

on a day like this

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I am bearing my time like a burden
through vertical rain that falls boringly
noiselessly, ropy like oil
a weeping, aimed
at the lap of the nameless madonna

conversations passing along
about cars, taxes, marriages joyless
and the roar of no hope
it is getting cold cold
and the rain and the rain

on a day like this
with no place to call home
I am sketching a poem like this
on a paper napkin
with the logo of pam's trattoria
or on the pad with the bud light herald

spaghetti gratinati and
a lucio dalla song
projects not even planned to come true
music perceived in mom's womb

all this tells me
what my life is about
here in no-man's land
stuck
between time and myself
my self-pity and this rain
this vertical rain that keeps falling
boringly noiselessly, ropy like oil
a weeping, aimed
at the lap of the nameless madonna