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Greetings From the Edge of Ridicule

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Greetings from the Edge of Ridicule

Greetings from the edge of ridicule!
I salute you, you who are always sure
of your footing and your words, how in hell
do you do it? And I salute the rest of you,
you stutterers, you twisted by disease
or doubt, pushing a grimace down the street
as if the very air were painful. I have been both
and often slip back into a variety of faces.
What I like best is balancing with my eyes
closed, fully aware that I exist only
because of whatever love I have stumbled on
and if it stopped suddenly I would be out
like a light. If I tell you I have big feelings
it is just so that you can make fun of me,
not from pride: the truth, God help me, keeps
changing its mind, but it is always the same
mind. Sometimes I love this world so much
I become everything I see! Walking
a steel fence in the middle of the city,
in the middle of a clear day, my three women
in my arms, my hair graying and the sharp
features of youth gone, I get the strangest looks.

Jeffrey Skinner