

between the sheets at his place, what should her feet get tangled in except for a pair of his wife's dirty underwear.

i sat up, wondered what she'd say about me, the poet with a pecker shrinking like an elongated balloon with a slow leak.

3/25/79

choices

it was all so simple, then.
like the bold little punks that we were,
we'd approach perfect strangers outside
the local liquor store and ask them to buy
our beer for us. eventually somebody would,
and we'd head for the sanctuary of the nearby
railroad tracks, drink our adolescent asses into oblivion.
we almost always found ourselves pressing our ears
to the cold steel of the track, listening to the
music of strange noises coming towards us from far,
far away. but the impatience of youth never allowed
us to sit and wait for whatever was coming our way.
and as the years raced by, we went separate ways,
finding our own modes of transportation.

that was 10 yrs. ago, and now we're sitting in
the garage of his new home, and he's chain smoking
cigarettes faster than i can keep count.
he's talking about a marriage going down faster
than one can say "Titanic,"
and how painful it is to see his hopes and dreams
drifting on the glassy surface like
lifeboats in limbo.

and while the crazy woman he loves prepares dinner
in their new home, he takes another drag from
his cigarette, contemplates how yesterday's decisions
can become so important today;
the compounding complexities of missing a train
and catching a boat.