

My Attempts At Domestication

When my eyes are sickened bloodshot,
I hike to the height of the tallest building
 and stare at my lamp-lit world, a screaming city
 my crumbling buildings, streets I've prowled under,
 lofts, beds, penthouses, flats
—on Ditmars Avenue below, which I obsess over,
 its tiny cars, microscopic yellow taxis, beautiful and heroic men
 ambling the size of pocket specks of floating wool—
paranoia of the dusty bridges, sunrise over city escapes and expensive homes,
 where the sun falls down far over the city where I was born
 where I drowned an ant hill in my uncomplicated youth—
my remorseful loves of many men and women,
 under dimmed street lamps,
 my once fabulous odors in the darkened streets
 distant and distance—
paths crossing in these hidden arenas,
 summed up history, coupling my collected absences
 and celebratory ecstasies in the middle of the night—
—sun shining down on all I own, all I formerly owned
 in one fogged eye blinks over the horizon
 in the finality of my last eternity—
 A savage rage.

drowsy,
 I storm the elevator and fall
 disoriented,
stepping on the blue and black discolored pavements staring:
 stained glass, plate glass, custom glass,
 questioning who loves, who uses body parts
and stop, confused
 in front of an antique store window
staggering, found in calm thought,
 traffic drifting up and down behind me
 waiting for a memorable moment.

 ...movement stops
and I amble in the emotionless sadness of existence,
 tenderness pouring from the buildings,
 my fingers touching reality's face, (not sexual)
my own face streaked with tears in the cracked mirror
 of some aged window—at broken dusk—remembering my father's fist
 where I have a lessened desire—
for blossomed flowers—or to own Japanese
 lampshades of intellect—a December spring.

Typically confused by the gorgeous spectacle surround me,
older man struggling up the unwinding street
with heavy packages, newspapers, hangers galore,
colorful ties, beautiful suits
toward his pressed desire
man, woman, streaming over the summer pavements
red lights clocking the time on hurried watches and
movements at the traffic congested curb—

And all these streets leading together again,
so crosswise, honking, busily, lengthily,
by avenues, forming an imperfect circle
stalked by high buildings or crusted into a shriveled ghetto
through such apprehensive traffic
screaming cars and teenagers
so painfully to this hectic and congested
countryside, this busy graveyard,
this alive stillness
on my deathbed or mountain top,
which (pretty much) are one and the same,
once seen, once remembered
never regained again or desired
where all of that beauty I've seen must disappear.