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Aloneliness

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College of DuPage

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The lights dim,
like a guy with a trick knee
that gives way a bit,
so Felipe and his friend
head back inside and I’m off
to the balcony where I sit and look down
at the djembe, waiting
for something to happen.

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a green pane of glass, green, green, wine-bottle green
hugs me close—I’m getting drunk on the loneliness.
This sweet, sloshing, burning liquid

Stumbling bumbling in a neon night, hedonism at its finest
sweet pleasures like peaches on my tongue
flesh rises before me, but I am alone

smoky wind, red moon, winking city, laughing
the coyote with the green fire in its eyes
is the mystery in the dark alley

Ah, metropolis of sin,
I walk your shadowed avenues
giggling with my shadow