

public apology (or, why most people hate monks)

by Peter Schwartz

I want separate twilight
a room with no candles, plates, phones, or music
a glass ceiling to smash when my head's full
I want tiny hand-

painted stars, not the endless, drifting milky way
I have no desire to put my eye up to
any telescope or to
understand how

a digital clock survives on 50 to 60 hertz
which trust me isn't much, a flicker
at the next rest stop if you're some-
body who counts miles

I'm not you and I'm not
a scientist, I need my little kingdom of sleep and pretzels
more than the whole world
my supernatural bed

no matter where it is, floating down some rain-
made river or being carried in pieces up mountains
on the backs of monks;
I am sorry

sorry that my obligation is so
rooted to this room, and that I'll never govern
anything worth stealing, but you must know

somewhere

you had this
choice too.

