"goodnight, Monty ...."
"goodnight...."

I knew which way was back. I got off the stool and started moving toward there.

IT'S ALL SO CLEARLY SIMPLE

the night the dogs came by to say hello
was near the time
to end it
as the ladies on the telephone screamed their furies
at me.
the night the dogs came by to say hello
I gave them cigarettes and beer
and they told me about the poet
who had to go to Paris
to select his poems for his book of selects
and we smiled at that
the dogs and I
and we thought about starvation
mornings
deadly noons
evenings of elephantine miseries.
the dogs said that all that mattered was enduring the obvious it was all we were worthy of: a minor bravery 
beats
chucking it
although we weren't sure why.
the dogs said that was the best part: not being sure.

the night the dogs came by to say hello we all mused about whatever happened to Barney Google with the googly eyes: probably died for the love of a strumpet as many good men
do
or went to London and walked in the
fog
waiting for
sinecure.

the night the dogs came by to say
hello
the walls were stained with mellow
agony
and beakers of curdled wine
dusty with almost dead spiders
sat around like memories best
forgotten.

the dogs said it was best to
chose what to
remember
and if anything were
best
maybe it was smoking cigarettes and
drinking
beer
and talking slightly about things
but
not too
much.

also said that most things were
a copy of the original
and that the original was not
much good.

left soon after that
and the phone kept ringing
as the ladies screamed their furies
at me.

what they wanted I didn't have
and what I had
they didn't want.

for them
I wish the dogs would say
hello.

hello hello hello and
hello.