L.A., LOITERINGS

1. Convalescent Home

High on painkillers, the old don't hear their bones hollering anything tonight.

They turn harmless and furry, licking themselves goodbye

They are the small animals vanishing at the road's edge everywhere

2. The Myth

The go-go girl yawns.
The cheap dye
her mother swiped from
a five and ten has turned
her hair green,
but her eyes are flat
and still as thumb prints, or
the dead presidents pressed
into coins.

She glints
She is like
the screen flickering in
an empty movie house
far into the night.

3. Spider

In the bruised doorway that has been jimmied open, even the dark spider shines, tears at its belly and moves sideways a little on its web, swaying,

while my hand on this pencil knows nothing, moves back and forth, takes hold of things, is never sorry.