

*Bird of a Feather*

sometimes  
I feel as though  
there are defects  
in my blood  
that won't  
allow me to  
plow through the mistakes  
of my ancestors

as if  
their failures  
were drilled into my bones  
and I was too young  
to remember

that my bed  
has already been made  
for me

that the boots  
have been bought  
and all I've got to do  
is step inside them

one foot in front of the other  
one foot in front of the other  
until I reach my grave

that there is  
the same yellow stripe  
down my back  
that there is down my  
grandfather's

but then I know  
that by seeing the yellow within him  
and I can withstand  
my own

it gives me a fighting chance  
to simply be aware

but how many have  
defected  
and just found  
it at the foot of their bed  
when they least  
expected it?

or in an old closet  
where they left it?

a family is one  
of the few  
inescapable  
things

they are a starfish  
on the underbelly of a bolder  
deep in the ocean

and you cannot change  
the spots on a cow

or the pink on  
a rat's tail

you just have to live with it

for if you make  
a pie with cherries  
you're going to get  
cherry pie

*if you tell your love a lie  
you'll just drink and cry*

the apple  
of a tree

the bird  
of a feather

the son

of a father.