

## Retire Meant

### I.

Seeking to sever six  
spheres of influence,  
under it

and seven circled seals,  
someone sold you sleep  
stupors;

saved your soul.

Spirits slip lip  
liner slowly  
down your sleeve,

and you speculate

whether synonym  
and synecdoche are  
the same; if

synergy is still  
sane; if servants'  
lipstick will

lisp

your shifted  
lift's  
limp to  
leap.

Too good  
to be bad at all;  
too bad.

Gratefuls grafting greatness  
to grails

and guile you gave

to guys-  
generally; ungendered-

and graves  
keep giving back,

and you resign;

and you think

you've been dead.

II.

Seeking to stay  
six spheres of  
influence, stop

seconds, and shroud  
the seals,  
someone stole

your sleep  
stupors;

saved your soul.

Spirits spill  
mascara molten  
on your mask,

and tell you:

you can't tell  
the truth; tell  
the teacher

from the

time.

Too bad to be  
good at all.

Too bad.

Gracious granting  
greatness to gifts  
you gave to

gods and ghouls  
to die,

and grace

keeps giving

back, and you

re-  
sign;

and you know,

you're alive.