Say Present If You're Here

Cover Page Footnote
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Say Present If You're Here

It's still there! Digging deep
profound
Burning charred-black, my blistered
feet
Ugly rumors, nothing is
sound
Spinning head, in frightful
decit

Obstinate, it won't go
away
Gets bigger; expanding with
time
My soul fragmented deep in
decay
Desperate questions with your
crime

No longer a person, my
own
Multiple parts; pieces all
you
Deconstructed to the white
bone
Elements of me so very
few

My heart a tiny, small
tatter
You turn away and ignore
this:
It is not mind over
matter
Must I confess it's you I
miss?

Your weakness I greatly
suffer
Your absence I strongly do
feel
Please—I beg you be my
buffer
It is to you sir, I
appeal

How I manage to cope and
try
You distractedly never
ask
Swathed in a terrible white
lie!
Tied and ribboned with a happy
mask

Necessary is it but
why
For me to be dipped
subjected
To your trashy, white flailing
lie
Which I've bitterly
rejected

And is it too not
possible
You acted with relishing
bliss?
To uncross the
uncrossable
Bowing gallant with Judas'
kiss

And what the hell were you
doing?
With your sly sex and
imploring
Outlandish charming-red
wooing
Sleazy change, pocket-book
whoring

And who did you honestly
think
your pimp dallying wouldn't hurt?
The little girl in frills and pink?
Or the woman with answer curt?

And where did you possibly think
I could go with my shattered life?
If I shiver, gulp-down and sink
With terms such as husband and wife

And what can I feasibly do?
When I find I'm falling in love
When I'm scared of your figure you
Crushing the flight of a winged dove

And what did you think I'd become?
In my willingness to believe
Love: impossible to succumb
When abandon, he does achieve

How am I to know who's right?
wrong?
If in game hiding you insist
To live upon a broken song
Of which you squirm, writhe and persist
And all of those formative
years
Do I carefully mend but
how?
If I carry poor tools of
fears
No oil for my rusting
plow

Tell me how, and where should I
go?
With all of this trash and old
junk
If you act like you’re blind but
know
How to piece back this sawed tree
trunk

For a time machine I do
yearn
Whirl! To discover the
secret
Of the stars, the means to
discern
If we should scrap this or
keep it

No! Don’t leave this up to
me
I want you to battle and
fight
With broken branches you can
see
I’m crippled in my desperate
plight

You can change! faith! You can do
it
Please, please just a little; a
tad
Longing, hoping more than a
bit
For the strength of the so-called
dad
Oh no—I'm so terribly
wrong
To hope and want what can't be
sought
To desire for, need and
long
In treacherous hours, restless
thought

--Jennifer Lydum