

UNTITLED, WITH GRAY PINSTRIPE

I.

The dogs of winter.

Bitter smell of cold outside, comes inside. An air above a radiator grays.

Three women, nearly colliding in a hallway.
Heads down, eyes Averted.

I no longer look younger than my wage.

Well Let's! Let me be every day of every year, let of, let under, by, let breasts
go on, begin to sag their down.

Underneath the duvet, on the rag, I grab the offending area hard, mind; grip as
if to warn, Behave. Stay. Don't go away. Rock grinding on my palm. Pause, each
contraction aching. Wait. Do it again.

Don't telephone people. Instead how offended they are, when at the next
reading you see them. If then. Imagine "if."

Outside it is all small, rained-on.

She reads me their names, she reads the list: _____ .
Here is my other list: Bus. Train. Coach. Aeroplane. Home.

Stall doors sway shut, hinge-swung. Women wash their own hands, not each
other's. Flowered soap. Can I get away with, can I, a little stare. Eyes downcast,
face glimpsed through the crown of clean bright hair. The back of her, walking
swiftly back, away.

Somewhere in Manhattan now. A business suit, is what they say.

II.

That Glamour not possessed domestically.
Eyelashes, hips as elegant—
somehow a better fit.

Imported. yet

Wandering shod, is she still tilted down. Scissoring between wall-streeting
crowds, authoritative heels. See her. Can anyone? They? Can they?

The one in jeans with crows' feet is a ghost.

Black above. Anti-
nomian.

We turn a corner and CBGB's was just there, like it was there. The Village never
unexpects you.

You inspect me never, St. Judgment. An old
Capital rant; contra which, whose hands are clean. Surrounded just like me by
things

you didn't make. None of us not, all, implicate.

Call soon we'll make a date.

III.

Another one: aleatoric. When I

Buy things I
say I

need. No virtue in these jeans, just cheap escape. On my belly at 2 am where
we watch sentimental fast food in the dark. Our friends aren't real.

Half in tears, all ashamed for what I cannot feel, the shrapnelled, the
disembowelled.

It's the TV man with weakened heart for whom I cry, his wife and daughter
crying too, the young bad-actor-doctor defends his work:

"We can't fix everything."

Lipstick, topography.

She or you, picked your battle from the inside out. It
makes more sense, even when left behind.

It's not your fault I have no friends. We left the places where they were.

This fucking iambic pentameter.

[sarcastically] *Do we have a problem—*

[brittle] *If you're saying you have a problem—*

[triumphant] *See, that's exactly what I'm talking about, that kind of—*

Slam. Metallic door I slam. Secretly, satisfactorially. Such violence terrifies the
secretary. Which is reasonable.

As it is not to writhe in another office elsewhere all afternoon, riven, hot, guilty.
Culpable here too. Every ounce as blameworthy as without you.