

POEM FOR THOSE OF YOU READING OR
LISTENING TO THIS RIGHT NOW

Folks, we've got a real situation here.
If you're not reading or listening to this poem right now,
I *honestly* don't want to know
what gross thing you're doing to it *instead*,
and like I was going to be saying, you're as good
as dead,
and you know it,
and I know it,
and it's like a gosh darn hidden time bomb, this knowing that
at this rate you're going to run out of
a smorgasbord of cannabis soon and also life. Folks,
we could get into the politics of love
in the United Arab Emirates,
but let's save that for another time, and instead say,
"Well, how about those marigolds!"
And you'd be right! They pull it off—
their orange popping so ridiculously exact
it makes a dictionary's definition of the color
read like crime fiction.
They croon the hue like a tune from a musical.
And we could sing like that too
if we could finally all agree
the catchiest words are all
any of us could ever hope
to organize. Folks,
I swear to Anonymous in the name of Gravity
we could sing like that
if we made of our lives a song.