

It's Complicated

Propaganda

We are often our own demise and
I am becoming procrastination
You are so often so wrong about you and you don't even know it
Self-identified as particleboard, papier-mâché, duct taped
And you are wrong, and right, and confused
It's complicated, but so is a star
A flower, a quasar, a friendship, a marriage
May we be refuge for the complicated and
As for me, well, I have zipped up my emotions into this dusty duffel bag that I've aptly named poetry
And I'll be on my merry way as soon as my pride turns me loose
And unman the last morsel of manhood I could produce
Ma'am, I seem to have misplaced my confidence
Last place I've seen it, it was at the altar of your love and
It's complicated and
I am becoming... complicated

We may scratch ourselves raw to erase the image we were made in
Smoke, snort, sex or drown out the silence
We may waste our life savings on makeovers
To try to rhinoplast our daddy's nose away
But no nip, no tuck could cut away the sense of obligation
We are becoming what we are not
But what we are is inescapable
You are a masterpiece fighting to be a silly selfie with a hideous filter
You are heavens handmade calligraphy
Slumming it among papyrus fonts
You are the complete and perfect works of a perfect and eternal poet laureate
With a laundry list of identity issues and
Sometimes your plumbing don't match your urges but
Your femininity it forced a force field that protected our posterity
Your masculinity it mustered up moxie to conquer mountains for our families
You are the rightful heir to not just a kingdom
But a universe and you have your daddy's eyes
Stop being so traitorous
You are revelation revealed
Pyramid constructors, conductors, conduits of lightning
Yet you speak, and you breathe this arsenic carcinogenics, and it causes car sickness
These scars are our witness
To love hard is hard living, but it's life
It's who we are, it's messy and uncomfortable and complicated
But so is a star, parenting, childbirth, love, and us, and us