

## Lost In the Moment

drowning  
in a bottle of whiskey  
in a stranger's bed  
in the lines of a poem I wanted to write

a whole year I knew only in nights  
under a Bklyn sky and me

(under a Bklyn sky)  
the blackness broken a scattering of stars  
and me  
the *night's darling disaster*  
living only  
for fragments

## Part of a Bigger Phrase

We decide to stay "friends"  
(whatever that means)  
begin quote *friends* end quote.

Those four little appendages  
sit snugly

not unlike our hands  
that have forgotten how  
to reach out and touch;

our arms that want  
to open up *hug*,  
but don't know how.

## Leaving Madrid

to keep warm

I crawled beneath your tongue  
trying to sleep

against the drawbridge of your mouth  
my body collapsed into a quivering thing