

COMING CLEAN

He cannot rid himself of these eyes outside of him

Doe-eyed smiles and dish soap ads

compete to erase fond memories

A lovers' reunion, the snap of a twig

even his dreams, observed by them

They are all the same

Soon he believes in the premise

of vacuum cleaners and thermos flasks, cryogenics and thorium

uplifting him to Icarian heights

on a swivelling dime

This is all he knew, and yet he cried

When the blood-filled purses swept the roads

from an untimely departure

He could tell them this is how he felt

His conscience ablaze from words he never said

Anxious to perform this little soul with every word

There will be no sleep these mornings

until the rich, black soil emerges

from the purple lilac browning

and endears him to their lonely core again