# Cloud

two cars meet by the side of the road

a man with metal teeth is waving his hand

this is not a joke:

I see now

I’ve lost you

stopped hearing things

in the desperate rush from coffee to coffee.

I’m never awake enough, I always think it’ll take just one more

it never works, I know that

but I can’t stop trying, I’m afraid of the consequences

things happen you never see

wires passing between men,

one leans over, the car’s hood is the upper jaw of an idiot

the other guy is hoping to think of some good advice

but it’s not worth his energy, he

lets the air out of his manhood and it deflates comfortably

he hates it but he’s from the city, what would he know?

he folds his arms,

the other guy points, says

I’m invisible, I know

I could walk right through you, a ghost in levis

you’ll never see my eyes, you know

but who cares? I’m not going to cry now, so don’t

get your hopes up,

I just thought I should

sit down

the guy with metal teeth gestures with authority

the little guy turns the key, nothing happens

it’s weird, but he’s kind of relieved, stupid,

but he knows now the other guy doesn’t

know everything.

he reinflates his ego, feels blood rolling back into his genitals

it’s going to be an expensive day (maybe

it’s worth it) but soon

I’m going to have my face spray-painted safety orange

so it’ll cut through the mist better

I won’t get hit by trucks so often, maybe

my features will come to mean something,

we all take our chances: maybe

I’ll take my chance, finally

mongo the metal-man gives his car some gas

the other car sputters to life, lets a small white cloud

escape

but I’ve lost you

(all these streets look alike

bricks and concrete huddling beneath the grey

of a variable ontario sky)