i grow weary: a poem in at least two movements

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a poem in at least two movements

i grow weary of my vanity
i grow weary of others' vanity
i grow weary of its strategic necessity
i grow weary of the competitive culture
of narcissistic aesthetes
i grow weary how predictability prevails
i grow weary of patterns i can't seem to break
i grow weary that [can] no one [can] surprise me?]
i grow weary that [am] i [am] bereft of the ability
to be surprised?]
i grow weary of unavailable men, unavailable bodies
i grow weary how they write on me, into my flesh
i grow weary of this pain, this pain
i grow weary that my body is its canvass
i grow weary that it is a surface of surfaces
on which the breadth
of an endemic melancholy
takes shape
i grow weary of it writing forlorn and tattered
histories, the tumultuous placidity of my body
railing[s against a current of satisfaction]
rection
i grow weary of its destruction
i grow weary that it won't stop
i grow weary that it can't stop
i grow weary that it don't stop
i grow weary how they taunt me, torture me
I grow weary that I must carve this poem into my skin
dirty tattoo, uneasy religion
what forces compel
I grow weary of the subtle energies of the universe [to] [that] penetrate me?
forces I collide with
forces I cannot stop
forces that challenge my sanity
oh my
I grow weary