

## House of fragile.

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In the confrontation, after hours of avoiding can't elude the mirror of one bruise that's been three weeks on one slack white thigh, all that punctured and red under fluorescence, and looked into my own dark eyes and thought viciously, I wish I were dead. To feel a right to breathe air, be on this surface. The scourge myself, doctoral hell of personal device. When a soul breaks, stays just as broken. Haven't burned enough by a late flame. Where might be the means, engine of survival, the ready war. By contrast, still seeking out a drinking partner. Someone to throw me against the wall at the end of the dance. My watch, my tapping satin toe, my wilted stamens. At the end of a continent he sleeps, cocooned and cocoaed, rain dripping, an alarm set before sunup. Thought of me remains cool-eyed, dim and pretty and has nothing to do with this red-haired heart. What things I get into, get access to. For a black-and-white jacket photo, I have to promise to stay out of those cold November rivers. It's not a deal. I cut none with panders and peddlers. Lie on my left side, crossed arms over tripping ballooning heart. When it billows too far out or can't shrink back in again, permanent dilate someday, I'd have to laugh if I were still around. The angels make blue spaces hum, startle, might get lucky. If not, well okay. If so, then so. Don't anyone tell me energy's for outward. Why else drink brandy, eat strong meat. Why else be ingested. Beating myself over the head with my head doesn't hurt enough. Slice the turkey next. Array arms, calves, tongue on a deli platter, be the veal. Now that I broke down in her office she'll never write references for me. Now that I hung up I can't call him back again. Christ have mercy on me a sinner. Left all my pianos out in the rain.