

A TASTE FOR DEATH

Shared we such a room
on Sherman Street, only
this is Washingtonova
And several years dead now

I open the closet and find
bottles of wine, poems
on my typewriter and stories
on yours, rejection slips

and cigarette stubs on the parquette floor
A Kleep on the wall for me
and a Patchen for you, Old
Bunk Johnson shuffling by Mozart.

Such was our life, twin-bedded
Jealous of the one and in love
with the other, a passion for apple-pie
Or a taste for Death.

Only dead now, these several years
Your self turns up to meet me
on these stone paved streets
And I cannot remember your eyes

Shall we say Christoph
the pact is ended
and I cannot turn a sudden tear
for the memory of your love

Your life was full of body
Frail but full of flesh, bursting
like an apple on the table
keenly to be killed.