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Forty Nights Of Violence

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Forty Nights Of Violence

I will never again
crawl over the blood on the Hilton floor in Bulgaria
to look over my marble balcony and
smile about the mysteries of naked men and women.

I never had a booklet or an invitation from beautiful
women to have enlightened and memorable evenings
of sex or violence, standing in the middle of orange Madrid.

Since Los Angeles, I was never the same
and privately cried over the many female scammers
that ruined my unmeasurable talent and once full hairline.
They dance with driving alcoholics,
writing in their Rum Diaries, men who seek women,
women who hide their addictions under
tight shirts and tighter pants.

I once knew enlightened writers and belonged
in Bland's household, discussing red wine and dark women
while on a plane to Poland or Peru.
Never again will I travel over oceans to music festivals
or drink green tea under snowfall in mellow Japan.
Never have I known an untroubled sleep, motionless,
or undisturbed.

Never again will I wander into an old coffee shop,
smelling of cinnamon and roaring with artful ambition
while my hotel skies overhead, playing tennis
with other loud buildings. I will never
pass Tinsmith Street and hold memories of you
at our long lost café where your mouth burned
each time you forgot to hold the peppers. Burning
my feet near the Tangiers or drink a fancy martini
in their aqua bar at Turning Stone, pretending
that when I spend money, I don't care. Nevermore
will I watch the sphinx eclipse the sunset in Las Vegas
and I will not travel through the dusk of the desert,
mourning the loss of one of our greatest friends,
crying all the way back to Los Angeles.

The ghetto alleyways of Atlantic City won't see my face
ever again and I certainly won't travel Amtrak's rails
to meet strangers for intimate meals through Kansas.

Forty Nights of Violence – Samuel Brock

I won't climb the Woodlawn staircase or meet you
at the sliding glass door, listening for the gate to unlatch.
I won't go live a month in France where Fitzgerald
Met Hemingway and Dali met Picasso. I won't crack glass
against my face in Thailand
and won't cascade down Veil Mountain. Instead, I'll dream
of you and your husband in Bali, while a skinny and smiling woman
gives you directions to the Boreno Forests where painted
men and women dance at your dinner table.

I won't go shopping for records on Sunset Boulevard, buy women's
clothing on Melrose Avenue, and won't eat valet dinners
in Malibu with regret. Brunette hair Thousand Oaks, a slim waist
in Simi Valley, and an overdose in Westlake Village, I will remember
you all. I won't teach writing in Agoura and won't stare
at the undressed mother of the son I am writing with.
No more argumentative and memorable summers, swimming
with lovers and best friends.
Nothing of myself, except in an urn of collected ashes.