

MY LAST THREE WIVES

I left my last three wives
incognito I grew a moustache
I gave them all false names
you were the provocateur
you the conspirator
and you were the indigent

now I throw wild parties
dancing around the wedding rings
blowing smoke through all the holes
nothing makes me happy anymore

all day I walk down the corridors
knocking on the widows' doors
asking them "Who can compare with the dead?"
sometimes they try not to answer me

I hate all these mirrors and the smoke
in the lobby all this waiting
for love makes me nervous
someone is unwriting the messages meant for me
tying the telephone up in knots

So now I have to climb the treetops
looking in all the windows
on one floor I am making conversation
on another I seem to be making love
what a way to pass the time

watching a man take off his pants
putting out a cigarette
hoping someone will discover me