

Étoiles qui se suivent

le temps est noir  
les amis vont mal  
dans la cuisine d'été  
seul j'ai froid –

dimanche soir on tend à oublier :  
Constante intemporelle, voyageons  
ensemble cette nuit

Sentiers qui se suivent  
sans attentes  
souvenirs délaissés  
On ne sent plus la saison  
salle à manger  
neutre ou presque.

Automnes – ton herbe s'aplatit  
ce matin y restait rien du riz  
que j'avais répandu sur tes reflets

## Let's Improvise

We fail together, you, addicted  
me just not good enough  
all that emotion  
mole hills erupting

so lost in our little corners  
angry for absolutely nothing  
you now below  
stone : i visited with your mother

when I refuse events unfolded  
(it is this space – the between)  
when cold solitude becomes  
a norm  
(sorrow pollinates the flowers i alone  
care for.)

It is late and I've decided not to  
contact anyone, this is where you and I get to share the open arms at the harbor  
pay to get the good fish at the  
decreasing price auction market

– poem for Yann Faucon

## He Hates Art

At night he smokes three or four cigarettes and downs five beers of decent quality  
In the morning he inhales breakfast and coffee and bikes to work, with the mentally insane  
Double shifts  
Every day he can and there's no shortage of insanity, he bikes home  
He's fit  
He inhales more nicotine  
Drinks another five  
Pulls on a cherry-flavored digestif  
What am I going to do when I'm decrepit  
His heart aches  
and his mind wants to race  
The amaretto bottle is placed back into the green cupboard  
quietly for his home is at peace  
less of a mess  
than before

## Looking to Learn

Four pictures in a different light  
The swan studies her observer  
The sun has set  
She nests

**Seedy underbelly you called for and today your moan still echoes as  
the rush of daily events unfold • where were you lucidity and  
forgiveness when the window gave onto laughter of child in a home  
and warmth**

**Plainly put your high-rises never invited me upstairs off streets  
named after countries**

**Now and Now and Now**

**The past is now slowly slipping away  
From the fingers that wanted so much  
Now the gentle breeze blowing pollen  
Across streets becoming familiar**

## Nothing Comes Easy

All bars in Berlin are smoking bars, practically.

So yesterday I was finishing early and a waitress I work with said drop by around the corner we're having a drink. And I remember walking in, still behind the curtain that is right behind the front door, thinking it's still time to just go home. But there is nothing at home for me.

Anyway, I order a bio soft drink and the older barlady puts a straw in the bottle and hands it to me. Every table is manned and womanned by regulars, the type that keep their own personal glass behind the bar, and their regular seat is theirs so if they walk in and a student or someone that just happened upon the bar is sitting in their place the barlady tells the non-regular they need to move. Or maybe that's just how it is in these old-school treasures further East.

Either way, blablabla, we're making small talk, she asks if I prefer we speak in German, I say yes that way I'll learn, it becomes clear I can't hold a conversation in German, we switch back to post-American.

The room is a high school smoking room (back when high schoolers smoked cigarettes as opposed to weed): it's a cloud but I'm managing.

We have the conversation where I explain why I 'stopped' drinking.

And then I get to the bottom of my soft drink – why am I drinking with a straw anyway – and I give a hard pull, a crisp suction, to get the last of the surprisingly satisfying raspberry beverage but somehow I either don't put my lips around the straw properly or smoke had even gotten into the bottle and when the insufficient quantity of drink makes way to air I basically draw in smoke, deep into my lungs (or whatever it is you call those tiny airways – bronchioles).

And I'm a little queasy this morning.