

Alexis Williams

lowercase god

lowercase mother

lowercase father

lowercase

love

hope

truth

fate

lowercase god

THERE IS A SUN

THAT RISES

EVERY MORNING

TO REMIND ME THAT

I'M ALIVE

Charles Bukowski
alone with everybody

the flesh covers the bone
and they put a mind
in there and
sometimes a soul,
and the women break
vases against the walls
and them men drink too
much
and nobody finds the
one
but they keep
looking
crawling in and out
of beds.
flesh covers
the bone and the
flesh searches
for more than
flesh.

there's no chance

at all:

we are all trapped

by a singular

fate.

nobody ever finds

the one.

the city dumps fill

the junkyards fill

the madhouses fill

the hospitals fill

the graveyards fill

nothing else

fills