

WRITE A TOWN ON THE MAP

JOHN CUTTER

Ad writers' hearts effuse and burn,

but the words their feelings
pull

loose use
when love passes on.

Pepsi copy
is basin and cure;
the poetry of love,

that old shell of hurt

won't work

unless it's pricked on other tongues.

Our thirst has a separate source;

Set to purchase,
I court a ghost in clothes.

Your love long gone
trickles down my tongue.

OUTSIDE BOSTON

Summer catches Allston, girls

in their twenties re-
inhabit leather, dress bangs,

their eyes shoot

once, fall away,
flyblown bodegas graduate

into emporiums. You wake

in strange beds,
kids in your old style

cross against the lights,

and every chamber of the heart
fills out its paperwork.

FECKLESS BASTARD

And someone's always quitting smoking,
out of the restaurant in the cold, redfaced,
and the silver line is running nowhere
I want to go, no location to drift on

"In the morning, that smoke like a lazy dream,"
no, I won't give you any, but let's do keep
talking about your fucked up friend
for another half hour-- well, it's dull until

I start talking about him--feckless bastard,
yeah, some people just aren't in touch
with themselves I guess... I turn out not
to be a night bloom. All these corners

are stories I'm tamping down to keep it
from being ALL about me. Quiet, through
the mesh of drunk college kids. You hug me
goodbye. Okay, maybe one more. This place

isn't great but it's close. Is it surprise me time?