

Having seen it all for himself,
the girls with their purses,
cows in the field in afternoons,
the mills huddled about the rivers
in Western Massachusetts,
the businessmen's briefcases
falling apart at the clasps,
he sat in a motel room and smoked.
I am a part of this, he thought
to himself, I am apart from all this.
And the vodka tastes bad. The sun
will rise in another hour or two
with another ugly message,
another day begun, a day
of heart attacks and the flushing
of toilets, smell of bacon,
the whining of the sirens,
another day of misfits and men,
honorable professions, hussies
and houses, milk bottles that will
focus the sunshine in splurts.
Am I a part of all this? he thought;
do I have a reason to believe
other than my eyes, other than
my senses? I have cigarettes
and vodka; I have a mind.

(Dawn appeared as he slept,
fulfilling every suspicion,
awakening every dream and dominion.
He was to sleep until noon,
remaining in embrace and relation
with a bottle, an ash-tray, a world.)

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