we might as well start with the artificial hill on governor’s
isle, or we might as well start with the way local street
violence deflates the pompous, the pretentious, the
grandiose dose of instant critical appraisal, no, we might
as well begin with the neglect of certain experiences
pumpkin carving say, due to tiny domestic compromises
anywhere’s a place to be for the roach family, we might
as well count bag leaves, they’re banned in Paris, I see
one know, shredded, I mean now, in a blank tree in
Sauer Park on 12th near B, where I write this amidst
people disguised as people, who don’t kind of know me
maybe, the playground scene, a place where I’m getting
a degree in performing what realism looks like it means
to me, sitting quietly between negotiations, i.e., five year
old June just handed some gum to me, I chewed it &
handed it back and she fled with horrified glee, today
we both hate the letter e, the gum competes with a
browning yellow leaf for cheap mortality, & we might
as well start with an overpriced cup of lukewarm coffee
we might as well start with the addict on the C standing
nearby smelling like lower Manhattan in 1983, I fucked
up today (this tiny little dude just came by to say hi to me
anyway), not bringing the candy, & now J asks me to say
my name, but I make her do it: me & we no like that game

© Anselm Berrigan 2016