

# "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!

