he found them everywhere and anywhere ——
the young mothers, the lonesome wives,
the disillusioned brides —— at mid day
in the malls, shopping centers, the
air-cooled supermarkets. easy as pie.

a fail-proof pickup. something in their
eyes. irresistible truth; the magic of
cognizance. there's one with raven black
locks, eating ice cream, alone on a bench. I
not for long. "let me introduce myself ...."
another, yonder by the orange julius stand.
or how about the lovely in high heels
delicious legs getting into her car. his
private tigress a half hour from now.

he found he couldn't live with it; conversely
he found he couldn't do without it. some
higher moral order, an "ineffable something,"
seemed to call to him from vaulted ceilings.
ignoring it, he jumped at every chance.

he turned to alcohol ... the universal solvent.
the days melted clean away into years. he
lost all former sense of proportion. those
preternatural imperatives, once so blatantly
obvious, now eluded him. in the fun house of
life he stood before love's double mirrors
dumbfounded. the rivers of time pissed on him.

at the depths of his depravity he discovered
it difficult to even love himself anymore.