

TENDER MERCIES

Bet you thought by now
I would have got
what's coming to me.

Crippled heart.
Black cloud for a brain.
Nerves that crackle like the static
between radio stations.

This is just to let you know
none of that happened.
It's true I lit myself on fire
for a while and then I stopped.

I dug a grave but climbed out
for a better view
of the sky. I know
it isn't fair but since when
has that mattered?

Mt. Sentinel glows red at dusk
this time of year
as the dogs sing
over the tops of fences to each other.

I think you'd like it. It's the same
song every night.

Are you still there?

Yes, still here.

And what about tomorrow?

Yes, please ask again
tomorrow.