

DAVID ZIEROTH

Letting Myself Go

During the dark rains, for a week
and then a week more
I am mechanical,
but health has a threshold
I cannot cross. What is
lacking in me? It is myself
I am missing still. I recall
the day on a street nearby
I was returning videos
and I caught on the air
the scent of a lover I once had
though she did not see me.
Later, I leaned on my fridge
and began to learn its long
lovely note I'm now too
familiar with,
and I remembered
wanting to fall on my knees
in the slush because
perfume could fell me so, a man
quivering in the muck
of an afternoon street, wrappers
drifting past him,
shoppers turning to see
at last a spectacle to carry home
and discuss with partners,
what it could mean, that man

letting himself go,
his weakness draining out
to join the gutter water
on its way to the sea,
which will take
whatever is given no matter
how many pieces there may
happen to be.