

Slint, Don, Aman

Don stepped outside.
It felt good to be alone.
He wished he was drunk.
He thought about something he just said
And how stupid it had sounded.
He knew he should forget about it
And he decided to piss.
But he couldn't.
(A plane passed silently overhead)

The streetlights,
The buds on the trees and the night -
Were still.

It finally came,
He took a deep breath.
It made him feel strong
And determined
To go back inside.

The light.
Their backs.
Their conversations.
The couples,
Romancing... so natural.
His friends stare,
With eyes like the heads of nails.
The others.
Glances.
With amusement.
With amazement.
With contempt.
So distant.
With malice.
For being a sty
In their engagement.
Like swimming underwater in the darkness.
Like walking through an empty house,
Speaking to an imaginary audience.
Being watched
From outside.

A soul without a key.
He could not dance to anything.

Don left,
And drove,
And howled,
And laughed
At himself.
He felt he knew what that was.

Don woke up
And looked at the night before.
He knew what he had to do.
He was responsible.
In the mirror
He saw his friend.