

An old man with glasses walks his dogs at night while the youths rest. I wear my sweater; one arm in; one out; no interest in fixing it; can't tell if I'm warm or if I'm cold. I fear I'm getting sick. I know I'm getting sick; my hands are full of vomit. What happened to the poem about the women? I'm certainly not prepared for that; *TWENTY IS PATTY WATERS*. The fear is that if we're truly honest and we're truly frank we'll be truly uninteresting and truly shallow. This poem isn't going to have a title. Most recently I've read Thomas Bernhard's *The Loser*. It's wonderful. He writes in one long paragraph; it goes and it goes.

I'm sick of vitriol. I'm abolishing fear. This is truth: I feel love. Love and be loved; hatred breeds hatred infinitely. Pour a glass of despair down the drain and embrace...