Antidote
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This World Is Only Going to Break Your Heart

Space has been shut off for summer, etc.
In the last shuttle launched,
   I am told to love a piece of earth. Then metal.
   Then the optics behind the things I hold
   in my hand.

I am told: be simple. Only love
   what you can bear to break in half.
   Paintings I once owned adhere to the ceiling,
   so that I walk under ponds with lily pads like drowned hats.

   I don’t often feel like walking,
   having heard the announcement that I am stuck out here
   with Decisions To Make. What graffiti will be
   unbirthed. Which hills will turn white with bones. Pathogens.

   When I flinch
   into an unimpressive sleep, I will dislodge some unimpressive planet
   with a terrain that shakes under a red sky like a syphilitic man.
   I try not to sleep. There is day,

then there is later day.
   Sure, there are things that I miss. Tornadoes.
The idea of brothers. Distinguished dogs with cauldrons of summer saliva.

   Once, I even felt holy.
   It was at the throes of an orange tree.
   I could have been stoned to death and still would have sung out
   Tongue! Barren tongue!

There are ghosts up here. But they were shut off
long ago, when I tried to put my arms around them and was told
   I’d have to choose between the slaughterhouse and the morgue.

   I retaliated with apathy.
   I cut off my ears.