Sunday Paper

Breath
lands heavy
on the hour.

You moan.

Neighbors know you live alone
but think
you must be making love...

No one has killed you in your dreams yet.

You kick off covers
push the splintered window up
  breathe in gray morning
  still
  a little black
lean out loose
hoping
the paperboy
will see your breast
  throw you something more than just
the Sunday paper.

The lady with the crazy hair down the hall
looks like she
just killed one of her other selves
clipping coupons
in a frenzy
carelessly
cutting a few strands
    lipstick on already
without even brushing her teeth

She grins at the paperboy.

The man who evens out her hair
can’t believe
she yelled from the fire escape
told him to stop killing flies in his own kitchen with
the Sunday paper because
God loves all creatures great and small, black and white,
gay and straight, even atheists,
those clean-shaven men in white shirts and black pants riding bikes…

Her robe looks like a tablecloth in this light. Is she somebody’s mother?

He rolls his eyes—winks at the paperboy
    innocent…

    Newsprint
    makes good wrapping paper
    shows you how cluttered the world is
    how it all fits in one hand
in a dirty rubber
    band
just today
because that’s all you care about
when you’re horny
and late for church
and live alone
on a bench miserable with pigeons pecking out his eyes
—that bastard who loved Hitchcock…

You find the local news boring
The international news too bloody,

So you tear the Sunday paper into pieces,
save only *Men Seeking Women*
crumple it between your toes
paint your nails

masturbate

Go get life.