Heartache, heartache heartbreak
Like lonely, poison ammonia fumes
Seeping under my door
cry, cry a beggar’s tears
tears of indigence
Tears of Syncronicity, 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

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 empriral 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

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 aquaintance of some sort
it’s got no more
than a few ounces, you could weigh it to see