

# Like 37 Hiroshima Bombs

*by XXXX*

Once in a while I have the time of my life  
in this god-forsaken Earth:

and I see myself from these stars above us—  
so small I am barely there.

You don't write good poems anymore,  
and not as much as you used to.

Are you still a poet? No, now,  
a poet writes me,

and finally the lines of my life  
are written with rhyme.

The windshield is blurred by fog  
because the air conditioning is turned up,

and no one can see us  
just sitting there in a parked car at night.

If I can inhale the depths of this night,  
suffuse my lungs with its evening

until they are pure tar and coal,  
I will gladly die from longing for you—

My radical suffering whose being is but perfection.  
I know it's late, but don't go yet.

