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Noisy

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NOISY.

Josh Davis

waking to sleep, sleeping to wake,
we know and we do not know—
tossed raggedy like lamb chops,
minced and marinated in the chill of cheap beer,
we forget ourselves as children,
we regret ourselves as men; and i regret myself,
as a boy-who-can-no-longer-pass-for-a-boy and
as a man-who-could-never-have-passed-for-a-man.

i am steeped in the noise of what i know i am supposed to know,
and of the ways i am supposed to do; like the color of noise,
i am saturated to the point of a scream, and a deadly whisper, or a near collapse,
watching the yellows swirl, to green, to blue...

too many hues;
and i, maroon.

sleeping to wake, waking to sleep,
i remember poets whose words i may never meet,
whose titles i may never taste,
whose dreams may never dance with mine,
yet i remain unrhymed, all the time, as a sign that i refuse to decline:
the key is rhythmic and it is slick like a line unpicked;

my mind is left a derelict.