The Making of a Prophet

for Adrienne Rich

Keep it small they said Keep it small or the city will form a mouth Be careful not to say mouth or world Don’t say body Drink your coffee Fuck it There are gum wrappers on the sidewalk that reflect all those predator drones You can almost see them see you You flip your hair You preen You touch yourself but you can never see them They can always see you There is a room full of men making anything possible It is the loneliest thing making up worlds Watching others live their little lives Keep it small the men are telling you Wave to the sky No to a bird you are no longer allowed to name and may no longer exist You’ve been selected for a very particular Task All you have to do is talk and talk and talk and not say anything at all This should be easy They say that too