



IV.

Hungover – the ugly
and the damned
have nothing on us.
We've just met
the witches in Macbeth,
who left their needles
on the corner
of 14th and Sanchez
smiling at the pavement.
No reward for the cruelty
that hardens their veins –
historical diastema
forecasts the day's end.
Yet, drunk with gusto
we find lavender colors,
red covers
with a black splotch
near the spine
and looking back
to that scene outside.
We remember that Zephyrus
Image print, now the color