

Giorgio Ragozzino

THE MAN

Sits there,
And runs his perfect hands through perfect hair.
He tells us he is having an affair.

Like I'd know
I think—

He is no loathsome *sprezzateur*
Nor some unsavvy stumbling *sapeur*

He understands
That which he needs to understand.
And doesn't worry with the rest.

The man has not wasted his life—
It's been well-spent, and's gone exactly as he meant it to.
And he has some years left in him yet.

This man, at least, has nothing to be ashamed about.
Certainly, he would never even dream of eating meat
that he had dropped on the floor (by accident)
simply because it was so expensive.
The man does not experience accidance.

His poetry is perfect.

I sit here, and regard the man.
I think—

I should very much like to hold you

over
a
volcano.