

# The Messenger

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## Popcorn

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## **Popcorn**

There is a kernel lodged deep in my mind,  
buried under years of grading policies and shoeshine  
that may as well be caffeinated.  
If only I could turn off anticipation of the alarm clock  
set to explode in a dream at pre-dawn.

Something tells me I didn't always chew  
my nails. I am  
always out of time  
but it's a nasty habit.

this kernel this kernel this kernel  
    nestled in a memory between the palm of  
my five-year old fist and a makeshift machete  
lopping the life out of hairy old dandelions  
spreading their white seed into the breeze  
to fertilize yards down the street.

or another memory like it  
    long ago.

The kernel wants at least probation.  
It wants to be retrieved.

    Or is this some mother-fucking urge  
hiding behind memories with pig-tails Sigmund?

The sound of the steadily beating drum,  
    beat by the hands of the primitive man  
    resonates within.

one thousand father down the tree  
two thousand ten thousand  
whatever – exactness clouds the picture.

I must shake the hand of the primitive man  
to distract him from his drum – I need good sleep.

I need to dive into the ocean of memory  
to retrieve this pearl that reminds me of me,  
tossed like a cigarette butt out of the window  
at a fork in the road so long ago.

calling now with ancient rhythm  
to burst into thought and then into action  
of turning against the current of time  
and forcing a way back  
to the wilderness.

Should I answer?

Well  
the rest of my brain is a bowl of popcorn  
strongly urging against it,  
so I don't think I really can.

*Matthew Homan*