



West of Manhattan  
for Jack Micheline

White hair and scarlet lap  
Indian yellow here and there  
Hunter and quarry  
Stilled in a drama  
Dissolve in hailstorms  
Broken seas

Rapture of charms  
Correct impenitent vices  
He sleeps in sailor's garb today  
With ragged and wrinkled bellies  
Among clouds, lateness comes  
Perishable caress

He is related to Elizabethans  
Whatever the hell that means  
And tightens his chinstrap  
Balloon-footed, whistling  
A monarchy, whore, and rockabye

In dull disdain  
Haunting his city  
Spawning wings  
Just want to get drunk and sing songs