

Karate

"The Angels Just Have To Show"

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Choked today on blank Tudor boldness as broken neighbours sucked through the seams of the shit they build with ostentatious walls. Smoked today, fifth time since 1988, with kids I knew through springs, then again in falls, but they're not kids at all. And then it came-our world in my chest-set up by your silent residue in my room, then in my car. But for today, too late. Some business I guessed. No cancellation, as if I knew how busy you are. To know a love like subtle brios, eclipsed crescendos, some swallowed whole. Like things I have to look at: red hair and Rothkos, as if the angels just have to show. In fairness to you I must revise this romance to rust, trade in this stash for cash, trade in these goods for ash. In fairness to you I will stare the paint right off this sill, beat down the floor with my feet 'till you and I have time to be still.

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