

Sinking to the beat

by Walter Bjorkman

I want to crash over a cliff of sorrow, an old lady's bone tied to my hair, your black heart bouncing mine on a trampoline, that no other party could imagine - my corpse wilting pathetically into mush in the midday sun - a trick not even my worst enemy would envision. I'd wear my pajamas too, fitting for the big sleep. But I know I would botch it all up. Like you did your level best to in that email that ended this whole lineup of past secretive hotel meetings in discreet neighborhoods, my chest once beating so hard I thought it would explode in cosmic delight.

Now, I got's nothin left but the flattened popcorn wedged into the sole of my shoe from our last meeting - the original Titanic at the Thalia.

