ERIC TRAN

Clonidine

Did tremble at the lip
of the bottle. Tumbled
through a mouth’s wide
and broken door. Flattened

myself, flattered myself
as false as any god

wet with prayer.
Drunk with need. Fecund

yet flaccid. Fantastic.
Mastered that first

sloppy wobble towards
you dry. Alive

at least for now. And what
nowness, what practice,

what capsule of ease.
Did breathe then, didn’t we?