

# Bar at East Capitol Road

*by* XXXX

My friend, drunk, spoke to me  
outside a bar where we hung out;  
and his eyes were red from tiredness,  
from the alcohol, from the cigarette smoke,  
and he told me about his grandmother,  
who pissed herself  
outside his uncle's gate  
because he refused to let her in,  
and how he wept in pity and despair.

In duly blooming like a lily flower,  
I saw within him a he that is more he than he;  
his insides were outside, and broken,  
but I stood there, saying,  
to me, lovely, you are magnificent;  
night sky exploding with galaxies:  
he, only light.

