

## ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

Pale pals, pots and pans,  
we modulate through harm.

We ride our bathtubs to the bottom of the East River  
in search of the second sleep of night;  
fix a shopping cart as a sidecar  
in case the bathtub doesn't work right.

We are married to an unfaithful world in a green sulfurous light.

A blue star does its part for shoplifters in the woods;  
it's pre-natal syntax for problem children in year 16.

Tetanus plus catharsis.

Name tags and needles  
where people ate themselves.

Flip-book sex shows through wired glass,  
and a grape Nehi on the first day out of the hospital.

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we modulate through harm.

The yawn is ripped from morning's mouth  
as our souls are weighed in orange peel ashtrays.

I am dumbstruck by a dump-truck.

I hold my hand over my heart as failure tugs me across the street  
to a twenty-year come down that leaves me conditional,  
dry-bawling at the trustee for them to take the helmet off.

No flag for this country,  
of Dante wolves and illegal brambles,  
beer bottle sunsets and ambulance moons.

I would core my memories to run,  
but love pummels me and holds me in check.

The stoplight trines with my iris as blurred red cathedrals  
suspend themselves in geometry with no home.

I am dumbstruck by a dump-truck.

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