

& All Be Changed

R.J. Gibson

Maybe tonight: sleep? big spoon/little?
Maybe not wake up every hour? Maybe deep? like other people?
& when I wake, I won't be the guy who fucks
younger guys than you. & you won't cry trying to stuff me
 in your mouth when I say *not tonight*.

 Maybe we'll give to the homeless, the panhandlers.

Maybe we'll dog walk, house sit, cat foster. Maybe I'll stop laughing
when other people fall. Maybe it will still be just me.
Wake to piss, have coffee, walk the dog. Maybe four blocks
from home we pass a jogger:

from the college soccer team. & I might smell him: glad
for the wonders of the body: all those bits of him!: scattering,
 coming

into me, so I might recognize misrecognize: hot
gravel, upturned earth, cedar shavings: glad
for the midmorning sun, how it creates reliefs
on his lats & delts & quads. If

I had my way? I'd set the dog across his path. Trip him up.

I'd drag him
to some shade, dial 911, scrutinize him 'til the ambulance arrives.

I'd cradle him. Answer every question. I'd pretend

he fell to Earth. I'd watch him loaded, ready
to see him go.

I'd squint 'til there was nothing.