

A BAD NIGHT FOR MY BUDDY

he made me his friend.  
he sat next to me every night  
and told me of his life  
and his ideas.  
the work was hard  
but it wasn't as hard  
as listening to him.  
he kept telling me how  
intelligent he was  
and how he had all these  
sexual conquests  
and how he was  
also a  
literary genius.

one long night  
on overtime  
he told me that he could  
speak 7 languages.  
he named the 7 languages that  
he could speak.  
another worker said,  
"say something to us in French."  
my friend remained  
silent.

it was a terrible and an  
embarrassing time for  
him.  
we were all somewhat crazy  
in that place:  
that's why we were willing  
to work so long and so hard  
for so little.

my friend couldn't speak French.  
he couldn't even speak  
decent English.  
neither could I.

the truth about our lives  
was so hard  
that some of us had to  
lie.

it was our way of  
dreaming.