My Attempts At Domestication

When my eyes are sickened bloodshot,
I hike to the height of the tallest building
    and stare at my lamp-lit world, a screaming city
        my crumbling buildings, streets I’ve prowled under,
            lofts, beds, penthouses, flats
    —on Ditmars Avenue below, which I obsess over,
        its tiny cars, microscopic yellow taxis, beautiful and heroic men
            ambling the size of pocket specks of floating wool—
    paranoia of the dusty bridges, sunrise over city escapes and expensive homes,
        where the sun falls down far over the city where I was born
            where I drowned an ant hill in my uncomplicated youth—
    my remorseful loves of many men and women,
        under dimmed street lamps,
            my once fabulous odors in the darkened streets
                distant and distance—
    paths crossing in these hidden arenas,
        summed up history, coupling my collected absences
            and celebratory ecstasies in the middle of the night—
                —sun shining down on all I own, all I formerly owned
            in one fogged eye blinks over the horizon
                in the finality of my last eternity—
                    A savage rage.

drowsy,
    I storm the elevator and fall
        disoriented,
    stepping on the blue and black discolored pavements staring:
            stained glass, plate glass, custom glass,
                questioning who loves, who uses body parts
        and stop, confused
            in front of an antique store window
    staggering, found in calm thought,
        traffic drifting up and down behind me
            waiting for a memorable moment.

    ...movement stops
and I amble in the emotionless sadness of existence,
    tenderness pouring from the buildings,
        my fingers touching reality’s face, (not sexual)
    my own face streaked with tears in the cracked mirror
        of some aged window—at broken dusk—remembering my father’s fist
            where I have a lessened desire—
        for blossomed flowers—or to own Japanese
            lampshades of intellect—a December spring.
Typically confused by the gorgeous spectacle surround me,
older man struggling up the unwinding street
   with heavy packages, newspapers, hangers galore,
   colorful ties, beautiful suits
toward his pressed desire
man, woman, streaming over the summer pavements
   red lights clocking the time on hurried watches and
   movements at the traffic congested curb—

And all these streets leading together again,
   so crosswise, honking, busily, lengthily,
   by avenues, forming an imperfect circle
stalked by high buildings or crusted into a shriveled ghetto
   through such apprehensive traffic
   screaming cars and teenagers
so painfully to this hectic and congested
countryside, this busy graveyard,
   this alive stillness
   on my deathbed or mountain top,
which (pretty much) are one and the same,
   once seen, once remembered
   never regained again or desired
   where all of that beauty I’ve seen must disappear.