

Hot Today
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Last night
after a drink
(or was it six?)
his lips,
the spoon that
cook my fix,
lost the capacity for elocution.
His voice—
a heat warped
eight track
spewed vitriolic accusation.
The hitch in his voice—
once sweetly salacious—
now a siren's song of coarse revulsion.
And I said. . .
"Relax.
It was just a fling.
I never even took off my ring.
It's not like it was love or anything."

Anger heated to a primal froth
ceramic rained down
drywall met with force
as I sat—
examining my fingernails.

With scientific sympathy
I looked at him
—an anode—
and he at me
—a cathode—
and together we are a diode
and *this*
this moment illuminates our fundamental function
of energy
traveling in only one direction.

This morning
alone in his bed,
I am—for a few moments—
bleary eyed
hung over
cotton mouthed.
Now that the smell of beer and booze
and the confessions of last night
are nothing more than stale exhalations—
Now that it is quiet and I can no longer taste the venom
on my tongue—
I wait for clarity to return.

I pretend that I am not one of the flaming lost.
That my disposition is not so sanguine
and that my thoughts do not tend to loiter
in back alleys and unsavory bars.
I pretend that it is

not so far from pretty
inside my pretty little head.
That my life is made of more than
simple mastication
verbal defecation
mental masturbation
self-flagellation
that my lot is not a fucking Caligulan affair.

I pretend that my heart is stout
and my faith does not slump
against dank and moldy walls.
That my unions are
Communions
and it is not my God that is dead.
Perhaps I will perform a séance
to find out how all this ends.

But right now
all
that is
REAL
all
that I
KNOW
is the bedroom door stands open
bathed in the light
of mourning
and sun

and it looks as though
it is going to be hot today.