

Bad Move

In a smokey conference room
2 World Trade Center
Kong long ago disposed of, you and I met
about our love.
You would give it an hour,
you had a date with the editor of the international journal
of hysteria; priming your face,
wearing jeans that cost as much as a car,
you leaned towards me moving the ashtray with your speeches
about How we were finished anyway *for years*
though we'd only lasted a little less than three
and I looked like my liver had about three more.
I love you, I said, my argument more full of holes
than the accoustic tiles about us;
one fell from the ceiling just as I said it,
and before you could say *Bro-ther!*
and head out the thick padded door, And
straight into Kong's hairy hand—

—Ron Charach