

poem at the dinner table

here  
is  
the  
thing:

the  
real  
reason  
i  
don't  
let  
people  
get  
close  
to  
me  
is  
this  
faux  
denim  
shirt

i'm  
scared  
that  
they  
will  
be  
able  
to  
tell

at  
the

dinner  
table  
i  
ask  
for  
your  
thoughts  
on  
wind  
turbines  
“big  
fan”  
you  
say

we  
try  
not  
to  
laugh  
and  
through  
the  
window  
look  
at  
the  
bad  
clouds  
being  
bad  
and  
the  
good  
clouds  
being  
clouds

here  
is  
the  
thing:

there  
are  
even  
tiny  
movements  
of  
your  
fingers  
that  
i  
don't  
completely  
understand

sometimes  
i  
get  
halfway  
through  
a  
poem  
and  
it's  
nearly  
night

the  
same  
sunset  
has  
been  
travelling  
around

the  
earth  
for  
millions  
of  
years

it  
is  
good  
to  
be  
talked  
to  
and  
also  
to  
hear  
people  
sleep

here  
is  
the  
thing:

between  
the  
boiler's  
ticks  
i  
hear  
you  
whisper  
that  
you  
had  
a  
hunch  
about

the  
shirt

from  
this  
great  
distance  
i  
make  
my  
arms

the  
perfect  
length

this is how

i  
saw  
a  
sad  
person  
on  
the  
morning  
train  
a  
sad  
person  
on  
a  
lounger  
beside  
a  
rooftop  
swimming  
pool  
another  
sad  
person  
in  
a  
safari  
park  
with  
the  
hyenas  
some  
people  
have  
expensive  
umbrellas  
and  
are  
still

sad  
i  
go  
to  
work  
on  
the  
morning  
train  
and  
i  
am  
brave  
though  
it  
is  
true  
that  
i  
can  
come  
home  
and  
make  
myself  
a  
sandwich  
by  
putting  
a  
slice  
of  
bread  
on  
either  
side  
of  
my  
face  
birds

have

no

idea

what

they

are

doing

and

this

is

how

i

am

like

birds