

That eroding partition between crisp leaves and snow wisps  
Thanksgiving comes like a stranglehold, forcing our wits together  
grips Siberian, feathery leaves gag, heave, vomit pigments brilliant as flame  
that starkly contrast your blue bone, blue lips, blue fingertips

Thanksgiving's the time for apoplectic politics  
family alcoholics  
with seven beers, decreasing bodily aerodynamics  
boisterous acoustics  
Black sheep dialectics  
insincere apologetic poetics

The sky's sublime  
all thin syllables singing with the wind  
[sssss]  
but the sprint to the Jeep is not such an easy song  
still, a brief shiver later and we're along

The impending feast always enchants my gluttony,  
and foreshadows a fortunate fete, in some novel universe  
but as for reality,  
the annual affair draws too close, and my thoughts too bloody  
for me to linger on my favorite of the seven deadly with any kind of delight

We arrive in a sheet of new fallen [pause] darkness  
to dead suburban streets  
hush our voices  
(who knows why)  
"Grab the apples"  
"Don't drop the pumpkin pie!"

The 4:50 shadows sheath my father and I  
"Dad, get the stovetop"  
The gustatory shield from this family's stuffing  
which  
loaded with pecans, pistachios,  
is surely designed to pick me off  
and end years of tension between the host and I

Our benign black ops settled,  
I brace for profound filial fiction in  
[long pause]  
hellos

[prosey] I engage, armed and armoured in cliché bolstered by years of pariah practice.

Sup cuz!

Been awhile friend!

[caesura]

Hey -- well, I'm honest with the dog: fuck em, right Baily?

[resume momentum]

Aunty's already wine drunk, check one off gladly.

Hostess, been a while, how's grammy?

Host

...

Host

[breath]

The most coercive grin.

[pause]

Hey Uncle Joe! How's it been?

He's one of those

one beer types

hates queers types

permanently austere types

smile looks like a leer types

hunts deer types

"there's no hole in the atmosphere" types

dead soul career types

grease drips from his hair to his ears types.

When we shake hands I fear electron-positron annihilation

I'm one of those

bogus beatnik bastards

black sheep ready to get plastered

bearing beard and bounteous brown ale with

mesosphere high ABV, 200 IBU

a bitter medicine our hop-phobic host bitterly needs

I'm one of those

colorful counterculture clowns

anti-capitalist to the core

what's more? to this motherfucker

unapologetically insincere, secure

in my ID, unshakable, unbreakable, unknowable

in any ontology our host comprehends without apology

[pause]

He likes chronic hegemonic Reaganomics  
I like radical revolutionary reds like Rosa, I'm talking Luxemburg, Hartmut, Karl and Kropotkin  
[FLUID GO GO GO]

So when we sit down for dinner you know it's a war  
that trite thanksgiving theology that dictates  
domestic disputes must occur  
round the cranberry and turkey plates

the meal starts out all mellow  
benign friction at most  
I hate turkey and  
that offends the host

you could cut the tension with a  
what  
electric turkey knife?  
surely they own one  
those bourgeois brats  
if ever there was a definition of conspicuous consumption  
I think it'd be that, // though  
deep in my thoughts  
beerdrunk as they are  
I recall one thanksgiving where we whipped one out  
so I stay my self-righteousness  
at least for the first course

the stuffing comes round for another run  
shock and awe in seconds  
stomachs sagging, lagging, red-flagging  
but we pile on more

it's not the stuffing that does it  
perhaps it's the bird? who knows  
in spite of those wives' tales  
I don't believe it's tryptophan  
just booze

but let's pause for a minute  
maybe we must take heed of the past  
what's the cliché?  
history repeats itself?

the host  
this  
hulking  
homophobic  
he-man  
he and I have a history

thanksgiving 2005  
he made me cry  
(yes, laugh if you will, but I was 12)  
my grandpop  
a festive, if fat, man of then about 70  
a former steelworker  
furiously unionistic  
forever labors' friend  
defended me  
and I haven't forgotten  
he or the host

cut back  
and it's on  
hardcore revolutionary and  
hardcore reactionary  
Bakunin and  
Bush  
and  
Recep  
and Turkey

...

To be frank  
I end with no apologies  
total honesty  
and a characteristic defiance of  
hierarchy