

CHRIS BROWN

*The nocturnal ceremonies*

There are the turnstiles to NUMBER EIGHT  
or the dealer's codes compulsion ignores

*darn it!* the basement blown globe drowsy end  
ings unresolved but morning brings me up to date

the *City sweats* or someone's does faint-  
of-breath curtains of a bay window

painted shut eleven mute the skies, rattling sill

--

Overplayed street names of our golden image  
fling the kid home on the spinning seat

of an office chair send me the bill.

*Guilt me in the guest-room (from which  
all sound carries!) I'll have my humanity to blame.*

The fugitive scales the fence, skims a bonnet,  
and backtracks as any roving beam of blue moonlight testifies.