

## COMPLETE AND SELECTED

Waking up when I did not want to wake up.  
Her alarm going off, she poured me  
Cold water in a glass  
And went to work in our living room. Falling asleep again I dreamed  
About gangs, beatings, a church with nowhere to pray to be found, a woman  
in a pantsuit  
Asking me if I was looking for something  
And saying no, thinking about calling her to warn her  
About gangs since I did not want her to  
Get beaten while running, leaving the city in a car I was not driving  
Because I was running, cop cars staking out on the  
Opposite side of the canal, finding hundreds of  
Discarded diagnoses in manila envelopes.

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A dig guarded by a marine, a paleontologist,  
A plank breaking under my weight I held onto the  
Edge of a brick wall until a plywood board  
Came off in my hand, a marine telling  
Me to let go, a floor an inch from  
The bottoms of my feet, a utopia  
Two overpasses across the street  
Lead to, a city at a distance swarmed by  
Copters, police showing up while  
I watched it on TV with my family.  
A redheaded child I did not recognize was hand-led  
To an ocean beyond a beach beyond a deck  
By a redheaded naked woman, a disappearing purple blouse, and a  
Book of illustrated dirty jokes for children.

Waking up while she read a translation  
We sat and talked and laughed about last night, watched TV on my laptop  
And ate hummus and pita. I took trash downstairs on a sunny day  
But was unable to determine what was so emotional

As I stood on the veranda smoking holding two  
Letters I had received. Across the street  
A white dog sat on a doormat breathing, went down the porch  
Steps into the yard across the street, then underneath  
The porch circa some hole or other it had dug, then  
Came back out. It was tied up. The man across the street  
Who we used to think was Andy but in fact  
Is John came outside and asked me a question I answered. He said good for  
me  
Then took one step back and two or three to his left  
So his eyes were shadowed by his roof edge  
And I asked him a question he answered. Then John reentered his place.  
I flicked my cigarette into the driveway. I thought three things...

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Coming in, taking a shower, deciding to  
And figuring there is nothing like something, making the bed  
And remembering her birthday last week, watching over twenty hours  
Of TV on my laptop, having hardly even enough money to  
Eat, smoke, or get drunk, knowing I  
Have not been working but some  
Have as she turned to me to ask me how old she was  
Or for a glass of water or a pillow  
I say how happy I think I am.  
I look up and a car drives by  
I can hear outside, orange leaves looking like they are rustling  
Over the apartment building in calming  
Fall breezes out beyond our window.