

Home

for gary

Cathy Comenas

I

When night enters
the Cable Car Hotel
he goes to some club
where the smell of
whiskey, sex in the bathroom
hits him in a black leather glove
the music beats him up

II

Red spiked hair dusted with sand, salt
a cross hangs from his ear
cold night eats through black leather
blue thin skin shakes

He waits for slow death
in a baggie of white powder
his arms empty holes

Waves pop below pier 31
faint music cuts thick air
as fog locks him in the parking lot

III

Dirty clothes piled in the closet,
a sack of rotten potatoes

Music from live nudes acting out bondage
on stage nextdoor

He sits in the middle of the room
poking a bent needle into a blue, black hole

The sun creeps up over the city
he throws up in the sink
then lays down