“If you’ve fallen for someone, it is nothing unusual—it happens to the most calculating as well as any ordinary bum—but you’re in deep shit, man!”

he says with the softness of a malevolent grin
He lights a Marlboro as if to stop the ambush of words from his bottled heart. He’s on a Hamlet mode, the invisible skull telling it like it is,
& in this telling he eases that pain—
O let sleeping dogs lie?—so malignant like a bad tooth’s,
but as in the earth’s tectonic shifts that rock islands & continents,
this pain is strangely dulled in every beating of the heart.
[Move, move, move! Or you die]
He sees me staring at his San Miguel. Quick is he to signal that, like the palm of his hand, he knows the story’s semaphore. He, Kilroy, has been there. What is there to say?
The history of loss is everyman’s common history.
[& God Almighty doesn’t seem to care.]
“O yes,” he adds, “that cruel rap is just another sign, a microdot on Yahweh’s nose whose designs we mortals never will understand.
& so it goes: the street wisdom of flaneurs, eyes properly grim & sad, hands clutching at straws like pistols cocked at some dangerous guys; that life, brief & linear, is a complex plot of truths hidden under layers of sand & rocks...
She, he points out, is a “girl from Ipanema” who moves, o slowly moves, out of his radar’s eye. This, panero, is your given: How shall you grieve?
Is it beyond the alchemy of texts?