

## Severance

Dear mr. harrison

We here at b. Shatter poetry formerly know as Brandon Harrison Enterprises reluctantly inform you that we have terminated your position as father effective immediately.

This letter is to inform you of your severance agreement.

whereas the employer, me, and the employee, you, are agreeing to settle any and all actual or potential differences we may have in accordance to your employment.

Therefore,

Included in this package are all the holiday presents you never sent, be mindful, the boxes will be empty like your promises...

Also, enjoy the stack of cards left as unsigned or as vacant as your seats at company games and ceremonies.

We relinquish you of any further obligations you would potentially forget about in the future, so don't think about this as a letting go, think of it as a freeing up?

Think about all the things you could accomplish when not pretending that I matter to you?

Think of all the time you'll save not fabricating stories about how well the company is doing and how proud you are to be apart of its growth.

We release you.

We release you.

I release you

Marriel Harrison Jr.

As my father. Forever.

Take this letter, take this package

Take this sentiment as my eternal forget you for being the worst employee at the company of me.

I release you brotha.

Don't take this the wrong way.

I'm not angry.

I acknowledge that I expected too much from you.

How could you possibly advance in a position I never gave you training for?

How could you possibly know how to fix a company that was broken to begin with?

I acknowledge that the condition of your employment was not ideal.

So here.

Take this letter.

Shake my hand

Hold your head up high and breath a sigh of relief

Because you no longer are accountable to or for me

Here at b shatter enterprises.

Because this

Is your severance package.  
I hope you find future gainful employment  
Just don't ask me  
for a reference.

Thank you.

### **Am I still worthy?**

(Thor's Piece)

the five stages of grief according to Endgame.  
Today's lesson.  
Thor  
depression  
Me

Overweight, drowning in the bottom of every barrel within reach.  
Drenched in the stench of booze and golden grain  
Soaked in the waters of our own rain  
As if I forgot that I controlled the weather and the lightning  
Bogged down as if I can't fly  
And thus we become/became  
Stuck  
Surrounded by yes men and walls not fit for ever growing souls  
thinking about all the decisions that brought us here  
Afraid of monsters we were sure we conquered  
And nothing wounds like weapons from a war you weren't aware you were waging  
So therefore  
Healing looks like hermit  
Looks like hurt  
Looks like, I'll do it tomorrow  
Or the next day  
Like just one more drink  
For everyone  
Including the 30 in the back  
Huh??  
Oh It's me  
I'm the thirty in the back  
And they say  
The first step to healing is admitting you have a problem  
But you got to name your problems  
Got to call those demons  
And I dare not say his name  
Don't you say it either  
Don't memorialize my mistakes

Or Martyr my missteps  
Let me sink  
Become as Grey as the clouds the day the allfather  
Finally left me and my siblings  
Or as empty as the parts of the universe the day I failed  
Failed  
Failed  
What good is it  
[when you can fly and wield lightning but can't spark enough change to save lives  
Can't break the storm to bring forth....anything worth while or worthy  
Am I still worthy  
Arm stretched out  
Waiting for mjolnr  
Or friends near  
Let the iron of my hammer  
And the warmth of their hands  
Assure me  
Assuredly someone still thinks of me as.....  
Something  
Because  
Failure taste like flat beer  
Stale, musty, gut wrenching  
Tastes like axes swung too late  
Like heroes hanging up their capes  
tastes like  
Like  
Like depression  
Like telling you I don't need anything and I need  
Everything!  
Telling you I want to be left alone  
When I want so desperately to be surrounded by you  
By your love  
By your laughs  
By your praise and jokes  
It feels like...I want no more of this...  
But I don't know how to move to the next step  
And/Or if I was ever worthy enough to be Thor  
Be me  
In the first place.  
As if I wasn't already A god in the first place.  
And this  
Is depression  
So tell me  
Am I still worthy?

**Something sweet**

Some days I really want something sweet.  
And the only thing that will suffice is my great grandma Ida's pecan pie.  
To make it she said I'd need:  
2 dashes of love  
3 pounds of hugs  
4 cups of Chicago mass choir albums  
Two pinches of "don't touch that"  
A pan of patience  
Combine with the electric slide until tired and full of laughs or till you tell this too much for my old  
ass  
By this time you should have a dough  
Take it in your hands like newborn black babies  
And mold it,  
Knead it,  
Train it up in the way of the old school  
Making sure to get all the bumps and knots out  
It needs to be perfect or as close to perfect as one can be  
Matter of fact, make it like a mahailia Jackson song  
Place it in the delta  
Betwixt sycamore and willow trees  
And then,  
Bake it.  
in the Mississippi sun  
Or in a joliet summer  
Let the sounds of the cicadas and the trains and the occasional tambourine work it's magic  
Grandson  
Don't ever let anyone tell you your Ida mama ain't magic  
You can't buy this in no store  
They not serving this down at the diner  
Hush now and listen  
Take it out when the choir director signals for the tenors to get some  
Then, Let it sit on the runs of a James cleaveland gospel song for 20 minutes or the equivalent  
of one southern Baptist alter call  
Wait.  
like you do on the lawd  
Listen.  
If you let it, the pie will tell you when it's ready but you got to pay attention  
quiet now  
Something this good takes time  
Grab it too soon and it'll be too hot,  
Take these moments to enjoy the process  
She said this pie, like life, is a process  
And if you skip a step or the ingredients you'll short change your dessert  
And desserts that aren't good might as well be supper and we're through being fed what's left,  
being fed the mistakes  
She said we don't want what no one else don't want so stop checking on it.  
Somethings just need to be left alone

And when it's ready  
It'll smell like 40 acres and a mule  
Like freedom two years after the fact  
Like joy  
Like jubilation  
Like a kiss from that lil girl you like  
Baby when it's ready  
It'll call you to motion like Marvin Gaye's got to give it up  
Then and only then should you cut you a slice  
Top it with a large scoop of my love,  
Sprinkle it with my prayers  
And treat yourself.  
Because anything worth waiting for is good  
That  
Is  
How you make and eat...Ida mamas pecan pie