

Ode to Monday Morning Without You

by XXXX

The soiled concrete sings to me a symphony.
I try to place my ear on it but a millipede
enters my brain and consumes it:

Handsome boy you are unbearable
in your beauty. Show me your belly button,
a native dent in perfect, smooth porecelain flesh,
a mortal mark of your destiny as a crowd of maggots.
Please stomp on me until I die.
Beat me up with the debris of my fantasies:
pieces of a desk, the leg of a piano,
cracked windows overlooking a garden.

I overflow with vile running water like the tap.
Let me wash over you and, with the day,
walk beneath the sun until I am no more,
carrying with me the filth of your skin

into the clouds where I shall rest
until it rains, and as a string of crystal pearls,
rejoin the knowing sadness of the sea.

