

Sometimeboy*

There you are in front of my book,
poor man, there you are reading a magazine
about boats, your hair is white.

I don't know your name
but your hat says "brew *Moon*"
and your t-shirt says "Mr. Drain."

Maybe, one night after schooners
of beer, we can empty the ocean together
and you can tell me

what happens to the life of man
when it sags like that toothpick
from the corner of your lips,

is chewed by dentures to its very end?
When it is walked upon and filled
with crud in its dirty, tan work-boot

tread? Mr. Drain, you are
reading your fortune in a dry dock,
your t-shirt embroidered with marlin scales

the color of your eyebrows,
your blue Dickies, a jumpsuit
of varicose death looking down a tunnel

made of tortoise shell reading glasses.

There is your wooden boat
in the mahogany pages,
(*are you sighing?*) and I can see

how careful you are not to swallow

your little stick of a shotgun when you
hold your closed hand to block a sneeze -

you look so close to retirement
and I have so many questions.

* "Poor forlorn man, poor lost sometimeboy, now broken ghost of the perilous wilds." – *Jack Kerouac*