

The Urge to Fight

It's inevitable, it's primal,
And I can't stop the pounding.
The rattling of tambourines echoing repeatedly,
Clasps of brass and alloyed metal
Combining an oak handle and the exact
Rhythm of wrist and hand, pummeling one another
In an epic saga that is trapped in the walls of my cranium.

This isn't an everyday occurrence
For I am a sane man at least by definition
And I have not been in more than four fights
In my entire life.
Yet when the urge to destroy something beautiful
Comes over me like a heat flash,
It takes very little to set it off.

A look, a smirk, a gesture, a grin, a poke,
A spill, a bump, and the walls tumble.
The echo is released to the heart where it is repeated but now
Broadcast through all vascular tissue.
I tremble, I drool,
I advance.

Now it's a symphony of fists and feet,
Colliding, corroding, and contorting as I deface
The gorgeous figure that his family is so proud of.
I swing with saws for arms, cutting down any living thing.
Fuck you spotted owl, get out of my way.
Dashing towards then crouching and crunching
His cartilage with crazy hand.

Deleting any fear of losing,
I boldly gash at his face in victory,
With bleeding open knuckles and the anger of every man.
My strength is incomprehensible and soon the incisions have
Gushed just enough fluid that the rattling begins to slow
And the demons and diseases drop from my decrepit
And downtrodden soul.

Still cringing, and crawling for comfort,
His eyes dilated and filled with oxygen carrying cells.
Bruised, battered, and bewildered he inspects his incisions
With diminished pride, like a tiger licking his wounds.
I watch trembling with shame, surrounded by embarrassment,
And immersed in fear. Fear that the next time
The temptation and the tambourine will be louder.

-Brant Gilbert