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## **Song of the Disgraced Person**

*for Kaveh*

As a fire axe waits in its little shop window  
As a tongue returns raw to the lozenge  
It's not your fault you're like this, but you are  
As consternation at the departure gate  
As drinking water to find it creamy  
As the linseed head of an ant might contain  
    a social code in play  
As suffering comes home from work  
    with the same names as yesterday  
As you forget to taste  
As you borrow a sigh from the same cubic meters of air  
As a too-slow handshake might signal sarcasm  
It's not who you are but who you are and can't undo  
As you shit in a room without water  
As you cry in a room without light  
We send our love  
We send an invoice attached as requested  
As if everything were intended for you

—**Jack Underwood**