

Waiting For Another Man's Death

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When providence came down to Earth, we couldn't imagine what it was.
In the spirit of the game, we played detective.
But then to Egypt, to Lebanon, to Russia, lighting up at night, the gunfire
Across continents flashed as benign as fireflies.
The mysterious shade of history took its form,
delivering rusty signs to a dust-covered future.

There we stood, optimistic. We said,
Let's all work together and build a new tomorrow!
A garden city that will be spectacular in its ruins. But first, a bit of fun.

In our global infliction, our neural condition degraded.
We celebrated the ancients and burned our money
We made fun electronic
But still preserved our violins.
Oh God of the future, where have your laws gone?

I was alone. I told her,
Watch the moon with me.

Yes, we were all drunk.
But we all adored one another in that
Politeness which is forced at first but somehow treads the line towards legitimacy.
I wrote their essays for a thousand dollars
And crashed my roommate's motorcycle.
She dressed up like a clown
On her best behavior
Crashed her personality

In the wreckage, we could only find pieces of his.

And on my best behavior?
I'm not like him.
Slit my skin and you'll see no secrets.

And take me forward to the golden age,
Impossible woman.
I want to crawl into your mind
Caress you in the right places
And breach the dam of your thoughts.
I'll let them pour out onto the floor
Sort them and
Stare into your eyes until they shed their sins and become completely clear.
I want you to overflow like the Mississippi
Slide as water in water all the way south, be
Thrust out into the ocean exhausted as the old Earth
And only then might I reach softly into you
Slip past the cobwebs thick as quilts around your ribs and maybe touch your heart.