

my afternoons into night

looking out the window
smoking rolled cigarettes
drinking Sanka
and watching the workers
come on in
I wonder, how much longer
can I get away with this?
stories and poems
paintings ...
surviving on that ...

an insane girlfriend
years younger
who loves me as if I were
a 7 foot 300 pound black
with muscles and a
12 inch penis ...

she types at her novel
in the kitchen ...

my stories, my poems ...
what is a poem?

a book by Celine sits on
the edge of the bathtub ...
I read it when I shit
and I laugh ...

the workers come in now
I see their faces,
the insides scraped out,
the outsides
missing ...
I've had their jobs,
their goldfish
security ...

Segovia plays to me
so softly from the
radio, the daylight's going
down, look here --
the trip's been worth it,
the jet liners go to New York and
Georgia and Texas
and I sit surrounded by hymns that
nobody can take away
as the workers bend over
hot soup and cold
wives.