

suicide note #1

in this dream, my father is dead.
i pour alcohol down your spine—
slender canal—and your house flowers
with music. this is some kind of funeral.
you swat your eyelashes
when you want a kiss. my lips are fake.
i take them off, garnish the edge
of my wine glass. the bartender's tattoo
is my home address. i visit his mouth
at the end of the dream. he asks
about sadness. i don't move.
i don't want to move. my father watches
me through the bartender's
muted eyes, says *stay safe*. i can't. i'm black.
i stammer outside, lipless, a siren
searching for destruction.
this is some disease, you say,
enter me slowly. everybody
is watching, raises their wine
to my father's death. that gets you off.
the disease, i whisper in your ear,
is osteoarthritis. it takes you from the inside.
you feel its tail roping my dna, crossing out
cartilage. a need for home. that keeps you
afloat. i lean back into you the way
the city storms. i'm from here.
this is where i was born,
point to your pelvis. you rise.
my father stays put when the water
beads down his new home. lovely coffin.
when my tongue confesses
to the slaughter of black boys,
you speak your condolences.
my father's grave is damp from the rain
and this city ain't worth the gray sky
it paints. i blame my gay, its hunger for men.
the body's dagger. my first mind says
jump. drown. give your bone
before it steals away inside
the tyrant's belly. you push me in.
i thank you.