

God Gave Me a Lighter

Tanner Léon

Arrive home from the bar
in a tumble down the avenue.
Punk night at Melody Inn.
Or maybe it was ska night?
Often it's somewhere in between.
Either way, I downed 2 PBRs
which is heavysset
for a lightweight.

They crossed my throat
into my chest
like holy water
on a parched man's lips.

Among the plague of personal crisis,
I have piloted through persecution—
made it back to my apartment steps
high, but definitely not dry.

A miracle laid there as if perfectly placed.
The smallest gift from god
to remind a tipsy poet to have faith.
A simple, red lighter.

Likely it was left after a cigarette sesh.
My upstairs neighbors
love passing flames into their lungs.
I think it makes them feel alive,
to know that heat can cleanse
their insides.

It was that sixth sense stoner sensation
which whispered to their hands,
leave it here, let it be
someone else has the need.

I swear the world knew my last lighter
had just taken its final breath.

The drinks were an act of letting go.
This small blessing was to let me know
that somewhere out there in an abstract nebula
some spirit of the great divine
actually gives enough of a shit to say:
“hey, I see your sulks and your Hulk rage,
maybe a little love in an unfair life
can set you back just right”

So I vow to light my joint,
let it be my amen.