

Dear Scott,

Yesterday at midnight, I found:  
no one is easy to love, (but I  
will try to be.) Let's crack  
open these years and crawl  
inside them.

Tonight, hold me. Tell me  
you too are wasted  
and foaming with desire  
(for life, for that thing that sounds  
like living, for money,  
for more time...)

When I ask:  
Isn't youth just stony jazz  
skipped across city streets like  
oceans?

Say:  
I skipped Honeysuckle Rose  
and Stardust, they swung  
across the asphalt's swells,  
spun horizontally then sunk.  
(If you're quiet, you can still  
hear them hum.)

You think, happiness is strange like  
thundershowers. When we were younger, it  
was widely scattered, (but now, there are  
grooves in your skin from all the music  
vibrations over the years having bounced  
against you,) and it falls in isolation. You  
think, there is no happiness in aging; the  
music has been falling for years now, it is  
below a whisper. Spits of joy wet one side  
of the block, but not the other.  
You don't like the weather.  
You cross the street.