

A rhyme of residue

by Idris Goodwin, break beat poet

I am
held together
by
hunger

hidden under this blanket of cells
this complexion that
resembles land mass
a massive ancestral debt
the glue that holds
my face mask of teeth

a face under which
green leaves turn red

An always ready cloud
mass beginning
cloud mass
stirring its ether

at night

when clouds are hidden
I lie
in this
suit that keeps
me upright and something
to the suit that keeps me
I lie
sometimes
on the spine
that keeps me
aligned

keeps me up

*a lotta shit
be keeping me up*

anxiety of the imagined

blindness
brokenness

deafness

keeps me
up

bone ivory snarls
hidden under a
flowing sheet of milk

up

progeny
legacy
responsibility
all that I imagine
is part of my flesh

they are sewn underneath
this land mass
they are massive clouds
these ethereal
regimes throwing coupe after coupe
but

I am held together
by a skeletal frame
of apartments

each housing these fragile oceans
I suppose, there is nothing to it really
a stomach, some connective tissue
toenails
A vase holding a face
a nose
holding a stench

holding dust
and moisture

A vise holding the familiar

hunger
holding lies and masks
the teeth within looking
for eyes to connect to faces
that connect to dreams