

Dreams from on High

The love of a
poor boy
is a true love

he wants nothing but
your love in return

because with your love
comes your bed
and your food
and your whiskey
and your money

and no man
is a better love-maker
than when his bank account
is empty
and he has no job
to wake for

he can sleep all day
and fuck all night

he is a machine
a perfect engine
a cornucopia of fresh rain drops
sprinkling over a yellow lit city

No stronger passion
exists than in the
loins of a poor man

I know,
because I was
once one

I'm not
anymore
I've had a bit of luck

and now

I'm eating steaks
in expensive restaurants

and I leave half of it
lying on the plate
because who needs leftovers?
I'll order another
when I'm hungry again

and I've sampled
15 bottles of wine
this night alone

making ugly faces
when I came across
one that didn't please me

the man
who had drank
rock-gut wine
out of wicker jugs

sent back a \$250
bottle of wine

all this and I'm
writing decent poetry

and sleeping with a
beautiful women of my
dreams

and I have a thick
roll of money in my
pocket

I reach down into it
and rub the bills with the tips
of my fingers

It feels much different
than the ball of fuzz
and piece of string

that was once there

how that feeling of emptiness
made a cold pit in my stomach

and how my big toe
bled from rubbing the inside
of my shoe as I walked
because of the holes in my socks

and how
the women passed me by
on the street
leaving me alone
leaving me wanting them

but
I had passion
babe