This Gift From God Must Be Good For Something

to sit by my window day after day
and have easy conversation

with the muse
behind the veil

is to be lucky in a way
many would envy

but my capitalist mind wonders
what's the good in

taking a picture of the inside of my heart
and showing it around like a missing child

it seems the point of poetry
is to show you

how my invisible interior
might feel like yours

making life a giant game of memory
where you match the picture

of your thing
in a sea of not-your-thing

being a human animal is funny
we are entranced by the simplest tricks

we love when someone sees us
as we are on the inside

when they do
we feel utter relief at being found

our phones sell us on
our difference

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suggest that distance
is our only safety

but a poem closes that gap
bringing like things together

and the mind lights up
seeing the match

and puts us into pairs
in a pile off to the side



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