

NECROPOLITAN

FOR JEFFREY JOE NELSON

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Bright windows watch
Abstracted
as silhouettes pass
in sober haste
solitary or coupled
between taillights
and streetlamps
and close at hand
city dusk invades
an interior
streaked with lustrous color
which spills across tables
scattered over a floor
where habitués
and strangers
stand sit
come and go
through semidark

Interspersed underneath
heavy music
the ambient
retorts
alibis
comeons

jibes
and
plaints
whirling
in starless air
altogether
roll out into
a dissolute glory
garnished with liquor
and weed
that at length
half tames
the irate
junior management strategist
nearby
whose nostrils flare
under sunken eyelids
silently until
he embarks upon
a tangled relation
of break room exploits
which know
no dénouement

His interlocutor
an alert
and pensive
if unsteady

listener
who is *in sales*
giggles
adjusts a monogram
printed silk
scarf
around her bodice
sips at rosé
teeters
on kitten heels
and tartly
interjects
here and there
Uh huh? or I know!

Reappearing
in suave profile
from behind
several exhausted
frantic denizens
hard at their kicks
along the bar
your companion
makes his way back
through all this
prosopopoeia
sets down three
fresh pints
brushes aside

a silver lock
of fine hair
from each temple
smiles
and loosening
an irregular tie
resumes

Outside
a wind sash
unwraps
from the joined waists
of an
anonymous encounter
then whips
away

Afterwards
you exit severally
through the vestibule
and night curtains
draw shut