Victor as a Victim of Precipitation

JONATHAN GREENHAUSE

Victor's car was stolen, but he chose to drive it anyway.
He faked his own death,
                then faked his resurrection.
Victor resembled his appearance but constantly got mistaken

for his own reflection, & though the odds were against him,
Victor always managed
                to come out perfectly even.
During the day, he was reminded about his inner darkness,

how his thoughts turned towards death like an existential magnet;
& at night, Victor wore suits
                equipped with artificial light,
with tangled cables of electricity & tangled dreads of hair

intricately-woven into glow-sticks. Victor was a terrestrial star
unable to emit heat,
                the frigid shell of a man
devoid of anything within. He once inhabited the clouds

but fell victim to precipitation; & every time it rained,
Victor felt the ecstasy
                of a momentary communion,
a short-lived reunion with the very substance of his origins;

later, he ached to be part of its inevitable condensation
but could never decipher
                the science of evaporation,
since each dream Victor had was AOA (awaken on arrival),

& every plan he hatched was a stillborn arrangement
exposing his infertility.