

# Rem "Blue"

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Yellow circus left the stakes a broken ropes world's  
useless mug  
The ties that bind, ha ha  
I can be bad poet  
Street poet  
Shit poet  
Kind poet too

Subway  
Almost 4AM  
Halloween night  
Had enough to drink to make my own party  
All my fellow writers in half costume, half asleep  
Half silly, gone to seed

I don't mark my time with dates, holidays, faded  
wisdom, locked karma

Holders  
Convenient

I am made by my times  
I am a creation of now  
Shaken with the cracks and crevices  
I'm not giving up easy  
I will not fold  
I don't have much  
But what I have is gold

I saw your face...

I sing in platinum  
I dress in brass  
I eat in zinc  
Let it pass

Compare a toast  
I like that  
I understand courage  
I still roll with the shout of a character I was married to  
today  
I try to see outside myself

I understand the eyes  
Excuse all the highs  
Sorry  
I am sorry  
Ha ha

I like you, love you, every coast of you.  
I've seen your eddies and tides and hurricanes and  
cyclones.  
Low ebb tide and high, full moon.  
Up close and distant.  
I read you.  
Look, the sky, the sea, the ocean, the sun, the moon.  
Blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue blue, blue, blue,  
blue,

Blue. Naked and blue.

Breathing with you. Touch. Change. Shift. Allow air.  
Window open.

Drift. Drift away. Into now.

I want Whitman proud. Patti Lee proud. My brothers  
proud. My sisters

Proud. I want me. I want it all. I want sensational.  
Irresistible.

This is my time and I am thrilled to be alive.

Living. Blessed. I understand.

Twentieth century:  
Collapse Into Now

Cinderella boy  
You've lost your shoe

Cinderella boy  
Your coach awaits

A sun makes shadows  
All over your face  
As you sit  
Naked and blue  
Into me

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