

You Know Me Best

these last 9 weeks
since i came back from ireland
pregnant with life
pregnant with a dream of being freshly alive
i have not felt a thing
i have been project manager in a hard hat
with a clipboard
doing the rounds of goodbyes
watching dry eyed til today
everyone saying how sorry they were to see me go
i look blankly at them without feeling
when will i thaw out and feel what i just did
murdering the normalcy of my life
orphaning myself in the world again
walking myself off the cliff of my life
into a cold abyss of space down a far drop
into a deep ocean of pain and fear
that takes your breathe away and doesn't give it back
what the fuck am i doing i wonder
am i giving myself the life i've always wanted
i thought i already did that
i thought i already had that
til i did and then i didn't
til i stayed alone too long and saw
i was better in the company of the world than i was in my own
what truly brave thing am i asking for
what life do i ache to wake into
that i have never tasted
except that one time high in a van on the oregon coast
or in ireland when the scrub of the grass
wore the shine off what i thought was my perfect life
show me dear mirror of words
where do you want me
where do you need me
where does this person the world seems to love
go to make herself happy
make me grateful for the air that i'm breathing
as i'm flying headlong into my wide open future
show me how to use myself
lead me by my love for what i find in life
lead me by the hand to a man to wants my soul to hold

show me a sign
show me a window or a door
show me the lock that fits the key i hold
make use of me like an origami bird at the placesetting
at the feast of my life
make of me an amusement for the betterment of the world
or whatever you think
you know me best
you know how i like paper and color and washi tape
you know how i love people who are adorable and love to be hugged
you know how i like to make people feel welcome to be alive in this with me
you gotta let me know what i should do
where i should see
what trouble i should be getting myself into
the bore of middle age is a potent soporific
stronger than hops
strong as an opium that tells you to stay the same
to never change
to just be the way you always are because it took long enough
to get this way
i am just getting started
i am not going quietly into that dark night
fuck no not me
so tell me please
i am listening to thee
i am all ears and mostly brain and a heart that is around here somewhere
hiding out behind all the work it takes
to destroy my life enough
to live it again
to live it better
to get myself out of my rut
and out on the road
i don't know where i'm going
i am getting better at recalling how i get in the ditch
i feel that today i am a new model
of the same sarah
i have had an unboxing
i am just moving her stiff arms and legs
i am just seeing how to comb her hair
and what earring go with her outfits
i am a new barbie of myself
and i smell like cardboard and plastic
and air that was trapped in a box too long
i wonder where to take her

what play she likes
what friends she'll find
what new hopes she'll dare to wish for herself
for the world
for everything she has the power to touch
to create to magician into being
i get the feeling there are things
i'll have to be more honest about
or maybe i'm wrong
and it's not about standing up for what scares me to defend
not about fighting for something
for changing something
for becoming harder against something wrong in the world
maybe that's not the right idea for me
maybe that's just my dad talking
my idealism peakabooing out from under my shirt
trying to tempt me off my track
off into the weeds of do-good-ism
away from be-me-ism
i don't know
how could i know what is best
what is for me other than by trying
if it's not for money well not entirely
and it's not for fame
well maybe i'd be good at that
and it's not for saving the fucking way too big and exhausting world from being itself
and it's not about stopping all the bad of life
and just holding the good
like a god damn hopeful idiot
who can't take the pain
who can't take the darkness
if it's now about just wishing life wasn't as obliterating as it fucking is
if it's none of that shit i just said
if the point of life is something else than all those things
i wonder what kind of life that would fucking be
what new york kind of life that would look like in a place that's not new york
what palisades of wonder will open their doors to my request
to see the meaning of life
as i ask the big it of it all
what it is i should be doing with myself
on this precious and fleeting
first day of the rest of my whole and hopefully long
precious fucking life 🍷