



I have done it again,
written another sad poem. I
wanted to make you laugh
but joy is a lemon I squeeze
on an open cut. I wake
up, feeling like a banana, forgotten
in the backseat of a car, squishy.

Someone suggests: banana bread.

But I'm only one banana, how can I
be enough? Unsolicited advice.

I crawl out of bed, it's April 1st, the sun
shines, an orange in the sky. It's the first, I
hate paying rent - pandemic or not -
it's still theft. What if we lived
in houses & no one got rich
but no one was poor & we were all full.

I toast frozen waffles, pour
a cup of coffee. How can I
write about joy when it stings
to be happy. Squished & unheard,
still I sit, writing this poem. Can words
be enough? I'm hungry

for change, tired of normal, tired
of getting paid only to pay landlords,
who pay banks. I want
to wake up
feeling like a crisp apple
my core clasping seeds, our wounds
nourish. Soon bursting forth
in leaf & branch because I am
enough. And I eat men
like air.