

## NECROPOLITAN

FOR JEFFREY JOE NELSON

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*ERIK NOONAN*

Bright windows watch  
Abstracted  
as silhouettes pass  
in sober haste  
solitary or coupled  
between taillights  
and streetlamps  
and close at hand  
city dusk invades  
an interior  
streaked with lustrous color  
which spills across tables  
scattered over a floor  
where habitués  
and strangers  
stand sit  
come and go  
through semidark

Interspersed underneath  
heavy music  
the ambient  
retorts  
alibis  
comeons

jibes  
and  
plaints  
whirling  
in starless air  
altogether  
roll out into  
a dissolute glory  
garnished with liquor  
and weed  
that at length  
half tames  
the irate  
junior management strategist  
nearby  
whose nostrils flare  
under sunken eyelids  
silently until  
he embarks upon  
a tangled relation  
of break room exploits  
which know  
no dénouement

His interlocutor  
an alert  
and pensive  
if unsteady

listener  
who is *in sales*  
giggles  
adjusts a monogram  
printed silk  
scarf  
around her bodice  
sips at rosé  
teeters  
on kitten heels  
and tartly  
interjects  
here and there  
*Uh huh? or I know!*

Reappearing  
in suave profile  
from behind  
several exhausted  
frantic denizens  
hard at their kicks  
along the bar  
your companion  
makes his way back  
through all this  
prosopopoeia  
sets down three  
fresh pints  
brushes aside

a silver lock  
of fine hair  
from each temple  
smiles  
and loosening  
an irregular tie  
resumes

Outside  
a wind sash  
unwraps  
from the joined waists  
of an  
anonymous encounter  
then whips  
away

Afterwards  
you exit severally  
through the vestibule  
and night curtains  
draw shut