

Now It S Overhead, Who's Jon

Your god damned uncle
changed you some
when you were five more than once.
Your near-sighted family
toasting healthy alive.
Nothing Else.
Your burning southern shelter
pushed you north
to arrive and ignore
a close friend
some ecstasy taking off new clothes
for the truth.
Who's Jon anyway?
What does he mean?
What did you expect me to say?
Salty bodies of your half-brothers
born reside behind locked doors.
Fever-pitched, drunk regret,
holes in your lungs staying alive.
A lie.