

A Night Worth Forgetting

2 glasses of wine
that's it
there's work to be done tonight!

People
always
PEOPLE

WOMEN
there
talking to me
but not because
they WANT to
but because they were
BROUGHT
to me

like a dead bull's horns

one of the girls
has body odor

the other
moles on her chest
and face

I get one
to the bedroom

I undo my pants

"I'm 15!" she says

I pull my pants up.

The coffee house
everyone writing their novel

I don't know how they write there
for every one to see

for me
writing is a private act
as is
masturbating
or defecating

it should be done ALONE

...

I guess they are trying
to get their name
in lights
as well

what sets me
apart from them?

Nothing that I can see
except NEED

I suppose EVERYONE
all writers
from ALL TIMES
had to *deal*
with
LOUTS

junkies
for the
printed
word

and the GIRLS
at the parties
have all read your
poems
and they think
you want to FUCK
them

that you are a
TERRIBLE,

DESPICABLE,
old man

but they love you in a way
because
many a night
they have felt
PITY
for you

jesus christ

the DRUNKS
think you are
WEAK
because you write
P O E T R Y

that you are a fag
with no balls

but then you
hand them their ASS
and they call you
MAD

all this on a Sunday evening

while most of
A M E R I C A
is sleeping

going to wake
for work

I'M *writing*
about a
night worth forgetting.