

A Shot Glass Is The Fullness Of Emptiness

Recipe is in the liquor,
How a tear can ferment,
If you tell me how your father died.

Show me the bucket list was never your writing—
After you examined the hole in his chest.

How do you take back the power
When you're born?
Wishing you could crawl back to your nexus;
Understanding the cradle is nought but bitter
To witness the death of life—
Who gave you life.

You imagine all the ways a soul can transcend this plane
In hopes that you know reunion—

Except you knew none
Before your mother brought you forth.

There's no soul to know after.
And wipe your eyes—
Just how full emptiness is,
Held in a shot glass.