

Lief

Lief is seeing the sleight of mind
but still loving the coin illusion.

is a tall shadow with a sad
small boy riding a happy elephant
in the all the rooms that serve
every purpose in the universe.

Lief is funk slash a funk.

is your eyes while reading the
first secret letter from a new love
you've now learned is requited.

Lief is an ugly untraveled virgin in a
basement watching a super model
fuck an Alsatian at a party in Paris.

is every balloon let go by laughing
children strangling sea horses while
tourists snorkel above bleached reefs
& new bommies of coal sludge.

Lief is a billionaires wedding &
a homeless orphan weeping in the
graveyard of an abandoned town.

is a living car with a dead engine
& a clock made by Da Vinci that
chimes with the poetry of thunder.

Lief is your roommate having a
threesome while you watch *World War
Two in Colour* on National Geographic.

is a pram going under the wheels
of a madman & all children ever born
outliving their biological parents.

Lief is sex with a famous actress & she
loved your collection & moaned you give
the best head ever but you're not in her
memoir.

is an Ethernet cable festooned across
eaves & trees to a back-yard garden shed
where the teenager has relocated her bedroom
& the Wi-Fi doesn't cut it with one bar.

Lief is the standing-room-only sold out
sign at the ticket box of the best concert
you would've ever seen or heard, though

you lined up early
& you die of grief in an uber on the way
home
from where you never went.

is how authentic Mona must feel
when the vault is opened & scholars of the masters
canon in facemasks
despite static-free cotton archival gloves
are shocked by her brushwork
& that secret smile
which cannot be reproduced, whispers:
Selfies only with my replications stupid tourist;
go ahead, embrace your glossy propaganda
& rejoice, though quietly, please, at the grotesque
allure of the corpse of truth in these dead
museum halls
of lief.

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