

## ECCE HOMO

I am small and mean  
my poems need no mercy

we travel lightly and far  
unburdened by the truth

every broken place on my skin  
opens fearless lets in light

ignored I am free to fall down  
to lie on the floor as long as necessary

no one knows who I sleep with  
I sleep with no one

I climb through opened windows  
I take only what others nail down

I move best running down the middle  
of the road with both eyes closed

I cling to trash I savor rubbish  
I make my beloved everywhere

I nest inside fear  
I bed down in discrepancies

to live with me you must starve  
give up noon burn at night

stars sizzle down too fast to follow  
I envy their glittering fever eyes

for every devastated god I find another  
I refashion five in his stead

I have never lived at home  
on the phone I pay for minutes of silence

when I leave I am gone completely  
when I return I have never left

this is why I have pieces  
this is why I am all untied

because poetry never sleeps  
keeps no time neither can I

tell anything less than a lie