

Locomotion (2003)

To collect a box full of women wed to the pages of old *Playboys*
a white man was ridding from his home,
at nineteen, I drove Highway 193 to a backwoods town

in Georgia. Each model, through some allure, understood
the emptiest people mine white sugar from what meat they can.
I was a delicate world, roaming where the dark directed,
burning & burning fuel & time to park in a stranger's driveway.

Desperation set my pulsing limbs
in motion & when his eight-year-old son brought my riches out
in his matchstick arms, the brute I exited the car as was the true one.
I've longed to grasp the far-off God that made me so much myself
when the quiet has rubbed its sloped breasts against my spine.

When most alone, I speak the most human of blues,
falling in & out of shaded rooms.
For the indigent, hustle never ends.
Lips needn't always part for the bones to be fed.
The loneliest feeling earth's ever bred is waiting to be found.