

Drunk On The Playground

Standing in a solitary line
I cut in front of myself
Just to get ahead.
I overhear a religious man
Exclaiming – God Exists!
An atheist responds – Goddamnit!
Drunk on the playground,
Late January.
I fell asleep somehow
With a swizzlestick
Lodged in my frozen hair.
Awakened by tiny cries
Insisting: give it back,
Give it back, and so on.
I remember wondering –
Does the sea float on a whale's song?
The religious man sneezes;
The atheist says – Bless you.
A still breeze.
The pillar of ash.
This mortal coil enshrined
With butter, milk, flowers, and tears.
In the meantime of forever –
I find I am especially moonlike.
With craters and all,
Reflecting the sun in every phase.