

Kindling

Claudia Torres

Sticks and stones, etc.

But I am so *bored*.

Forced to feign an 'ohh,' or 'ahh'
so I can make-nice with the folks.

Screw that.

Yet upon screwing said song & dance
I find myself asking "now what?"
This is where drugs came in so damn handy.
Anything became interesting.
Family function? No problem!
Every age group's antics
made me smile so wide.
Someone told me that my Mom
once said to the gathering
I'd just been working a lot
when in reality
I couldn't make it off the chair to another room.
I had to do my nodding in front of the fam.

Three and a half decades later,
Charle Brown blockhead
chronic malcontent,
like some OTB junkie
I'm thinking "this time it'll be different."
Who am I kidding?
Life gives what it can
while I incessantly demand more from it
or perhaps from me.
Peace is only when I am air among the trees.
My 16-plus years clean have shown me
just how deeply that sentiment resounds,
nesting inside my soul.

Here I am

Yet I burble with self-hatred at a party when I think
"Could there be a slower swallowing quicksand?"