

The Angels Just Have To Show

Karate

Choked today on blank Tudor boldness as broken neighbours
sucked through the seams of the shit they build with
ostentatious walls.

Smoked today, fifth time since 1988, with kids I knew
through springs, then again in falls, but they're not
kids at all.

And then it came-our world in my chest-set up by your
silent residue in my room, then in my car.
But for today, too late. Some business I guessed.
No cancellation, as if I knew how busy you are.
To know a love like subtle brios, eclipsed crescendos,
some swallowed whole.

Like things I have to look at: red hair and Rothkos, as
if the angels just have to show.

In fairness to you I must revise this romance to rust,
trade in this stash for cash, trade in these goods for
ash.

In fairness to you I will stare the paint right off this
sill, beat down the floor with my feet 'till you and I
have time to be still.