

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.