

Chinatown

A homeless man sat dripping
in the fumes and bustle
in front of the butcher shop.

I tried not to look.

The rain hit us both like a wild dog
in the stomach, suddenly
and without warning. He screamed

that he killed a man
and would do it again.

The air was acid
on our damp bones,
pigs and calves hung

upside down behind him. I ran
for shelter in the nearby streetcar.
We didn't talk and I pretended
not to see him.

When I got home today I wrote this poem,
and never shared my own confession.