

By Tim Fox

### **Long Time No Harbining**

He begs himself lunacy to forget  
she stopped caring for him years ago,  
the time he thought would always count, the era.  
He approximates saving himself through travel,  
a whole world to see, spend gas money on.

Arriving daylight in El Paso he quickly settles  
himself in a tavern, is quickly full of drink,  
of Mexico, of Texas.  
In his clocked-up state he wishes to extract  
all the light from the long bar mirror,  
swallow it and save it, one day down the pined for later  
present it to himself, the light, in the form  
of a package, a present, a meaning.

The bartender tells him the driving i.d. of his face  
is about to expire, that he's not getting another drink,  
there's a motel next door, air conditioning.  
He lifts himself, braces, is aware of his elbows,  
of the young couple drunk and dancing,  
twelve noon, high, wondering how soon  
they'll be having the reward of sex,  
if this was a date and did they work the late shift.  
He remembers the money he doesn't have,  
the woman. The EKG Test he's been needing,  
the massive coronary he is waiting to happen.

With what's left of his liver panel  
and desire for travel he is reduced to a performer,  
acting out life, his limbs without laurels  
since she stopped caring for him years ago,  
how beyond a rare stretch of hours  
he hasn't harbored energy for a stretch  
since that day she came back wanting  
her portable Proust and ceramic  
dolphin ashtray.