

THE INTERLUDE

it's been raining forever here
and I haven't had a drink in
a week and a half.

I must be going crazy.

I just sit in these green pajamas
smoke cigars and stare at the
walls.

I read the newspapers but
the print jumbles and I can't
make any sense out of
it.

I note the second hand
going around on my
watch.

I am waiting on the ghosts
of tomorrow.

I look at the telephone and
thank it for not
ringing.

my life has been lived
out of key.

I should have been a
shortstop, a race car driver,
a matador.

I sit in this room, I sit in this
room,
rub my left hand along my
face.

my whiskers are sharp,
feel good.

I think tomorrow I'll get
dressed, go outside.

I'll go to Thrifty's,
buy a roll of scotch tape,
a bag of orange slices,
a flashlight and a
pocket comb.

then I'll snap out of it.
maybe.