

Heartache, heartache \_\_\_\_\_ heartbreak  
Like lonely, poison ammonia fumes  
Seeping under my door

cry, cry a beggar's tears

tears of indigence  
Tears of Synchronicity, which forbids coincidence  
Indefatigable tears of remembrance

cry, cry out to the night

shouts of anger  
but also shouts, not of forgiveness,  
but at least of indifference

though indifference is, itself, what I cannot  
forgive

A moment, a moment \_\_\_\_\_ of quiet

Like the pause before a storm  
or the stillness in its wake

. its destruction, done

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Days slip like the vortex trailing an oil tanker  
into fantasies of Tsarist Russia

I had a dream, or maybe a premonition  
of not being able to find a dear friend's phone number  
hassling with long distance information, and

I realized that Nicholas never had this problem

It's not so much that I envy him

for it seems clear (and seemed so even in his time)

that his power would give way to an anachronistic revolution

I merely understood that the sort of crazed anarchist who would refuse to locate  
a telephone number

for the empirical leader of the (then) world's largest country (and now)

would surely never advance to the position of long distance operator for AT&T

He would (and I apologize to you women for unjustly calling any crazed anarchist, "he")  
more likely,

be sold into slavery aboard the engine room of an arab tanker

or perhaps be forgotten amongst the working masses

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I got something

wrapped in a bundle

a little piece of plaid clothe, found who knows where,

tied off with a borrowed piece of string,

for string is always borrowed, in a certain way no one can deny that truth

if not from a friend, then from an acquaintance of some sort

It's got no more

than a few ounces, you could weigh it to see