

## Field Report

### "I Am Not Waiting Anymore"

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I am red in tooth and claw God's favorite child,  
bloodied from the brawl This bitterness was killing me  
all along I am not waiting anymore I am not waiting  
anymore

Blowing through time like nickel slots in a windowless  
room, on a credit card: flash it like a semaphore- a  
vague, drafty metaphor- I am not waiting anymore

I've been a keen eyed observer of the movements of  
concentric parts of bodies of bones and breasts and  
unmapped chambers of hearts

Sand in hand has turned to glass a Jeroboam filled with  
a life that's passed Toss it off the balcony and listen  
for the crash I am not waiting anymore

I spent eight long years working on my screenplay it's  
a teen movie with young actresses that plays to the  
middle aged

I have read between the lines I have been wrong every  
time It burned up on the alter, but I am fine I am not  
waiting anymore I am not waiting anymore I am not  
waiting anymore

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