

A Deceptive Privilege

i never could fold my clothes very well
like a sentient male in lofty forests
awaiting mimetic prey to walk my way
and ascetically waste into me
I was lazy
but Silvia our nanny
was far from lazy
she was as a looming brush stoke
dallying along pallid stretched canvas
patient like midnight blue
but forceful
like neuronal kisses exploding
in the mind of Einstein
during inspirational moments of connectivity

so I stand here beneath the balcony
of my 34 room mansion
blue in the face and guilty
guilty of my own consciousness
in my own home
in my own laundry room
standing 5 feet behind Silvia
trying to observe and learn how to fold
to fold clothes

A Confounding Patriotism

I love the way she forgave my sins
alluding to comparable separations
in tunes by Coltrane and George Benson
she's so often in the midst of rare moments of peace
her name is legions of vaulted African equations
beautiful proofs with contrived improvisations hissing
in the weltering sweat stained in Western tents
I still love this place
it's a firm chair aware of its feeble legs
brave yet weighted with apathetic isms
like my woman
aforementioned nicely in line five
sexy true yet ignored
and not just mathematically

- Ernest Williamson III