

Sweat

maybe
it's because
I've never
fought in a war
in some far off
jungle

that I sit here
now with
my own group
of comrades
sweating
as if
I were
under
interrogation
for murder

the humidity
couldn't have been
much worse in
Vietnam
than it is here

my face couldn't
be more drenched
in sweat

and the manmade river
that runs through my
legs couldn't
be more
treacherous

the sun burns
through the morning fog
like a knife through
cigarette smoke

and it zeros in on us-
cooking us

like pigs on the
world's largest
spit

all of us
going
oink! oink! oink!
in the heat

the sweat rolling
down my sides
like my armpits
are weeping
sweet sorrow

and the beer
feels like a waterfall
down our throats
taking in
the early morning
the only way
we knew how:
going all the way-

to the very
brink
of sanity.