

## *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.