

A Friday night and Saturday early-morning in 7 minutes

I have the urge to take off my shirt,
To let one skull hit another six times in a rhythm,
To see grins reflected in mine, drawn like artists' lines, perfectly maniacal,
To go into some room and sit around on mismatched furniture, whiskeyed.

I have the urge to run, jacket maroon in its billowing,
To not know what I'm saying when I say horrible things,
To see a bucket filled with cans and ice
And a couch filled with people, me and him.

I have the urge to walk the dead campus barefoot at five in the morning,
To have rain fall everywhere making a building dark, a bright room private,
To love in the way that I don't know if it'll happen again,
Not to know if I'll care or not in the later morning.