

# A Brief, Protracted Reflection

*by* Matt Shaw

Old man sits,

Thinks of the Cats:

Catacombs,

Cataracts

Catheters;

Reloads magazines

In sensual forest folds,

Sweat and flecks of dirt

Like mosquitoes make him

Speckle-faced

And breakwater cold;

Skips rocks on lapping ponds

Where girls soreneck beautiful

Wear seaweed garlands

As gentle rivers slither down

Brownoid breasts;

Makes screaming, frantic love

By neon light reflected in

Vinyl (plainview) wallet,

Some tanlined wellworn

Bouncing heavy on his lap

Under groping (ringless) hands;

Dodges rice and kisses a bride

Before a tin can symphony;

Passes out cigars for an  
Itsaboy job well done;

Christophers over a threshold;

Loves and fights and retires;

And dies.

