

one o'clock

Dan Brewer

streets are lonely at one o'clock a.m.
so i turned a corner and waited until you
peered in the window HI.

a drink in an apartment and we laughed
you liked bach i liked soc hops
i'm just a big kid and we laughed again.

you don't seem like a teacher or i like a sweeper salesman
and we made fun of that for five minutes.

it was time for me to go. no don't. so i didn't.
until the next morning.

people are crazy.

you told me good-bye during the night.
i already missed you. that's what i get for being
a sentimentalist.

a teacher. unbelievable.
i never had any like you.

next week rolled around and my mind was sound again.
decisions i made proved i was a "little kid" and we
argued . . . (i like little kids) . . . but just for fun.

tonight was different. i wished the light had
been turned off sooner. too much light affects
me and detects a wrongness in my lying
“little kid” image. i’m through lying. the little
kid is dying. now is adulthood and uninnocence.

loneliness develops a thinking process.

lives are lonely at one o’clock a.m.
so i turned a corner and waited until you
peered in the window . . . GOOD-BYE.

