

Timothy Resau

8th Avenue - circa 1966

Watching, usually watching the arms that move
the hands that hide a face wearing the lips of sadness,
walking down these stereo-streets, past the New Yorker Hotel,
Port Authority, and the endless bars serving
boilermakers to men standing at the bar at 7 am, holding a shot
of whiskey in one hand and a briefcase in the other.

I become a tooth growing in your naked gums
vanishing into a point cut along the buildings' shadows
I appear a small scar between the eyes that lay awake
blinking before a silver dream that lives higher than
any man should care to be.

I circle these sidewalks a blind ant trying to see.
I call myself to order only to watch the cosmetic parts
fearfully seek the characters as they slide about the
pavements and stairs like lost shoes.

Reality Blizzard

You, the savage couldn't get away—
that essential barbarian, exiled from a family stage,
with a stream of electrical heat, debating the future.

Lost in deadlock,
severed from Eden,
even found Russia boring—
Nixon's tomb a drag.

City lights—

Macrobiotic cooking—

Doctor X—

Fame—

O the price of pop music.

The price of family — the cost of love.

I just wanted to explore outer space,
and new love (think of it!)

But was found touching the wrong dials—
the dials to the sun, an exhibit of lights.

A thrill,

it was a cheap thrill, and a question of
keeping the past captive.

The telephone's at my ear; your voice changing
... always changing ... coming toward me

... reaching me with the wrong answers.

Many say you can't do it with pretense,
and where were they when I really needed you,
searching Tutankhamen's cave?

I turn to you with hope, seeing amber,
embracing our failure—

You in the phone booth, drinking champagne—

Parked tractors and buzz saws at your feet—
your baby on the car seat ...

and me, carrying the money in paint cans.