

I DON'T DO IT FOR YOU

by Tyler Reha-Klenske

I don't do it for you,

I do it for me
then wrap it in cellophane, bright shining.
Hello, pain, bright burning
spotlight catches me, wretches be boiling.
Wetness be pouring from pores,
sweat nest, she's snoring, she snores
even while she drowns beneath her sheets.

Safe and sound sleep apnea,
listen to the C-PAP rap to ya
softly, gently. Suffocatingly.

I don't do it for you,

I do it for the imaginary praise of invisible billions.
This is another way of saying I do it for me
then wrap it in old newspaper, the kind that makes
them think I'm both frugal and exceptionally literate.

I don't do it for you.

I do it for me
then wrap it in corn tortillas,
torn and born full of
vain validations and feigned self-effacement
and never enough guac.
Yes, I'll add queso, hold the guilt trip
while I attempt to hold the contents of my burrito
partially in my hands, partially in my lap,
mostly in my belly.

Pass the sauce, this is exhausting. Listen, I don't
write poetry because I have something to say,
I write to figure out who I am.

I write to make sense of me and they, the powerless
masses I've made invincible, fed and bred to convince a bull
that he's not his own master. I write to remind myself that
the color red is not a disaster, or it doesn't have to be.

Laugh with me, Bull. Laugh with me, oh Bison, oh Wildebeest.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from stampedes.
This is another way of saying deliver us from ourselves.
Deliver us from me.

I don't do it for you,

I do it for me
then wrap it in flesh,
give it a ribcage, blood and hair,
breathe air,
give it a push, and hope it passes
as whatever passes these days as love.

Because I don't do it for you,
but someday I'd like to.