





waking up

i want  
to read  
the wilson odyssey

and make eggs  
burnt to the pan  
a little bit

listen to smart news  
like invisibilia  
and freakonomics



and believe that science  
can explain  
and save  
the world

and believe that intelligent men  
and their machines who i serve  
are servants of the public

and be back in bed  
with a body by mine  
by nine





I am an idiot sandwich





I just want some ice cream





i miss the building where walking in felt  
like a hug  
where the elevator smelled like food  
or herbs  
or home  
with broken pianos on every floor  
that students still played  
and if you couldn't sleep at 4 am  
you could always find someone to talk to  
just by walking around  
the cigarette smell so permanent  
they had to replace the carpet when we  
moved out  
the magic of steer roast  
mud wrestling babies  
or having time stop on the tire swing  
the endless conversation  
about mixed race, sex, addiction, physics,  
cats, porn, dicks, gay  
hot tubs in march from water piped from  
the kitchen sink  
shitty murals  
& great ones  
turning over every three months in 462  
loud music & louder sex  
(emptied condom boxes over IAP)  
sprinting for free food at desk  
holding a friend while they throw up  
getting them water, staying up through  
the next day with them  
asking if someone had seen someone else  
lately  
(they were last seen crying)  
(they haven't left their room in three days)  
hearing fellow students herculean strug-  
gles  
not asking why your neighbor's mom was  
banned from the dorm  
that's their business

email discussions leading to concrete actions  
(who has a blackboard so we can start a po-  
etry board in the lobby?)  
constant requests for sharpies or some milk  
or someone to go to a show with you  
free clothes & shit  
trash-chiq assthetik  
whitman or figure art or graffiti'ed rooms  
dope parties  
with some dancing and bodies overlapping  
each other on the couch  
libraries in the bathrooms  
the towers balcony in late spring  
familiar disarray  
fishnets, glitter, red lighting  
diner food to honor a beloved place that  
closed  
fire safety checks by a persistent ken  
(please return the door)  
his being so touched by the watch he was  
given on retirement  
he cried  
tears + laughter

i miss senior house









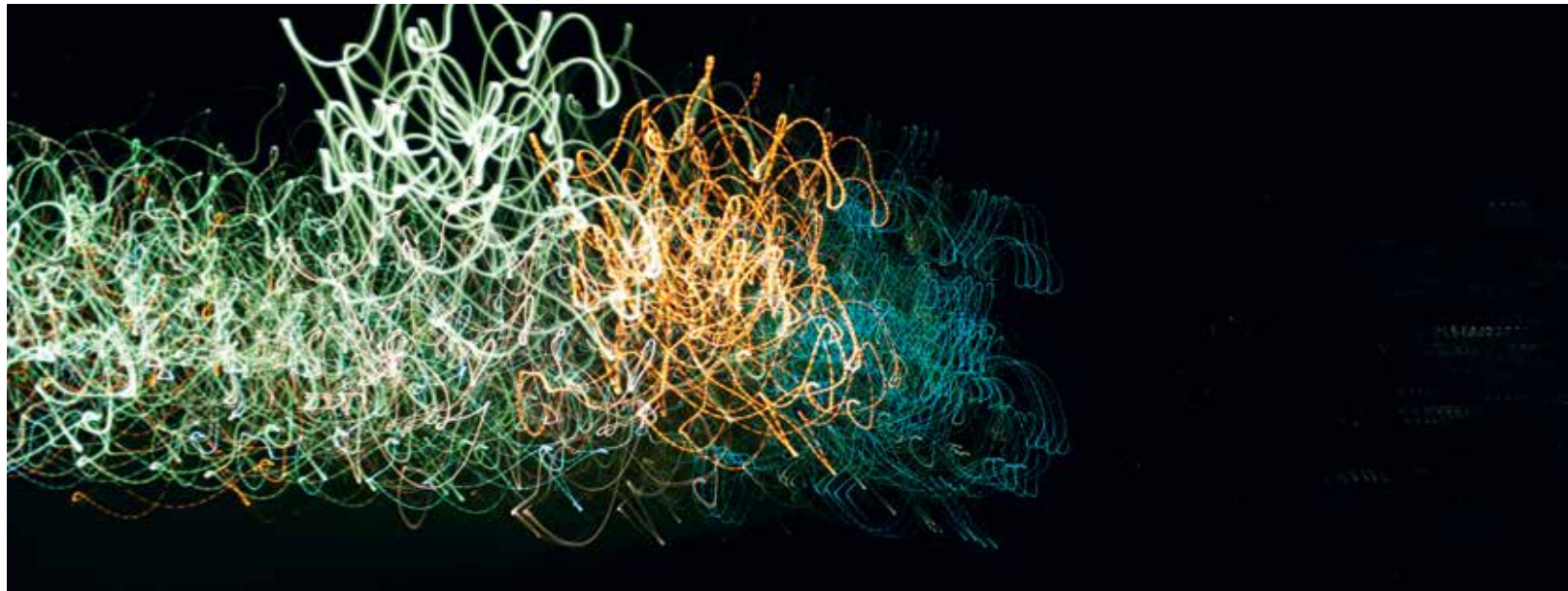
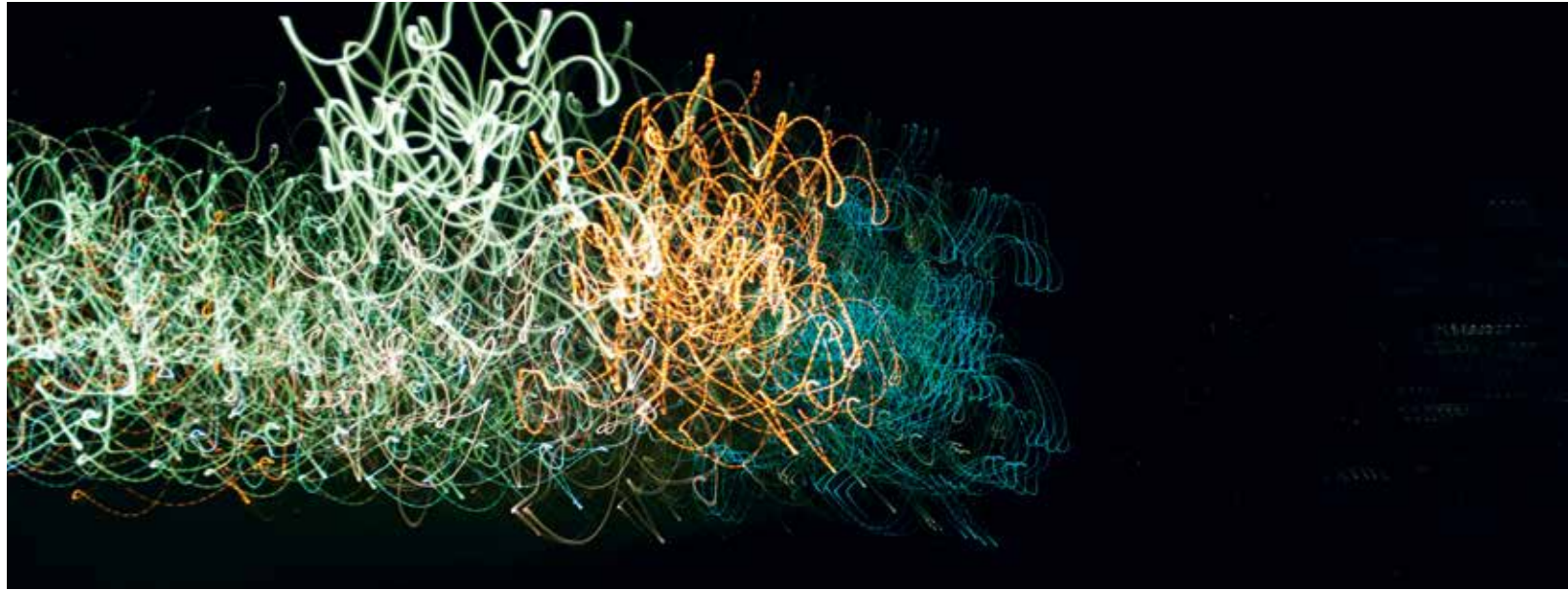


















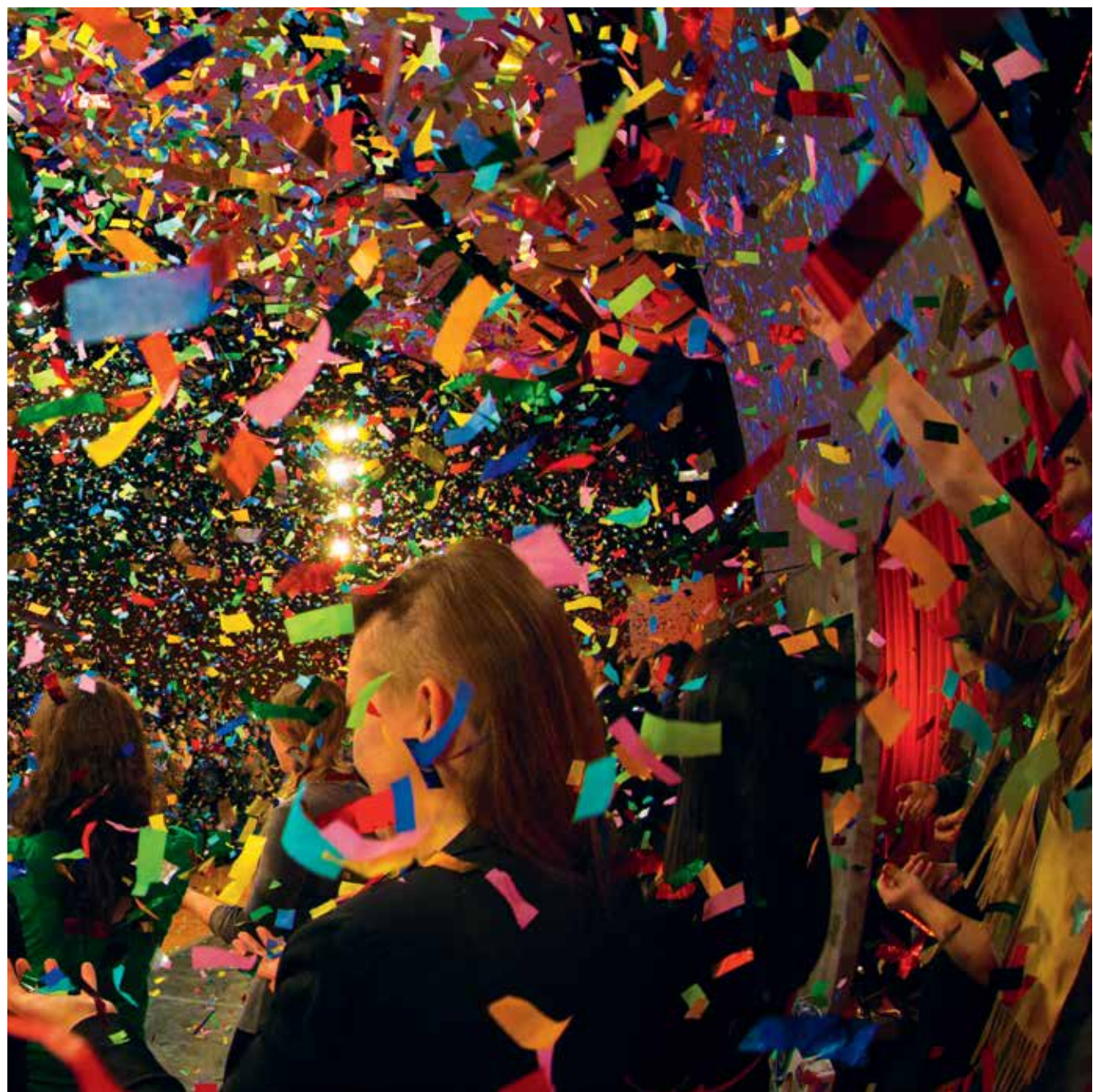
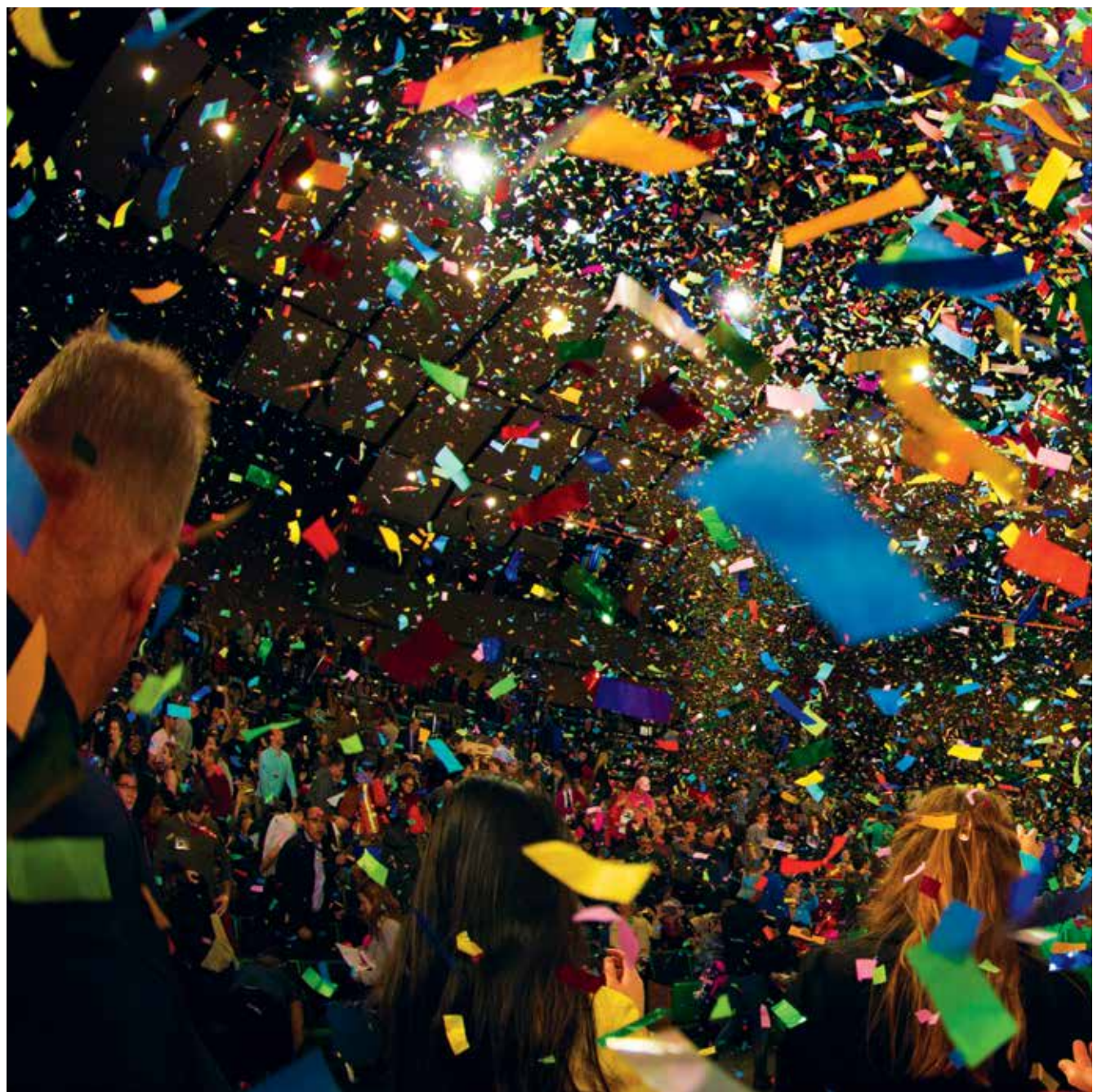




Live music and that aphrodisiac mix of beer and cigarette smoke,  
ducks quacking on the dock, the purple glows and arcs of weld-  
ing sparks at the north station garage, cars and the occasional  
motorcycle on the highway over the charles, buildings rising into  
the river fog.











Leaving the lounge at bedtime is the hardest part of the night. When is a good time for it? I have yet to know. That project is still in its beta stage. If I'm in bed before sunrise, I did well.

Now the sun is on the brink of rising. So I must hide in my bed for sleep. Then to open my eyes to the surprises of a new day. Of a new week, busy or free.

Good night

