

STREET CRY

As if the old game were playing again
a dream in which the rich are friendly
up to a point, a figure certain to be
met now merges with the one already
standing by the bed at night or made
of numbers in a complicated way
you shout half rising to meet it
before it disappears, given there
to understand the processes
the smile of a wealthy man is made
of, hidden work along the line,
he's come to explain why all
shouts are the shouts of children
in daylight form, the day game
that rains down on short notice,
permitted to go on like apples
neither frightening nor free they hang
over the bed without much choice
and I'm angry about trying to sleep

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like a hill is still a hill and night
a temporary thing you hear
a shout you have made yourself
in order to wake up because
we'll have to pull together now
in the best of the wrong places
he seems to be hanging over you
cutting the fruit before it ripens,
talking from the podium about
values day puts a boot through
a window waking up remembers
to rise slowly out of options

receding in rows, smiling if not
that happy about mentioning
anything sends it dreamily out
the nearest of the institution's
gates, where we gather to be held
back, what happens afterward is
night, relatedness of much too little

light left on like nothing to be done,
that decision was made a year ago
today, in the middle of a cloudy phase
lasting longer than it's true when asleep
I see the body as a gun not yet
pointed at anything worth mentioning,
somewhat underused like orchards
you tend not to smile as much these days
with autumn in its magazines
there are many people under you
and to the endless side, shouting
apples in the rain, that kind
of game where you forgot about it
by the time the leisure crested
I was somewhat sad to be this
grass cut into sheets at night,
comfortable sleeping down a screen
glowing while he made the future private
money with no numbers on it

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