suicide note #1

in this dream, my father is dead.  
i pour alcohol down your spine—  
slender canal—and your house flowers  
with music. this is some kind of funeral.  
you swat your eyelashes  
when you want a kiss. my lips are fake.  
i take them off, garnish the edge  
of my wine glass. the bartender’s tattoo  
is my home address. i visit his mouth  
at the end of the dream. he asks  
about sadness. i don’t move.  
i don’t want to move. my father watches  
me through the bartender’s  
muted eyes, says stay safe. i can’t. i’m black.  
i stammer outside, lipless, a siren  
searching for destruction.  
this is some disease, you say,  
enter me slowly. everybody  
is watching, raises their wine  
to my father’s death. that gets you off.  
the disease, i whisper in your ear,  
is osteoarthritis. it takes you from the inside.  
you feel its tail roping my dna, crossing out  
cartilage. a need for home. that keeps you  
afloat. i lean back into you the way  
the city storms. i’m from here.  
this is where i was born,  
point to your pelvis. you rise.  
my father stays put when the water  
beads down his new home. lovely coffin.  
when my tongue confesses  
to the slaughter of black boys,  
you speak your condolences.  
my father’s grave is damp from the rain  
and this city ain’t worth the gray sky  
it paints. i blame my gay, its hunger for men.  
the body’s dagger. my first mind says  
jump. drown. give your bone  
before it steals away inside  
the tyrant’s belly. you push me in.  
i thank you.