

AFTERMATH OF A FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY

by George Jack

A long day, one of the longest since she was born.
Hanging streamers, blowing balloons,
Nerves frayed, enduring the
Giganticadic chirping and the weary caterbawling
Of baby birthday party going denizenry,
Who are long past the stage
Of a missed naptime and its attendant non-negotiability.
Party done, baby tears melted into cheeks that became
Sadness-soluble, nerves frayed and stamina wall-hit,
We put baby to bed, she sleeps the more solvently,
Richer in toys beyond the daydreams of infant avariciousness.
My girl slumps, drowsing on the futon,
I fix a pint of Bacardi and Diet Coke, put in my DVD of
Akira Kurosawa's DREAMS.
Sipping and watching, chapter skipping,
A boy disturbs a foxes wedding procession,
Martin Scorsese as Vincent Van Gogh, Mount Fuji in Red,
Then, the Tunnel.
Blue faced, spectral Japanese infantrymen who appear,
Not having any idea they are dead.
Soldiers who remained stoic and inscrutable even after their commander told
them,
Not even the Bushido boy who missed his mother's cakes, and
Could see the light of his parent's home from the edge of the Tunnel, cried.
It was this scene, the film, the rum, the soft darkness of the apartment,
All mixed inside me in a doleful alchemy,
Like my essence was a cable slowly unpening, I let it out, Gradually,
The greatest of despairs accumulate gradually.
Tears, face-arable and rum blended released like unfinished snowflakes,
As if they were trapped inside a fist I spent 20 minutes disclenching peacemeal.
My mood, tantrically inclement, tear ducts doubling
As droppers releasing crestfalling fragments of my sweet cheerlessness
Until it seemed a tear was shed for every salineless,
Lacrimously challenged young soldier in the story.
After spending 6 months as an expectant father unemployed,
Teaching myself to bottle things up while out of work
Because when loved ones get tired of you crying, they let you know,
It felt so good to have the most melancholy of stars align inside me,
And find, in this heartbrokenly harmonic convergence
Of stimuli and release – I finally had something else to cry about for a change.