

Missie Alanis
Two Poems

Orlando

This is a Mickey Mouse Middle finger to
the Orlando killer; your God has always been
my God! You've only made God, more so "our"
God once and "for all,"
"For All," positivity remains
on call, the Midnight opens up
to the afternoon oil, for now those Angels never
have to cry human tears after relentless forge-
table toil. Oh My prayers have become a new drug
and your hate,
your repression,

My own prayer rug.
And after every Selah, I find dislocation and after
every "New Testament" you deal
me death and still I offer you a hug. And so we
will travel, not meet you halfway, but, come all
the way there on our own terms and conditions.

Feel what you haven't earned, love is the
only mission on our way there to your un-
opened arms we find a few "pet shops and the
Boys" soon after sing "Erasure," the girls are
dancing like Ellen, yellin' something about a
Colouurlesss Heaven
and 100/one hundred new wings; Halos with un-
Earthly bling and a before, during, and after-
math stonewall with a pulse, All Signal and
more alive than any pink love triangle, rain-
bows always find a will always find love in
the angle. Tilda Swinton, 50 dead, Tildaa
Swinnton, 50 dead, T'Tilda Swinnton, 50
million watts, Meg, In the Cut
with my lover, Ryan, all of these things have and
will pass and I am living in the days when
Innocent is being killed, by words, before you even
have room to develop in the womb, I don't
need to assume that if my parents knew I was
Homo-unplannedus I would have

somehow came out blue and placed gently in a trash can. And just think I never even had a Chance to be brand new. I am “Living” in the days when Innocence is being killed in the pews, Don Lemon and Anderson have 360 degrees of awful, unwelcome news, Innocence is being killed with religion, én levels, én mass. If I had a big bank account I’d ask for a surgeon and a tattoo artist to “open me up,” so I could get

Orlando and Sandy Hook

tattooed on my heart where only I could look deep within and see. “Some people want to die so they can be free,” but, The Purple om always knew that, that outlook was a luster sort in Neva-Neva land; propovall, God is “For All.” So don’t fully stress, don’t fully sleep until it’s your time; And that you should live free. why? 2nd in Comm and Mrs. Annie Hall (Diane) said “Because I said so, simply because you have to, it’s what you’ve got

to do.” And so I’m going to; I’m

going to continue to live under the light of all of you.

And I pray I don’t have to experience hate today. Maybe I won’t have to think or say “Fuck you,” I can say “you know what; I love you,” to a total stranger and really solid gold mean it, That would be nice because like a director of 40 plus films the rest of the BS, I’ve scene it! Tillda Swinton, 50 Dead, Tilldda Swintonn, 50 Dead, Tillda Swinton, 50 dead, Tillda swinton, The Beach, The Box, The Saint, The Saint Constantine, “Orlando,” The female Marlin Brando, killing her Gay Son’s abusive lover, another love undercover, electronica thumpin’ all in the club, down in Orlando, the American down under, Just her protecting the good ones. I wanna be like you to all of them; A good Mum. Someone on “The Deep End” of 49 continuances, I am the 50th, the fiftieth victim. But, I will go all 50 distances and until I am called home myself, all I can really do (like you) is miss them.