

and Maury screams "You are not the Father!"

I am trying to write out everything I want to say about you
about what has led us to this moment
when my friend and I screamed in central park
over shame and anger I could barely make a peep

afraid people might listen to my pain
see something dismal, dirty, dangerous
my shame is full of teeth
it bites me when I least expect
and when I am expecting which
is always

I have felt such love in the wake of you, in the post of you
yet I still wonder what it would be like to feel, even just for a moment,
a warmth not basked in fear

when the man on the street asks who my daddy is
I respond "I don't have a father."

I cackle, deep within me it comes out projectile vomiting of giggles
because I know it's grim, I know it's menacing and I am no longer
the only person surrounded by my shame

others can hold it too,

I cannot write everything I want to say to you
because I have barely begun to know what my voice
even sounds like

how can I know what to say when I don't know how the words will
splatter out of my mouth like fruit being baby birded to the air
and you are soaked in juice and it is sticky and disgusting
just like me

it isn't anger that corrodes my senses and my love
but all the lack.

all I want is intimacy and forgiveness and absolution
for your sins.