

What it's like to be too much

after Patricia Smith

First of all it's having your first smoke at three

It's pinching cherry lollies from your mother's cupboard

It's answering back and biting your best friend

It's eavesdropping and blushing and sweating and stuttering like a wood-pecker

It's sanding your face to erase your freckles

It's adding numbers and stringing words together for dolls on death-row

It's scribbling on the neighbour's wall with chalk-sticks screeching on red bricks

It's kissing boys behind the church

It's gobbling up words without spilling any like they are milk and honey

It's leaving

It's hacking off your mother tongue and tending the wound with foreign words

It's nicking sounds and cadences to patch up sheets of language

It's hobby-horsing at the Corporate Institute of Excellence where Outlook stares at you
like a sentinel

It's tumbling down the waterfall of your mind like your name

is Niagara when you call

yourself Artaud and scream and scream and scream

It's your feet dragging and your body leaving you

It's Bedlam Hollywood style with millions of live eyes lining the walls

It's the hand of god popping pink pills purple pillows paper white pilgrims in your mouth

It's running away like some joker except the joke is on you

It's bursting into tears as wattle showers you whole with sunshine

Finally it is writing