

such profusion  
couldn't last  
something cut it  
at the pass



we drank until drinking was useless

walking home realizations took my arms  
and made me hug a tree  
a tree I was in love with  
secretly to me

I felt bitter at the newfound thought  
that what I was I was not

still rain will fall  
and not upon one but on all

bending trees and bushes  
to the ground  
(all you got to do is look around)

I made it home.

And now I'm all alone.

Life is all a sacrifice;  
Add another chunk of ice.  
The only way to keep the score  
Is to count the libations you pour.

I did more than five  
And look  
I'm still  
Alive...

7-15-82 lousy