

JOCELYN MORRIS
Vowels and Consonants

Dead birds were chewed vegetables:
4:12 AM, the alarm blinked and so did I.
Our protagonist the Lord said, it's him or your sanity.
I chose you. I chose them
colors I saw, neon lights they were
and I wanted to dance among their number, too.
They skipped down yellow brick roads, around pearly gates
while I stood in awe on earth's plantation.
Hadn't I paid my dues?
The Lord said, you can never repay me, for you have sinned.
Then Adam, the first man, stood up on Plymouth Rock, blazing a trail
for a new man, who learns to do everything in spite and passion
no longer wanting to live as a likeness of God

but wanting to be God.
They built a stairway to Heaven, God gave them new tongues.
Lost in translation, I wanted to be among their number, too.
Their glamour and grime.
I was restless in my thoughts, methodical in my ways
calm on the outside, but always raging on the in.
Life is a masquerade ball, and I did seek a phantom
moving too quickly for me
and I did grow too calculated
like a mouse in a test.
I had no fondness for that wounded girl.
Life is for the resilient, life is for the living
but I was undead, shambling among them.