

Michael McGuire "Barely Breathing"

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BARELY BREATHING

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A nothingness made palpable by the rake of gravity's
grind, a

hopelessness manifested by that excuse you could
never find, standing

close enough to the edge to feel the flight, an infinity
of suns in a sky of

night, the pomp of absurdity struts like a rap star down
the street, am I

the only one fool enough to be a bone in this piece of
meat, other beings

are paying attention to things that I just can't get to
come into focus, and

all the reasons they have for living make the sense of
hocus pocus, all I've

ever wanted was to trust the horse with all of my
weight, and to feel like I

can fit into the mold of my fate, the burden of Atlas is
not the weight of

the world but the strength of his back, the will can
shatter and dissolve

before the way will crack, you lose the ability to care
about anything but

the ache of the orbit, the flesh of my lover's body is the
only thing that

doesn't seem morbid, you feel eternally suspended
on the eve of the end,

tense and waiting for the snap of the rod as you fondle
the bend.

Barely breathing is just a way of going thru the motions
of some life,

feeling like you want to consummate the bride to be
and go ahead and

make her your wife, but of the winter harvest and the
foreign body spring,

I have stared into the trap of the light and I saw;
everything.

april 99

