

Fool Notion

I have  
violent tendencies—  
I feel my fists furl  
into two stone weights, dragging  
like dead animals in a downward spiral  
toward my misguided mark.

If I can't knock you  
over with my words,  
I'll do it with my  
knuckles curled, curving in an arc  
to find the tender chink in  
your warm, accepting armour—

I have  
*violent* tendencies—  
I find mirrors too tempting to smash,  
too easy to pick up the pieces—  
I need  
*real* damage—  
I need  
doors of opportunity slammed shut,  
good memories, like the clothes of  
an ex, set on fire in the front yard—  
I need  
The burning catharsis of flesh  
bleeding under fingernails.

I need  
the tender pressure—  
The connection of skin on skin  
lip to lip, lip to cheek, fist to face,  
face to the pavement—  
Soft touches are too easy to  
forget, easy to imagine they  
never happened at all—  
No marks to measure the amount of  
my affection,  
no busted lips, skinned knees,  
chipped teeth  
to announce my  
admiration.

I have

God-awful *violent* tendencies—  
Seek blood with every breath,  
step on every crack with the half-misplaced  
intention to break my own back,  
hoping to God someone might  
attack me in return so I  
can feel the scathe of my own tongue,  
like purging fire.

What, if anything,  
would be more fitting for a  
bloody-knuckled, hot-breathed,  
headstrong, heart-stopper of a fool  
like myself?

In the time between my curling fingers  
I find enough time to think  
that Adam must have never let Eve forget  
that she was the reason he was  
kicked out of Eden—  
Enough time to think that  
Eve must have been *pissed* that Adam was  
*literally* the only man on earth,  
And that,  
given the chance,  
I would have done the same damn thing  
just to spite him.

I have  
violent tendencies—  
Misdeeds make up my marrow,  
bad intentions boil in my blood—  
If you could see the catastrophes  
catapulting back and forth between my two  
over-medicated, under-examined,  
hyper-stimulated  
temples,  
you might feel the need to lash out as well—

I am blind in my fury,  
made irreputable by my madness,  
and when the ashes settle,  
I find that the only house I've set on fire  
Is myself,  
At least I leave a lasting legacy,  
I am sorry—

I have  
violent tendencies.