

Alex Archer

A Cycle of Being
by Alex Archer

Fairmount Behavioral Health

i am sitting in
a coffee shop
wait
qualify
it is the fourteenth of may
tomorrow julius will be
killed and
the earth has shifted on
its axis and
the mental patients are
being served
lunch and
i can't sit still
anymore
i
can't
sit
still

Philadelphia

i am
sitting
in a
chair
in a
box

in a
world—
no more
laundry
drifts
in the
wind
no more
waft
of cham
ber pots
no more
steam
of hors
es in
bugg
ies
(except
in
Penn
syl
van
i
a)
“can you spare me
something
to eat?”
said a thousand
times a day
to the same
faces
only in
different
suits

Sleep Clinic

i am sitting
in a
coffee shop
(again)
my sleep

doctor said
"I'm not sure
what I can give you"
as the sun
waltzes
through the
sky (only
it's really
standing still)
and the
oceans
are guarding
the moon
and the
bathhouses
drip
drip
drip
with boylove
stains the
sheets
drift in
the wind
like Victor
like Stan
oh
but you can't
drift through
the door
with that smile
sitting on
your face
begging
me
to
s p r e a d
your legs
and

come
inside

.

Birth

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