

GEFFREY DAVIS

My Last Love Poem for a Crackhead, #23

Some nights I hear my father's long romance
with drugs echoed in the skeletal choir

of crickets. At each approach, a silence
cuts in. And I wonder which part speaks more

to this dance with addiction: the frailty of concord
or the hard certainty of the coda's chain?

I know these are only insects being insects,
merely a strumming of lust into the heavy,

summer air. Still, something in me asks for
a new piece of music to yoke to his cravings—

perhaps just the need to shuffle off and sing
my own restlessness back to sleep.

I want him to be beautiful again.
He fucked us over—he did, but breakdown

diminishes everyone. Let me decide
that he never lied or stole more than necessary.