# Condition Oakland

## Jawbreaker

I rode down to the tracks. Thinking they might sing to me. But they just stared back. Broken, trainless, and black as night. Climbed out on to my roof. So I'd be a poet in the night. Beat the walls off my room. I saw the big room that is this life. This is my condition: Naked and hysterical, reaching to grab a hand that I just slapped back at. This is my condition: Desparate, alone, without an excuse. I try to explain. Christ, what's the use? Read and I left so small. Some words keep speaking when you close the book. Drank and just about smiled. Then I remembered us in that bed. Put my ear to the door. I just heard hot rods and gunshots and sirens. People kill me these days. There's keys in their eyes but they lock from the inside.

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