

PRINCE BUSH

LITHIUM

My father calls me, conjuring
Some sort of feeling, from cognac,
Bad-conscience, and a fully-charged
Lithium-ion battery. I hear
The voicemail, may call back,
Blaming an old battery—lithium
Ages poorly, like us both—it's only
Been one year since he's learned
My leaning, not handling
This life from hazard well.
And I die quickly—I should, but won't
Replace the cell phone, enjoy justifying lone
Socialness, low binding vigor,
Bring up gaps I share and shift with lithium.
He will comprehend, as a mechanic,
Churning alternators, fixing power units,
Charging he'd punch a homosexual—
Anger higher than the boiling
Point, potential traction lower
Than the melting—

"Lithium" first appeared in *Pleiades* and is used with permission by the author.

ON TRUTH

Though it's usually odorless, it is so
Concentrated, it might stink scooting

Down the road of my tongue;
Produce more methane than cows,

Which are more like trumpets with thinking
The climate is changing

Because of the air that comes out
Their pipe and got wrong which

Key; be fatter than breathing nitro-
And oxygen, prescribed for my fire-

Place chest, getting me hyper-
Oxia, Planum, sick with martian craters

An ExoMars rover discovers,
My irritated trachea, my hopes up

Weighing a third less, higher but still
Falling; fall out of my mouth into tears

And turn into acid, last a thousand years
In Earth, memory; cause frostbite, burn,

Flush my skin, or leave me alone—

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