

SAMPLE POEMS FROM

DADDY

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A POEM ABOUT MY PET CANARY I

Some lessons are best learned the hard way.
All living things
Need food,
Water, a place to sleep
That isn't covered in shit and
Feathers, takeout containers.
Even a bird
Gold as sun
On spring wind.
I wanted him to alight on my hand.
He never did.
I was seven, had no discipline,
Was permitted to choose my own pet
With a sworn promise I'd care for the bird alone.
If I wanted to cage
Warm-throated sunshine, I was
Going to have to work each day to keep it there.

Light, what it does is move.
It flies. It passes through things.
It doesn't wait for you. It couldn't
If it wanted to.
It sings, but in July
Will require water
Twice a day, at least.
At seven, I had difficulty
Grasping the magnitude
Of my commitment.
The Trojans were only
The first ones to learn
That a gift
Is often synonymous
With a trap

edging

on the precipice of a terrible moment in history

i turned toward a screen

i hated the derisory tone of the word screen

as i loved and hated the screens themselves

but like “being alive in the present”

i had no suitable alternatives

my worth was quantifiable: i reduced myself

into syrup

down to essences net worth

data

biometrics

i texted him i'm too depressed to fuck

he said sorry to hear that but

i can't wait to lick your hole again

dude read the room

i ghosted whatever joke's on
me

the hole was my entire mind and body

two weeks later he followed me

into a convenience store and down my street

i thus resolved my fitness goals: to become unapproachable

