

To Donald

Dearest Donald,

In my restless walks
around San Francisco's
city of night missing you
I've been of two minds –
and repeatedly pulled back
to the the underworld
of anonymous man
to man sex.

But in its singular
struggle to release the past
this desire is turning
itself against me –
into a phantom-like
hunger for more.

And the voice in my
poems is turning also:
speaking impatiently
often incomprehensibly,
but with the authority of one
who sees into the future

Who appears words
like *death*, by fire – then
birth scrawled haphazardly
along the margins
of my writing papers.

Yours truly,
Joseph

Joe L,
1978

