

## The Lived-But-Yet-Named

Karate

from hotels in the middle of the night  
i'm calling you out  
to candles cling tentative flames  
but they burn just the same  
just in case you forget  
sick in the silt of the strangest taste  
i've hated today  
still something sings within the vein  
i forget to fail  
i forget to complain

how much more can we stand to stay  
before clouds complain  
soaked to that critical stage  
with the overdressed words  
of the well-meaning vague  
how much will the Leitmotiv sway  
to compensate for our fallow-yet-vigorous play  
on this century's take  
on the lived-but-yet-named

hold out, hold out  
because this moon is twice as good  
when you see through a year of nights  
what you thought you understood  
set out, set out  
because this haze is bound to wane  
it can no longer pretend to hide  
the will of third-class seats on tomorrow's trains