

Comparison/Contrast

RUSTIN LARSON

His elegy is good, but his elegy is not
Good. His whisper tends to shrink
The leaves, but his whisper is acrid
And extends into a ghost of flame.
His pain eats a Danish on the way
To work on 5th and then dies, but his pain leans
On an empty Steinway on the cold
Dark stage of the civic center and doesn't die. His
Multiplication feeds a few children
In the slums of Brazil, but his
Multiplication gorges on a sunset
Of bay red water and a soft
Wind. His drink makes him sleepy
And makes him think much, but
His drink makes him foolish and
Makes him walk forever.