

Safe

you can't prove something entirely safe
complete thoughts
swallowed by periods

that's art for you
a bucket of knives
for putting out fires

believe it or not Jesus was a raconteur
fish and chips for the masses
alpha and omega-3

I prefer religious smorgasbords
entrees from all traditions
dabs of dogmas for sides

everything's a conversation
whether you say anything or not
is it safe to say my sepia memories are me?

hedge your bets with the gods
risk management with wifi in the wilderness
keep visions to a minimum with defensive sleeping

trouble shoot
hum melatonin mmmmmmmelatoninnnn
whisper serotonin ssssssssserotoninnnn

I worry about the beatific vision
playing cards all eternity with an autistic god
no beer and peanuts

I have no quarrel with juxtapositions
except when they involve
strapping on vestments

when's the last time you tossed your soul into the salad
when's the last time you raged on the moor
when's the last time you sang to the mermaids

too safe is not safe
carry a few extra pounds
invest in your death

— Martin Settle