

THOMAS BRAMI

My Confession: An Autobiography by Mikhail Gorbachev

These truths are not revealed as momentum, but occasion,
Like the face of Glasnost or Perestroika framing the land.
I admit that I made an incision.
And yet, when the gunfire is muted the people simply close their eyes
And enter a dream world starring Tom Hanks in political garb
In the same room as *Gran Torino*.
Alas, in my old age I am drawn towards more encumbered fields.

I am a boy of six overcome with a congratulatory fever,
The hand moving further from the face and becoming belated,
The toe pointed forward, we go into shock,
The white bone is dulled by several shades,
And it is this that informs our position. Who “we” are.
We atone, collude, and prepare the sigil for the dirt as if it were a shirtfront
To be spearheaded into a spherical moon.

My mother watched the sky with all her kids in tow.
She clenched her fists, and with these actions she found new ways
Of explaining the world. China is *Happy Gilmore*, Poland is *Jules et Jim*.
This exposed the blade as if it were a qualm to be gazed at through a telescope
Which I used to do away with my name,
Which I used to ask myself what would happen if a cat were to respond,
Whether it would be ethical to feed.

The Iranian revolution played a part when I was older
But in my ignorance I took a dip in the ocean and fathomed.
Sometimes, I feel like the continents are moving towards mega-fauna and that this
Should be celebrated with enclosures.
If I'm naked and in front of my pets, at times I am overcome by a sense of shame
And a hunger for sweetmeats. But I am no deviate.
I spruce up the tree, pruning for foliage and every fingered leaf that billows.

Just yesterday, I realised that I could still be running things,
And this gives the illusion that the crowd stirs as one
When in fact it's the shape of a double helix.
Right now for example, there are billions of people fornicating.
The shaft penetrates as the buttocks tighten and she lets her hands explore your body.
You change positions to challenge gendered norms.
Outside you both the world is not a dome or a sphere
But more like a poly-tunnel that we move through.