

## TOM PESCATORE

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### Dreaming 2 hours late

she was covered in tattoos,  
otherworldly, vibrant colors  
I clung to her leg, naked,  
brown, glowing, on her  
stomach dripping to her  
thigh a flower of the very  
void of mankind's abyss,  
blue and somehow not, there  
was something else and I asked her  
if they hurt, and she was scentless  
and sparking and I kissed her  
skin, sexless, humming, the images  
seemed to move, I etched them in my  
mind as she was turning away,  
I forced myself through the fog,  
I managed one more glance...

### Untitled

Away from me you'll fly,  
like this title,  
like my life, into the void,  
I have seen it happen,  
watch it happen now  
as snow sluggish, marches on  
white city from white distances  
in the west, I have carried a candle  
for you, burning wax off my fingertips,  
dry, I have seen how this ends,  
and it's so silly, it's so inevitable,  
away from me, I'll die.

## **Christmas Card**

Parked up next to  
empty lot snowy mix  
falling, gray sky spinning  
halos of white about our heads,  
seems like winter now,  
or Christmas or both,  
if I had time to consider  
it, but December is here,  
I missed the last few months  
the last few years,  
all washed out in white.

## **Letters**

I'll scatter a message  
to you across the gray roads of  
America,  
you'll have to get out there  
to read it  
tho,  
you'll have to get  
that pack up on your  
shoulders,  
you'll have to sleep  
beneath the million billion  
stars,  
you'll have to know  
Utah in the cold blazing  
night,  
You'll have to find  
the Rocky Mountains freezing under winter's  
chill,  
You'll have to catch  
that Pacific ocean with the sun yellow coming  
down,  
You'll have to remember all  
the stories I sang to you that  
night,  
You'll have to look back  
and see yourself in the blue-green  
hills,  
it's there you'll find the  
letters waiting, written in cloudy American

skies,  
It's there you'll understand  
why I left them for  
you,  
and why you have to keep going--

### **23rd st. works from home**

23rd street  
fires, cars ablazin',  
driver gettin' his laundry  
and the story at the taco  
truck is building with each  
half known fact/each lie  
says, "anybody in there?"  
(the whole car is up in flames  
now, smoke billowing 3 stories  
and adjacent buildings fire  
alarms squealing)  
someone earlier had seen him  
exit stage right, (said  
might he maybe have struck  
a pole--no damage to the hood tho)  
so we repeat it (that the driver escaped)  
figuring he probably did looking  
to call for help (?)  
and now everyone with  
their phones out is free  
to click and save misfortune--  
least nobody died--fire trucks  
ambulance hose water things  
all out--a wonder of the first world,  
23rd street 12pm Crystal city  
lunch break tacos  
stop.

**Tom Pescatore** grew up outside Philadelphia dreaming of the endless road ahead, carrying the idea of the fabled West in his heart. He maintains a poetry blog: [amagicalmistake.blogspot.com](http://amagicalmistake.blogspot.com). His work has been published in literary magazines both nationally and internationally but he'd rather have them carved on the Walt Whitman bridge or on the sidewalks of Philadelphia's old Skid Row.