

Yes, My Grace Is Insufferable

by [Tania Runyan](#) in the [January 2025](#) issue

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You think everyone's a *Raca* these days,
a tailgating, line-cutting, spam-
blasting fool stumbling in a haze

of dope or *doing it for the gram*.
I know it's hard for you to breathe,
but even that scammer's just a lost lamb

with your credit card. You can seethe
till dawn, but it won't change my mind.
How beautiful are my shattered feet

that bring good news, my lousy kind
eyes that find glittering nebula dust
in the insipid, flatulating grind

(your words, not mine). Even junkyard rust
brightens the skin with streaks of gold.
It's about time you trust

that at the end of all this, I'll enfold
you *and* that bird-flipping, don't-tread
on-me driver into my hapless scroll.

I love every grimy hair on his head.
That's my beloved, molded from clay,
chomping on my wine and bread.