

## Sunset Dream

A thin curtain of smog  
seeps around the giant blocks.  
Searching inside I find no words  
on this neon-lit boulevard.

I have to perform  
minor mechanical homages:  
light cigarettes, open windows, make  
adjustments to a mirror.

I know a woman who waits  
just behind this façade  
like an actress in the wings;  
her life is a concealed opening  
to another form of silence.

There will be no tenderness  
on this night.  
Somewhere in the hills above  
a hidden menace lurks  
in his own Psycho drama.

A Hollywood sign, traffic lights, seventy  
seven strip joints flicker past:  
all the stars are running  
for President these days.

Outside the Chinese Theatre  
a blind man kneels to caress  
the autograph by Monroe;  
his delicate, soft tears fall  
on the crumbling concrete loops.