DEMETRIUS BUCKLEY

# TAKE THIS POEM AS A GIFT YOU MAY NEVER GET TO OPEN

If I tell you what I am really saying,
what I am trying to articulate
about curses that looks cursive,
that looks right at you
lit under moonlight ablaze
on an open smolder
with elders in (every) ashtray.

If you sobbed down into
a brown mother's cleavage,
free of the softest tissue, free
in the darkest spaces
where women laugh, where pantyhose
are pulled above thigh
and belly glistened, gelled, broke
from stretches of marks
miles away from home.

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Would you bow your head
and pray with me
under a round of gunfire,
wait to be answered by slug
or bullet marked.
Would you forgive
most of what happened to you
and fashion it into a centerpiece,
gently place it on a mantel
and show your remaining audience?

What if we have never redeemed
a broken treaty of brotherhood,
field exhibiting cosmos between countrymen,
no companionship, no
love. Please, listen, people:

Do not shake the brown box
or press ear to the beautiful tapestry
—I am giving you this poem

like a bomb is given to a third world country.

Do not peek between the wrapper, the skin complexion.
It's all the same beauty ordained in the eye
of the beholder, the crack sounding
of plucking eye. It's
the eye for an eye. I

I am offering this gift
to you from above
as priests offer the bread on First Sunday.
Take thy flesh of syllable
in newspaper reporting mass casualty.
And it reads:

I am giving you this poem
how walls and wires
and unlawful justice
gives trauma to an imprisoned man

on some coast—
fuck the cargo,
fuck the lethargic
cum of a Juicy Fruit.
Fuck the supremacy of a system
that crack up like china porcelain ware.
Fuck it all.

# STAY AWAY FROM THE LIGHT

The dance, the party, the under boogie:
To stand in the shining light
And hug the entirety is very possible.
I can make an entire room
think about one organic sustenance
by reciting a quote
and substitute it
into the conscious mind.

I have been affected by the flow of fluorescence.
You say, baby, I require connection
and it can't possibly get any worse than
one night of cursing.

I searched with the cursor
and found animals grazing on their own lawns.
I found owls breaking their necks
to watch me from afar.

I found that we let TVs and hand screens
do the larger babysitting,
watching us from up close.

How few people you know will come across a poem
like a raging river and drown in it:

Find their body floating in the middle of a paragraph?

How few people you know will remember a name
that can make our planet vanish off its axis? *Say it!*

Find nothing inside of everything.

One day a blind man showed me the way
by
simply
telling me
to *chill*.

And just like that
we ended up in February.