

Raining Again There is Little

Raining again; there is little
left to do but vacuum the floor.

Tea on the balcony; a calm
wait for returns on my investment

in the day. By late morning
the calm has subsided, a second

pot of tea on the stove; water
falling in frustratingly thin waves

outside while I wait. I'm tired
and must rest before the real work begins.

The Buses Always Run Late in Spain

Although the winter passed through and past
this place months before I arrived, it feels
like a bus stop, a place at which you sit, wait,
and do nothing but sit and wait, like February.

At train stations and airports you can read,
take a walk, eat lunch; at bus stops like this city,
you are only on your way somewhere else,
watching down the road with thick vigilance.

Listen; I can enjoy this unwavering sunshine,
the wonderfully oppressive heat of August
in April; it's just that although summer came
early, I'm waiting like winter for the spring.

Pulp

That day in Grenada
I watched a dog kill
a pigeon, by the river
next to the rusted
fountain. He clenched
his teeth into a wing
and shook the bird
the same way

 you
always shook
the orange juice
in the morning,
angry at the world
for waking you.

 Shortly,
the thrashing came
only from the dog,
no longer resisted
by the bird, and then
all movement

 ceased.
I drew many parallels
at the time.

 The body
dropped into the flowers,
and the moment
 it touched
the ground it ceased
 to be
a bird and became
 a carcass.

Monet

There is a bench in Ernst Thälmann Park.
From this bench I watched people and ducks,
and wondered about the love I left for this city
and the consequences of clouds and their shadows.

Another bench, Ludwig Beck Platz.
Here, I admitted to having fallen in love
with my best friend, she confessed the same
to me, and we hugged each other until 5 a.m.

This one is in Lietzensee Park.
I sat here with someone else that I loved,
watching the reflections of willows on the lake,
not saying anything, just feeling sad, like autumn.

Then there is the bench on Gendarmenmarkt.
On that one, I waited for the winter sun to clear
the early morning haze from between the buildings,
hoping that it would reach me and my thoughts, as well.

There is a bench on Helmholtzplatz.
Beside this bench, our last night in Berlin,
we left a plastic bag full of our empty bottles
for a homeless man to find and collect the deposits.

Now That We Are Finished

Now that we are finished
with the airports,
with the radio's
sympathetic timing
of *Nightswimming*
as one is dropped off
and the other drives away,
what do we fight for, against?

With fresh basil scent
well soaked in our fingers,
we now leave undone
dishes on the table,

recline and observe
the lightning like a film
through the screenless
window for hours.

This summer is passing
like many might
in the future,
like the storm clouds
in the stiff, swift wind
that gusted the fan
off of the windowsill
and onto the floor.