

ODYSSEUS AT THE FRONT BAR

it should be *about* something.

like love
or a man who spends nearly a quarter of his life
- coming home
after a war.
sure the gods and the winds were against him
but there was stuff in him too — *yvris* we call it.

and his garden's ruined,
pots all cracked, the vines
and his house is full of bludger bastards
getting pissed and
coming on to his wife.
but his dog
remembers.

had a love like that
(and a dog too)

hurt just to look at her
right here, like a cramp
but deeper, it was regret
for all the women
and money at the track
and the cowardice
of not spending
every single
breath
on her.

if only she'd forgive me,
let me become the man
right there she
deserved but
there was
so, so much
to forgive.

she said i was being ridiculous,
i should forgive myself -
or just fuck off.

so i marry a woman who complains
about everything
and smacks my head
and gives me an allowance
on Friday night like the kids

but we get on.

life's stuff
i don't recognise mostly
my philosophy
don't think too hard.

[we greeks invented]

there you go
right there
that's what you
should write.