

THE SUCCESS

He asks for directions, but the street
Is swaying before him drunkenly.
The buildings lean together. There is some
Conspiracy of drawn curtains against him.

And all around him he can sense the beauty
Of unseen arms, of eyes that slide off elsewhere.
Someone is living his life here, someone
Is turning back sheets meant to receive his body.

This is the address if not the destination.
The moonlight dies along his wrist. His hand
Slips off in the darkness on its stubborn mission,
Roving the row of mailboxes for the name it dreams.

He enters. The doorman nods and vanishes.
The elevator ascends smoothly to his desire.
The light in the hall, the door against his cheek . . .
He has arrived. He recognizes the laughter.