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## My Attempts At Domestication

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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.