

THE OYSTER MAN

It's an art.
Looking like milk on Christmas morning.
Looking like the sheets just roll with you,
Out of your beat-up sigh out the window for tomorrow,
While you tinker past my piano,
Brushing your lips past the keys as if you just forgot how to play.
All the milk on Christmas morning that made you
regrets to inform you
That you did not forget how to play
Nor did you teach yourself yesterday
Nor is it cute anymore
To look like milk on Christmas morning
When the sheets don't want to roll with you.

What if I begged you,
What if I held on to the cream inside you
And told you that these legs can surround you.
Like two giant sub-woofer machines
Breaking up the molecules that created you
That forced you to roll out the bed on Christmas morning
That forced me to run after you.
Down the street to the church that made you.

Sit down in the pew and pray right next to you.

Tears never taste like cherries until you lose the pits.

I know the world tastes like shit.

But I would like to stick out my tongue for you.
Taste test the world before you have to.
Because I want to.

Never understood the need to run until,
You signed up for the marathon thrill.
And let the wind race up your lemon leg.
You're not going to make me beg.
You have a way with people, you always have.
Tomorrow we'll have a chance,
Tomorrow you can finish.
Tomorrow I'll give you every pill,

But you trit-trotted down the finish line anyway.
Because you're good with your promises,
No, you really are.
I say.

I want to take you to my car.
Your lemon tastes so sweet,
When I can hold you between my feet.
The sheets don't need washing, not today.
Let's go again, and again, and—
Take a ride on my copper carousel,
So you can tinker past some new notes,
And forget how to play.
But you keep on keeping,
Until you get your fill.
But he's not there. He never will.
Here, just take a pill.

Soar past the mitochondria you learned about in fourth grade science,
But don't tell me that cookie doesn't remind you of the firm reliance
that we learned a mitochondria has! Remember?
It's skin is so thick.
This time, only one lick.
All within a click.

I google you when I want to kiss you.
I google mitochondria when I'm high.
Molecules remind me of all our church bell thrills.
That made me wake up like milk on Christmas morning.

You could have given me warning!
That you were already falling.
Why didn't you start calling?
Me! Me. Why didn't you start calling me?
Please just take another.
Walk back into the color.

I just don't remember you forgetting.
How to play,
You did perfectly yesterday.
The copper worked like magic.
You were flying, I swear.
The keys floated beneath you

Like a copper carousel.
Since when weren't you doing well?
Come on, just run down the street.

Run down the street!
Did you pay him this week?
Hide! Hide! Jump in the dumpster.
The bike lane doesn't need to know you're in pain.
Here, just take this.
I want to be a wreck with you.
Your breath tastes like—
Have you not been eating too?

I don't want to know all the ways I messed you up.

Tuna tartare caviar never made me blush.
Until a woman with a stride so short ran away,
Hair turns to fire with hips all ablaze.
Because that's a sure way to turn the mood.
But it's a good thing I got my superman glue.
It's called champagne,
And it hits you right in the brain.
And sipping feels so nice
When bubbles turn into a custard oh so white.
So perfect and porcelain you could scream.
At all the ways we're not PC.

But I'm the one who taught you how to breathe.
And now you're telling me I can't go from a to b?
But I've always lived this way.
Not today.
No you're not leaving me today.
Because you need another.
Yes, you need another.
And I need another, too.
Can you give me one more cup?

When you told me I looked like milk on Christmas morning I thought you were good luck.
So I kept you around.
And let you tell me I was a lemon between two sub-woofer machines.
Because I thought being delicate was—
Would give me something to believe.
Someone to follow.

Someone to lead.

So lead already.

Grab me by the reigns and tell me what to do.

Because I'm lost in a world that smokes glue just to prove

To their neighbor that they're worthy of a world been painted dirty,

By the people who've come before and left toys at their service.

Don't tell me I look like milk on Christmas morning

Because I don't even understand your metaphor,

Anymore.

I don't want to know all the ways you messed me up.

Because I let you in.

Because I let you win.

No I didn't.

Not yet.

I still pick up pennies and turn them over.

I still talk to the Oyster Man and tell him he's sober.

That can't have made me deserve you.

Not yet.

Did you know there are only five types of oysters in the world?

All the different versions

are just

offsprings of the root.

The same root.

And we act as if they're some high end fruit.

The Oyster Man told me to order as many different types

from the bar

as far

as oysters

could carry a charge,

without turning into caviar.

So I did.

An ice bowl filled with gray, slimy oblong disks.

That's capitalism for you.

But they all tasted the same.

Oyster Man, they all tasted the same!

Where did you go?

No, not tonight.

Tonight's not the night for games!
I realize they're all the same!
I realize we're the same!
I get it
I get it
I get it
Don't give up on me just yet because it took me so long to get it.

Because equality seems like persecution when you've been privileged.
And you showed me what it means to breathe again.
So no, no, I can't just join in to your call.
No, I don't want a wall.
It's just—
I can't stand up tall
like you
at least not yet
maybe tomorrow
Can we just—
breathe
sorry
the influx of information is just—

I used to be special
you know
and now
I feel like I would have a better chance if I were a shade darker

You don't have to respond.

Just give me another sip tonight.
Let's drift back to the days when it was sticky.
When being in love wasn't tricky.
When oysters weren't icky and I could lick up a nifty fifty in a splitty.