

**OUTSIDE MY APARTMENT DEALING WITH A ROACH HOLE WHEN IT IS TOO
HOT TO EVEN BE OUTSIDE TO BEGIN WITH**

ain't it wicked / like a boulder of hands / nails bitter at the bite & yellow / coming for
you / their black shells / in flood light / on concrete body / & they scatter like / husband
or / father / hunched cold & / cockless / i fear they have forgotten what i am capable of
/ a body before fire as comfort / match rotten / stock of impeccable fly-borne bushes //

oh i dare / far too often / to burn / my mother / she a root / thinning above ground /
deserves no less than the wood / in his pyre / body too broken / (knees, hip, back) too
bent to be at the mercy of a man / one who follows her to lunch / in sunglasses & hat /
as he is aware / i do not have to say why he hides himself //

there are five of them / crawling out of the manhole cover / a crack in the metal /
dawned into darkness & back into the same / i stand over them with raid & spray /
scurryscurryscurry / a way of proving to the world i am like him / & they will see me as
such / yet i am more than holes / washed-up in white foam / cruel with no end / &
what is cruelty / if not our finer genetic trait //