

Wake Up

Good morning street, sidewalks & us staggering home, arm over arm... Lean closer Marlene. Hold tight. I've got you, heaving up the front porch, tripping over the dog. Shush. Don't rouse the neighbors. Giggle, giggle. The reeling key is finally meeting its lock. What we've got here's a riot, escaping, as usual, the dangerous, drunk & dumb: Those kids from that bar, their car's squealing tires, still a threat in my ears: *Faggot! Bitch!* Though, for us, some angel, watched out. In fact, she's still at it, a regular Florence N. entering my fingers as I tack curtains up because their rods broke, showering nails but you need to sleep & the dawn's light is a demon.

There, a few good staples & the dense rayon's secure, thick as our dizziness, though I'm trying to be clear. No don't call your ex yet. Wait. Rest awhile. Well, alright, but he'll be groggy or obnoxious as all get-out. What do you hear? A *Leave a Voice mail* message? A busy signal? Hey, I'll mind my own, thinking about the kindness of strangers & that tavern lad amounting to *So long, here's your hat*, after the risk of intimacy wrapped up his silence in a truth of its own kind. Too bad my words were more real, calling it as I see it, that imagined back room tangle only an exploration shrugged off because he couldn't be brave or adult with society saying: *No. No* & his pals a throng of knuckles. Not that I blame him, considering how convention programs everybody to be afraid of who they are. Not us though, Mar, or at least, not much----- tying one on for old time's sake following sober months & running the treadmill whether at home or work.

Time to clock off, time to admit this planet's a dance ranging between ambivalence & pleasure, dogging hostility & death. Shit, just for now, (*Madame, may I have this*), throw it all out the window: your ex ringing off & the pursuit of those we can see through even while empathizing.

You need a sleeping mask, another blanket, pillow? Oh I know about selfishness, arrogance, greed, all the political guilt & denial of our toxic strip mining era, but I also know: *Take me in your*-----Those words yearned to be heard or spoken, & with belief well, no, it doesn't matter, really, I mean it though, Marlene, that was & is our only crime.