Craving

By Glenn Currier

I look you in the face
you are twisted
your body a mirage
you hide from me
in the fog of the past
coward
roach afraid of the light.

I look you in the face
you are the unacceptable
that bites me in the ass.
Unacceptable fear, sadness,
dark streaks and stria.

My poetry embraces
the Hyde of me
the rot
the failed
neighboring in the community
with the joy
the eager
the radiant
and the tender.

It lets me
it makes me

look you in the face.

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