

Cane

I saw a man with a cane near the bus stop,
and nothing symbolic about it.

Just that I thought I'd been inspired by the same
thing that mused Wordsworth

and Hendrix and many, many others and
Neil Young: an Old Man.

And he moved away with his cane, barely
able to walk. and I thought

I'm not like you at all.

Meeting

I went to an AA meeting.
We felt like outcasts, so we all sat in the back.
We listened to the same story about God,
No, not that one, the other one.
And how each person's name
Was only an echo of each other person's name
And story
And drug of choice but a difference in degree
And the monotony of car chases
Handcuffs and gutters
Porcelain and galoshes
Shivering waiting praying by an old ATM
That charges \$2.50 for use
Losing one's job, friends, family,
Hungover the morning after fighting a bartender
And confessing love to a stranger is still
Nothing compared to the look on your son's face
Through that window
And then the epiphany, the love, the transcendence
Each mouth tells a different version of the same story
Remember a good day is when you scrounge enough quarters
To buy a box of wine

Or heroin coke glass pills whatever
It's all the same.
And afterward the man said to me
"I guess drug stories are boring now"
And I thought yeah but
The drugs are still fun.

Language

You may not think that language is a prison.
You may in fact think exactly the opposite.
"Speaking sets you free."
Or some other such
Lie.
A sentence is a cage of which the bars are words
And paragraphs each contain a certain
Dishonest final element in
Conveying what's
Real.
For that very same reason, in other words,
Reality cannot be contained, and truth,
That malevolent benevolence,
Even eludes the sacred
Fact,
Which can only be elucidated, finally, utterly,
In a sweeping arc of wordless virtue,
Void of that malignant caress of
Speech, describing emotion
Indescribable: