

DONALD BERGER

*On the Thing*

Can you expect special things to happen when you  
Know that nothing great has ever happened before?  
You can expect special things to happen, you can have  
Breathing room, and wine, at no one else's expense.

The road to the back of the room, where all the laughter  
Is, seems so wide, I do not have to tell you how even  
Wider it will become. So if you're not tired, people can  
Go there, and ask for a drink and enjoy whatever life

Without pretending. I've seen it, I saw it myself. The  
Rays were those of electric lights but such a poverty  
Went, and still goes, unnoticed. When I looked up,  
It was three in the morning, a huge crowd of different

Colors was gathering. It was interesting, and people  
Spoke to you face-to-face whether you wanted them  
To or not. I remember feeling pickled with all kinds  
Of feeling for it, in the back room, on the small street,

Wherever. Can you imagine looking at it for fourteen  
Straight hours and never forgetting what you had to go  
Back to? But it wasn't dangerous, so unlike sugar or  
Tobacco or meat it wasn't funny. Fourteen times in

Six days I was forced to write to them about it, on bland  
Postcards with pictures of grass on them, or maybe  
A flower. By the grace of god it seemed not to punish  
Anything for being there without listing, shoving. One

Guy tried to sell me a knife, and another offered to buy  
It back from me, after I bought it. The moon had an un-  
Documented shape to it. It was lathered. Steam tried  
Reaching up to it, refusing to hide its hands. Soon we

Got tired of wishing for things, and didn't love it, refusing  
Even this last want, for someone to drive up and say we  
Didn't have to do anything anymore, and that the place  
Looked good, spreading itself out under us or above us.