

"Beautiful Boy! I am doomed"

by XXXX

Beautiful boy! I am doomed
to have attended your presence;
time consumes us, but you
have changed so little, your eyes
have changed so little, the way
you are compelled to touch me
whenever you ask permission to leave
the table because you must buy cigarettes.
You treat me like a girl--with a beard, like
from a circus.

Why do you treat trash so kindly? I cannot sleep.
I remember you always: As I watch the telephone lines
split the tide of the rolling clouds during merciless
Sundays of solitude and contemplation, as I drink
coffee at the head of the table in misguided midnights,
as I watch the waving of the trees in the tropical wind
and as if leaving the Earth, I wave back:
Good bye! Good bye! I walk toward the wilderness
of wild beasts who will burst my guts onto the ground
and leave me a broken torso and separated limbs, so
good bye!

