we are the binders,
the wrappers, the tappings.

we are the high-dollar,
bold-faced, red-lipped
snappings.

we are the angry, the
haughty, the proud,
we are the ones who must be loud.

we are the lowly, the dreamers
of dreams, whose lives are
ripped by the seamers of seams.

we are tomorrow, yesterday,
today, give us a dragon, and
we will slay.

I’ve dreamed of flying
before, but there was something
of a “so what” to the world.

I carried my coffee with me
and did not care as I spilled it on
the clotheslines beneath.

I looked at the sky, and, instead of
a panic attack at the wide open space,
I felt joy. I went floating down the concrete
hill I’ve dreamed about for years,
across the road or river or whatever
it is, and crashed into the restaurant,
intentionally
flying into the curtain, sliding into the concrete,
across the floor of whatever hill I’ve dreamed about for years.

I felt joy, I went floating down the concrete
a place that is the wide open space.

I looked at the sky, and, instead of
the demolition, I
erased my coffee with me
of a “so what” to the world.

but this word has been spread.
Pardon me for saying so,
I’ve dreamed of flying.

A Dream of Flying

The Script

I know you are following the script,
I can see it in your eyes.
How your pupils travel to the corners
like an actor looking for cue cards.

Turn the page,
Fill in the blank,
What do you think?

Problem is, the rest of this world
is not scripted. That kid over there didn’t
sleep last night because he was playing
video games.

That kid didn’t sleep because
she has to take care of her sister.
That kid in the back was insulted by
everyone in his life, he is incensed.

Simultaneous

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