



...october 7, 1991...

basement room –
concrete floor –
twisted nails
underfoot –

mumbling rooms
of candlelight
thick in booze
and cigarettes –

muted conversations
blocked
before loose words
communicate –

no way in –
no way out –
a craziness
of no escape –

occasionally
a glazed eye clears
to stare a moment
unobscured –

then quickly – quickly
shapes converge
beneath a screen
of smoke and beer –

no one wakens
to escape
the all seductive
cellar sleep.