

My Drug of Choice Was Cocaine

There is less than the field in the open air of the convertible
landscape.

So I drive on like a broken steering wheel,

Foot to the metal,

Pedal squeezed.

I congeal.

I squeal like air taken from a pump.

The basketball goes flat and the playground comes to a
halt.

Nothing matters

Except the way I walk into your hand

And the way you try to pull me back as I disappear into “I
can’t get

A grip.”

Howl.

The wolf is out looking for me in the Wheaties box but I
am not

A breakfast of champions.

I am like Michael Phelps

But I didn’t do marijuana because it made me hallucinate

Like mescaline.

My drug of choice was cocaine because it located me
centrally

In my body with a constant twinge.

I haven’t done drugs in thirty years.

When I was young I thought I’d make a pretty corpse and
die in less

Time than my withdrawal from drugs.

Sal Mineo.

James Dean.

Even I was beautiful before my face fell down.

The young black boy on the train this morning thought I
was an old man

And offered me his seat.

-David Lawrence