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Descent into Madness

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Descent into Madness

For Hart

by Shavawn M. Berry

I have to get through to God.
His number's right here. Can't you see it?
I keep dialing and dialing but there's no answer...
Just the sound of a thousand bees
Buzzing like jack saws in my elephant ear,
Instructing me from the cone of an ocean wave:
"Please hang up and try your call again."

To pass the time between conversations
I jot words upon words—
Floor-snot-cot-make-
door-root-roof-open-cave—
Pages and pages of random knots and lines
Heaped in my ink-soaked notebooks.
I sit on the curb; talk myself out of the sky,
Talk myself down off a telephone wire
dancing with drunken ravens.

My brain is a luminous substation,
Full of intricate gridlines and magnetic ribbons,
blinking off and on, beneath the surface of this city.
As I pass a tree with five blazing eyes,
I scale the fence and grab hold
of 150,000 volts of pure blue-green transcendence.

God himself tells me:
You are the Christ.
You are the Resurrection.
You are the Holy Ghost.

