

and had another  
drink.

then something came to  
me,  
I decided that any woman  
an old girl friend  
or a new one  
only meant more of  
what I had gotten away  
from.

I didn't turn on the  
lights, it felt good  
in that dark room,  
it was quiet, far away  
from any war  
of any sort.

I stayed on the bed  
and watched the tv.  
I had never cared much  
for tv  
but watching  
all those people  
with all their desires  
and all their troubles  
amused me.

I watched and I had  
two bottles and I finished  
one and I started the other  
and I watched tv.  
I felt like a boy who had  
run away from home and  
had found  
his first room.

when the second bottle was  
emptied  
I slept.

when I got back  
at noon  
the next day  
I didn't expect her  
to ask me if I had been  
fucked  
and she didn't.  
also, I didn't ask  
her  
and I didn't care.

she was quiet.  
the screaming was  
over.

and two or three days  
later  
talking easily about  
it  
we found out  
we had watched the same  
tv programs,  
the only thing was  
she said she didn't  
like them  
and I said  
I did.

and we left it  
like that.

#### THE MAN AT THE PIANO

the man at the piano  
plays a song  
he didn't write  
sings words  
that aren't his  
upon a piano  
he doesn't own

while  
people at tables  
eat, drink and talk

the man at the piano  
finishes  
to no applause

then  
begins to play  
a new song  
he didn't write  
begins to sing  
words

that aren't his  
upon a piano  
that isn't his

as the  
people at the tables  
continue to  
eat, drink and talk

when  
he finishes  
to no applause  
he announces  
over the mike  
that he is

going to take  
a  
ten minute break  
he goes  
back to the men's  
room  
enters  
a toilet booth  
bolts the door  
sits down  
pulls out a joint  
lights up  
he's glad  
he's not  
at the piano  
and the  
people at the tables  
eating, drinking and talking  
are glad  
he isn't there  
either  
this is  
the way it goes  
almost everywhere  
with everybody and  
everything  
as fiercely  
in the hinterlands  
the  
black swan burns.

#### THE MIRACLE MAN

in this neighborhood  
about 4 blocks north  
and 2 south  
sits a small house  
paint peeling  
and  
weeds growing  
in the front  
yard

and  
all about this  
house  
are  
other houses  
with  
perfect  
green lawns

trimmed hedges  
flowers  
and  
polished autos  
sitting  
in the drives.

"I like this  
guy," I tell Linda,  
"I'd sure like to  
see him, you know,  
what he looks  
like."

"I've seen him,"  
says Linda.

"yeah? yeah? how?  
when?"

"twice. and each time  
it was the same. he  
was just sitting in  
his window and he  
had his hat on and  
pulled down low  
over his eyes."

"beautiful," I say,  
"beautiful."

I keep  
driving by  
hoping  
to see him  
but  
I never do.

anyhow,  
for me  
he's the salvation  
of this neighborhood.

it's when people  
all  
get the same  
that  
it gets  
useless

and  
here's  
this saint  
without  
a  
name.