

Self-Portrait with Two Roads

Beauty
meant a more complete
living

I was wrong
Damning my crooked teeth
kept me out of beauty but good
in heart & action

I could heal
what I couldn't accept
in switchgrass
taller than my nephew

Beauty was
a green door
one could walk through
to become something more than man

I'd pronounced myself
beautiful
due to how
lucent
want made me

I'd never be beautiful
unglued from Hixson Each morning,
I pull heaps of her white clover petals
out my parched cerise gorge

Anywhere that
can be sweat over
can be beautiful
The pores can sing
The vinegary flesh remade

The fields of poppy & lilac
where I stained my clothes rolling on
& the ground would welcome me
no matter whose love-stink I'd worn
The shades I soaked in, redeemed,
my silty palms christening me beautiful