood lots of blood and yes this is a poem a political poem

—it's all too obscene if you ask me

—i'm not really asking but ok i'm asking

—this place this poem there's just no decency

—at least porn is honest it's fake but it's honest

*—how's this for a concept the
poem as porn the porn is true*