three potted plants, evergreen, lifeless overlook
trees peek down from the edges of roofs in midtown
my friend and i walk the high line
daydreams of being reborn on the island of Delos
hovering over the Earth, or as a laurel tree
gardeners, propelled through the air, in elevator shafts	
tending to root systems bounded by concrete

he asks, in his own way, for an elegy to the city

i tell tense, shaking legs, i don't know whether to sedate you,
or go running into this midnight --
it is thundering out, and my mind is somewhere else --
brainwaves, like sinusoidal bullets, through scalp
when they rise; cerebellum, crashing.

wandering through the island like wisps,
it isn't possible to tell the friends you deeply love
how much you love them --
words will always fail you

slipping out, poseidon moves through me.
tomorrow, sinuses wear our faces.

the showerhead doesn't take on its own special face,
sprouting wires of water. i leave it all pitch black,
even dreams do not illuminate
senses flowering with gloom

unable to lift the paperweight off his heart

meanwhile you are roiling in me,
creating a ruckus at this dinner table
everyone can see you moving inside my body.