

after all of what you said to me, here,
here in this shallow room of remorse,
the cancer spreading to the lampshades,
here I sit with a candle and a book
and beg you to be mine.

I wanted to be ascetic, antiseptic
and accute, ridding myself of the antics
of a dirty mind and dirty language.
I succeed only in my swearing,
quaffing a bottle of wine as if it were ice.

too cool, you are too cool and antisocial,
leaving fingerprints in my throat,
frightening the berries off the vine,
and remembering. your remember
what you bade me forget a thousand times,

that secret, that assinine secret
that was love. who was it said you sat there
to be raped, still as a sunset, waiting
for the friend and fiend in one?
no one. no one could have done the thing
I accuse you of, withered patch of crabgrass,
troubled hull, evening whisper in the bush.

that is death, this is how to live
among the many, bearing pain as others
will bear children, dreaming of draining
the canal. looking down,
I know that this is everything, between us
a skin of scum upon a pond, life,
death, a horrible mixture of all that is real
and right and good. why am I sitting

beneath the shadow of this torture?
why do I listen to the silence you are screaming
at the walls, the lights, the paint
and the plaster that was ours? you
are the resurgence, the reminiscence,
the knife. hell cannot help you
unless you will help me in this task,
this separation, this murder I am dreaming
that I dream.

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