The Stillness Of Euthanasia

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Your quivering evenings still haunt me
like backwards figures painted
against the sky. Suffering, you
would hold me through half-deserted streets,
the muttering gossip, stilled
under lampposts and street lamps.
This was what I looked forward to.
God, I was so lonely. I am this still.

Our restless nights in cheap hotels,
tasting of sawdust, hearing the crackling
of oyster-shells and lifting the sheets
of our ivory bed to check for the hidden
monsters who crept in the hallways.
If they were there, how you would throw me
in front of you to protect your thoughtless life.
I was always the lesser of us.

The thick fog that caresses the glass window
reminds me of another lost night,
another muzzle that lingered around my throat.
What is a drain without water? A man without a lover.
Let us fall back into the coolness
of summer afternoons, remarking about sex
and the fullness of Italy.
I would slip on your heightened terrace,
fall asleep with you, or make a dramatic leap
if only to see another October night
or the curling of your auburn hair
combed by the passing wind.

There will be a time
to prepare a face, a disguise of camouflage
to meet the many other faces like mine;
men who will worship you
simply because there is without a simple reason.
There will be a time to murder,
and time for a hundred revisions,
because I have known the absence of inspiration.
The very absence of you. My nights are dark and dull.

I have known this neutrality already. I have
known mornings, afternoons, and evenings
without you still and the stillness of you
The Stillness of Euthanasia – Samuel Brock

is far worse than our reality. I have measured my world with thinning hair and bald spots, and have seen the dying fall of music beneath the presumption that I would never play again. These fingers ache and bend like my grandmother’s when she would lift me up. We were all stronger yesterday.

I have known the absence of you. Those eyes that you fix on desperate men, desperate for temporary companionship. Call it sexual, call it painful, call it vengeful. Those arms that embraced black and white perfume and expensive dinners with side dishes and waitresses that were forced to wear men’s clothing. Tucked in during August and sweating.

Because of you, I have known dusk underneath the smoke of narrow streets and have watched the rising of fog from the sewer pipes that trickle from the chests of lonely men (like myself) who lean out of bullet train windows on trips to a wealthy and classless California.

I should have worn a pair of sharp, but damaged claws so you would fail at dragging me across the floor of your seductive ocean.

In those afternoons, our evenings would sleep and I would trace your naked back, imagining letters with my protective fingertips. Although I have starved myself, sacrificing my every need for one of yours, wept in the middle of the night, brought to my knees in prayer, and have grown altogether bald because my hair would not remain in my obsession, I remain wounded, scared for my future, and collectively broken like the shattered monsters who you let eat me alive.

I have seen my own greatness wither, and I have spelled our names ten thousand times because each dance sways entirely different. I was afraid you would love (have sex) without me and would forget the easily moving photographs of being afraid.

It would have all been worth it had you the strength to bear my hideousness until the very end.
of me. After the insults and broken nights of mistrust, it would have been worth the sunsets and middle of the night drives to the edges of nowhere, and the fiction novels, and the bluish underwear in the middle of our room. It would have been worth the secrets and lies, the falseness and disguise.

I am not a prince or a king and suddenly my hair is even thinner this afternoon. I am a short scene in a forgettable film or the yellow tape that surrounds the real public gathering. I am the fool who will grow old, has grown old, and will fall in the water and have my picture taken by young boys on red bicycles who find me amusing. I will comb my lifeless hairs over and will walk along the beach until satisfied with the images of our last kiss. I will retreat to my cabin, missing you more than previously. They are all I have and this makes me cry. I will not hear the crashing of our ocean.

You will be somewhere else, laughing with an able-bodied young gentleman twice the man I am with three times the strength I never had. Hemingway would be proud of him and they would rub shoulders over games of Russian Roulette in Vietnam. What a hero!

I have seen the smirks of young girls today, and although their beauty is incomparable to your own, the dull needle in my arm sends me traveling above the whiteness of ocean waves. For I am gone, and the combing of my hair really never was that important, nor were my heavy slacks or my matching shoes. Never mattered were the ways in which I walked or who I decided to tell the truth to. I dined in expensive cities and will always carry your folded photograph in my back pocket. You were there with me.

I have seen the deranged looks of modern youth, crying for the age of what is routine and will go on regretting the moments that made the broken us who we are today. Swimming over the sea, I can still imagine you as a child until I drown and a new me is made all over again.