

# 2023 NYC PoFest Exquisite Corpse

How Sweet it is to be here  
with you

inside the peach, inside the plum, inside  
the pleasant tree

How gorgeous you are in that  
poetry hammock ~

and so... I was tilled into  
a rich sillion. &

rocking and swaying side by side I look  
up and make plans with the clouds to bring  
me shade before I go.

down to the under, where I find  
my sympathy for the devil, hidden.

Hidden in my favorite pocket, rest my heart

braided in the roots - the sickle-celled everything

In the pit, slathered in the dripping juices, viscera

The Sun beats down, the wind won't save  
me, at least not this time

Although maybe, it's rays will shed some light

Try as I might I will avoid all shade

instead I'll run my  
hands over the grass blades

Hey! Be proud of yourself

Said by the young man on a phone call  
in the distance

hung up, on his friend's  
insecurity

hanging up, from playing  
that role

PULL YOURSELF UP BY THE BOOTSTRAPS KID,  
YOU'RE A STAR ✨

You aren't too difficult to love  
Despite it's best efforts,  
the world keeps turning and  
you'll be okay.

ROOT FOR YOURSELF ♡



I know this, the sun rises  
But does the sun itself  
know why it sets?

The ocean above stares at me

And I wish you were as  
honest as you convince yourself  
you are

Because when you lie  
it hurts me, deep down  
into the depths of my being.

~~IF I SAY IT~~  
IF I COULD  
SAY  
I WOULD,  
THAT WE SHOULD LOVE  
AND BE GOOD.  
BUT THE OLDER I GET  
I CAN'T.  
\*SO I'LL  
~~SAY~~ SAY  
LOVE, BE GOOD.  
H-E