“a healthy dose of not me” (2018)  
*Author’s Note: Hopelessness is a construct of oppression, an illusion used to weaken resolve and coerce surrender. An illusion is not real. Oppression’s power is not real. Resist.*

I have discovered the cure for myself—
in this disconnected wasteland of shuffling,  
muffled footsteps, and bloodless, ashen faces;  
lost to the spiked grasping of Detachment’s undertow,  
the ubiquitous scarab-beetle-skittering-across-my-brain is a product of habit,  
a sadistic compulsion I cannot control.
a therapy to alleviate my burden on the world—  
this is how it feels;

a remedy for the space I consume—  
the darkness covers but does not break us  
with lonely, cold concrete helplessness,  
an existence without life, without color;  
embrace obstinacy: refuse to accept nothingness and regret as everything,  
the anguish of our circumstances is mortal.
a tonic to wash away my presence—  
this is how it feels;

a treatment to remove the disease that is me—  
the ice winds carry a sense of longing;  
vast, left-alone-disregard for man and muscle,  
walls of frozen granite and contagious denial,  
I will not want for the sun—it will long for my flesh to bronze beneath its blistering gaze,  
just on the horizon, there. I see what comes.
a medicine to amputate my rotten ends—  
this is how it feels;

a poultice to arrest the infection I spread—  
it is the dead face of a living idea,  
the multitude of defeated convicted  
by these deriding razor realities, lay motionless  
in its wake and as time crawls on, so do they disappear. I see a gentle, sacred stream amidst  
a barren desert of false assurances and heartfelt intolerance.
a easy solution to all our problems—  
this is how it feels;