

Luke Doucet

"Blood's Too Rich"

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Take my mother, my sister, my brother, and my first
born
Son.
Ne'er do wells, everyone.
There's a fracture in the fabric of the family's old
Scotch pine.
But it will heal if given time.

I for one am a believer in the nod and shake.
We'll get on, it's never too late.
It's a part of your cult that I might keep for myself.

Turn the other cheek (that's nice).
But not that but about your hell.

Because my blood's too rich for subway cars, and I'm
too
Poor for a cab.
I'm too old for the girl I love but she doesn't know it
Yet.
When I die I will leave no shadows of regret.
I'm too tired to make amends that cannot go unsaid

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