

# Ode to Healer, Indianapolis

Sage Justice

We toss back hard ciders, lap up  
sweet toxins with greedy tongues.  
Our bodies collide, molecules,  
our chemical bond the poetry of bass guitars  
and trumpets, Doc Martens and beer.

We wander room to room, TV static  
ringing in our ears. Monstrous  
statues wearing bones and pearls,  
deities dressed in spray paint, keepers  
of garage bands stand in every corner.

The guardians are watching, welcoming  
us to the stage. They wave scepters  
in welcome; they speak in snare hits,  
blue and pink light shining from their mouths  
and painting the battle jackets of punks.

We are performance artists, in our element  
with Dana Skully and Moon Goons.  
We piss in bathrooms with “whatever”  
door signs, kiss under crocheted blankets,  
smudge our eyelids with black grease.

In the pit we reach nuclear fission, boiling  
bodies of absolute heat. Throw yourself  
to the crowd and we’ll swallow you whole  
like a mushroom cloud of legs in fishnets  
and arms embracing one another.