



Breakdown

One more break-down in this clapped out room
I call our Life.
We wait.
the lights are on, they say, but it's cold and I hear talking,
"It isn't fair on him
Living like this.
It isn't fair on him living with it with her
with you..." (with anyone who ever cared).
As if I didn't know that -
As if I didn't know his tears his dreams and how he waits
and waits for me to give him something
I'm not sure I'll ever have.
But now he's sleeping and they're talking
and I Don't Care
Because he's sleeping and they're talking
and I'm the one that's really here -

Holding him, all the same.

(Response to image, left, from Robert Frank's *The Americans*, 1956)