

Sweet nothing

Most people settle for someone or something
steal what they can and work for what's necessary.
Most study people and figure 'em out on one take.
Most people don't scream from beginning to end of a plane ride.

Snatches in the legs, in the brain snatches.
I remember threats of Milledgeville,
remember May Lettie naked on the front porch
I remember Thelonious Monk, me leaning looking through the window at the Five Spot
In Georgia back before, a colored woman naked outside in East Highland was high scandal.
I did nothing, expected the lightning storm that came soon after, the dark day.
Thoughts go to back of feet and balance falls over crawl again.

Freud's not the answer, some knowledge, and not so much fear of failure.

Privilege loves safe danger, though, I remember
Me, my head remains, but body goes again, nobody is crazy; people die before their last words
Sugar sweet, all is feeling. Sugar makes all sweet good still.
Cure. Cure. Cure. Cure. Safety I think
is the edge.

RMc 8/1/12