

# 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.

