

a few of my favorite beacons of hope and tenderness

by Kevin Army

vicodin and joe henderson,
the calming sound of traffic driving past
in the middle of the night.
the parking lot across the street, the
car alarms i sing along with.
that moon, that smell of
night. of my apartment.
old wood, distressed and
beautiful. the
man i held last friday,
here,
where
life is a lucky thing, bountiful among the
drugs and flowers, the
perfect vision of my poor sorry state.
merlot, diet coke and
sitting on the steps, waiting for
things to get better, as
if they could. these
ruined verses of
poetry unpronounced, these
hands reaching in
so many directions.

our broken political systems and
the dreck on tv, both notwithstanding,
and even though i'm down with fever and chills,
this moment is pretty fucking glorious,

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just within itself,
in all our fine mess.

