

The Fall

"VISIT OF AN AMERICAN POET v 2"

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Phones cut. The gun jams.
Now he stands in his ten foot hall with three of 'em
One bound to radiator also two wife and three his
girlfriend
The two latter scan his fifty-nine pence can of beer in
the kitchen
Behind ya he thinks
A mutual glance inherent from their milltown Persian
Alabama
Atlanta Albania whatever
Their wisdom confirms friendship
Too dumb shit to do or know
I am hostage
Their young eyes say
Jet-lag
Wreck
Arrogant
Big lad
He brought home yank
Their triptych mentality explodes
He laughs
Poet reads out quatrain

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