

Dreaming in Hemingway

I cheated on you.

I was at work. It was the end of the day because the orange light
from the sunset
flooded the room from behind,
only not so blindingly as that sounds.
Ashley was there.

She kissed me on the forehead.
Once, twice, again.
The third time she kissed me she
lingered
and I wanted her to linger.

Through the windows to my left came a neon blue light from
what I suppose
was a nightclub.
The two lights filled the room and transformed it into something more than it had been.
And then Ash, now Brooke,
looked me in the eye and said
it was beautiful.
I felt in that moment the impulse to abandon you.
It was sad, but then there was Brooke.
I kissed her.
She moved her face away showing me her
exquisite neck.

I kissed her neck in the way I know you like your neck to be kissed.
We kissed again.
It was passionate and hungry and it continued
a little while.

We both had to leave and
I spent the rest of my dream looking for Ash or Brooke
and not you.
I only found her again after I found you
and
that was too late.

Twilit Scream

When I wake it is night
and I lay there thinking.
A moment goes by and

that could have been part of a raucous laugh—

I am too groggy to know
and so I am not sure whether I
have imagined that scream or
not and any way
a woman would not be walking
in this neighborhood
at this time if
she were alone.

She must be with a friend.
She must be safe.
She must be... happy.

I hear no struggle.
I wonder if I should call the cops or
if I went downstairs

that sounds
almost exactly the same as the others.
I continue on
as I have.

I hear a scream

a woman's.

She didn't sound happy.

what I would find.

There is another scream

I am not I

there

and

in

her

everything

I want

in

constructed

walking

my

recited

handled

talked

peaces

within

which

laden the

walls

and

I felt

a sense

on all sides

a place

nothing

settling

there

who with

another

basked

at the bottom

a copy

was

as

I am

as

a remnant

after

one new
daze
and
about
when
that
stays
strung
about
reading
I
when
neither
experiencing
and
now
she was
I
which
if anything
but also
without
she was
whether
if you
she would
if you
she
would
and
there
as if
a
one
you knew
she had
and
she was
I've known

or
argued
she
challenged
and if
when
she was
there
so
that
she was
patient
as
who
whenever
though
what
is that
fully
she
imperfectionates
all
just
except
pausing
thoughts
throughout
my eyes
it was
lately
but on
this one
in which
in many
I had
the
not quite
with
most

from
it
but
from
my place
was
and
this
was
the opposite
at the
after
he says
I don't
I do
how
perhaps
the pieces
the shards
sing

The Death The Other

I wish for a way to
impart to another
how much hate I have for
people a certain ilk
how to convey to you
how much all that hate would
weigh
in grams or metric tons
I would if I could choose
someone living or dead
to convey to them and to
you
the full weight of this my
brunt eviscerative
total encompassing
enmity that I feel
every day I live
while I'm contemplating
them

I might choose that woman
called Mother Teresa
I could seeth to her face
for she tortured countless
peoples to hurry toward
a heaven that does not
exist

Or choose Jerry Falwell
who wished dearly to see
Zionism drawn to its
ultimate conclusion,
Armageddon,
and pushed as Hitler did
to drive all living Jews
into Jerusalem
so that I could show him

a two-state solution
that has now come to pass,
if only that were true,
to watch him writhe and spit
because he'd be thwarted
furious
in spirit of his work
in the service of his
illusory false king
the hate spread out for no
reason

I might choose the last pope
one Joseph Ratzinger
to tell him though he lives
that child rape is evil
and that he is evil
and I almost wish that
almost
that a hell existed
in which he could smolder
for all eternity
which as wishing must go
must be comfort also
to all those believers
intransigent
who have enemies or
people they don't like and
I fear that I'm like them
timid over the state
of my fleeting life like
just another stupid
mammal

I might, then, choose the dead
author extraordinaire
Evelyn Waugh who sought
the church on finding his
partner

betrayed his trust and shook
his faith in he himself
when he needed sense of
our senseless world and sought
comfort
the church restored to him
in the face of his fear
and self-loathing worry
and tell him that he is
good
and everything
that is, is
that was, was
that will be, will be
okay