

david smith

i am infatuated with the mob that rules

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the streets of the city

i can't explain the force that
propels my thoughts through concrete
and into the bare parlors of
brownstones and the
lobbies on
the upper east side

as I walk from the park to
fifth avenue on a chilly day
in march

what is it that raises so much
vitality and awe that
makes me want to remain here and
become part of the architecture
and the families
and the aromas of the avenues

a column on the front of the library
a tree in Bryant park
a vendor on a street corner
or yellow taxi cab struggling onward
in rush hour traffic

and when I turn around and walk back
to my hotel at five o'clock
i am swimming upstream
because the spawning has started
and the press of the current and
multitude of dark salmon make it nearly impossible

to make my way

but I bounce off of them
and cut and weave like richard brautigan
through the chicago bears

like a doughboy climbing out of one trench
to crawl on his belly to the next one
moving ever closer
to a destruction

look around
there's nothing there
but the faces of instinct and longing
and i think should i become the
cold gray cold concrete
of the bank of
or a kandinsky on the wall of
the museum of modern art

sitting in eileen's salon

i'm sitting in eileen's salon
with five people who think
they are poets
and one of them
says
truth is
a titanium kite
a jewel encrusted frankfurter
a lobster the size of a labrador strapped to telephone pole
quantum jellybeans (hey that's not poetic)
what about you
eileen asks me
fuck

untitled

there

is

no

truth