

The Banquet

I love humility, but it is a well earned arrogance
that adorns your words; Dripping off of them like
tinsel on the tree in the back corner of the
living room just after the New Year ,Shining
plastic catches stray Branches that creep out like
fingers, and then it hangs Suspended in
the air attracting little glimmers of light that are
usually left sparkling on the floor ;Attention
this was all supposed to be boxed up
stored in the attic a week ago
in the space Between
opening presents – the afternoon family meal
yet somehow it still lingers in your voice, “ Man, we
have it good, I mean real good. Here right now
We are kings among men,” and I know that you
have the truth of it. It’s just that you’re lying to me,
I hate it when you use the truth to tell lies like the color
red put in the center of the painting you love,
I think the artist did that so you don’t notice:
the edges are disappearing,
it all blurs in to One, just focus
on the anger of the red ,and
the Arrogance that is so well earned by
men still sitting in recliners a week after Christmas
talking about paintings
when there is work to be done.