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O Good Samaritan

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O Good Samaritan

This is a badass bar you can bring
your children to. This is a lamppost you can

Stand below. This is a country you can
wash your hands apart in. Listen to Lincoln's

Copper-faced breeze—bang bang! My lies
are on lease, and their weather contains oceans.

Each arm invests a wave or a smoke, not an isolated
hand upon your face. It raises ten seconds

Too late from the grate you came to believe in.
One day a backfire startled your sight,

Sending you feet-first down the street like stones
that outweigh a mountain of buildings. The future

Never comes no matter how much crystal
ball gelatin or karmic butter gets expended.