

and this old thing
this solemn notice of drunks
beneath the eyeballs
is a wiley decline
a descent into oblivion
a beer held lovingly
with both hands

there are those who would say
poetry is the discussion held
between an old man and a baby
there are those
who would say angels
appear only to drug-induced
appropriations of knowledge

and on the stereo
there are songs
that blend with the stains
on the carpet
that herald the age
of beer-caps and phlegm
cigarettes and meeting new people

but this young spring
is unknowing of its minions
it bleeds the blood of sun-
struck leaves and ancient
hallelulahs.

my roommate
is a man
for whom all dreams
are possible
whose jockstrap remains
adorned with anchovies
and J. Geils would not know
the length of his guitar

remember in times to come
the night when Scott
beheld the bottle
of a dream deferred
and when Nick
pissed in the toilet
that spawned this poem

in all things there are endings:
this pome ends in back-aches
begotten of the rotten meat
of malt. Let no man
rob you of the edge of
this night. In drunkenness
men behold the way the day
follows its sun above the green
of the shards of the bottles.
this sole RC is about
to let forth his torrent
of puke. A wondrous rain
it is. Let no one say
this Maine is a nigger in these
states:
it is a blessing none of us
know
let it be enough
that toilet paper follows the will
of this chronicle
that history, despite the number
of beers
is an ass-wipe.

Let it remain as such.
All you need to know
is the product of your eating
and the product, of course,
of your drinking.

3-25-82 WWD