

Cyclones Running Through an Empty World

I haven't written in a while
I mean, I've written
but I haven't really *written*

I think I know why-
for a while I was running
on love

and love is the worst thing
for a writer

when in love
you write poems when
you want to
and there is no
need involved

it's foreplay
for the mind

and you're
so caught up
in loving things
that you don't
care if you're
saying anything
of importance

love is a distraction
a faulty payoff

I had
three women
going at once

but now
I have lost all
interest

women bore me
or they do something small

that makes me hate them
or they're hung up
on their ex-husbands
it's all too much for me

and now the sky
is the same old sky
and when the telephone rings
I do not care who it is

and I feel hollow
as if a series
of cyclones
ran through
and emptied
the world
of its
beauty

I feel deflated

but now I need
to write

and I can be clear-minded

and slip
into bed at night
and sleep
like a baby
without thinking
of love
or bombs
or divorce
or death

and be in my home
with the windows open
letting the warm night air vent through
singing *Bad Bad Leroy Brown* at the top of my lungs
reading *Ask the Dust*
laughing and shouting
slamming the sides of my bed

with my fists
at its truths

and love can
wait outside
in the rain
I don't need it.