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lament

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lament

friend,
your death stuffs my mouth,
I gag because my jaws can't move,
I don't know how to swallow killed life.

I've never been kicked in the crotch of my soul before,
left standing there
 gaspng
 slightly bent
not believing that frightening pain.

our chromium culture swiftly
slips us into a condom stopping
the scream.
not letting us feel the tremble
 or the saltsound
 but lets me buy a 3 dollar mass.

friend freshly killed
I never knew that lives sliding
 all around me
could be disgustingly
 loathingly
trite. oh
 deferent and sad
for a minute
never hearing
the booming inside the hollowhollow
 of me.

I pulled the blackestblue night down
over me
the air stalestark and cursed
who knows who ?
cursed that you couldn't live your life
couldn't keep the only gift youth has
living life
you would have used your gift well.

friend
it's so goddamned hard to be glib with death
we've shared ideas laughs
a few bottles
how can I list our human produce?
it's green
yet laminated in memory's plastic.

so we share this last human act—
you die
and I learn
something? nothing?
about death.
friend,
sharing is never equal
and you paid the christcostly part.

C. C. GASTA