

GARY HAWKINS

The Revolutionary

I am leaving the shower and skipping my shave
so that my appearance will change by the season.

I survey the streets for safe houses, for dogs that bark
at others but not at me, for generousities like bird feeders.

This neighborhood has too many driveways, or
it is just what I need: a labyrinth overrun with exits.

I map vacant lots and gullies, overgrowth, lawn
and backcountry, noting the nearest bakeries and dumpsters.

In overheard conversations I often hear my name, or *cannibal*,
but when I turn around no one on the street will look at me.

I will telephone the newspapers to claim responsibility
for this afternoon's thunderstorms, and, later, for their clearing.

All darkness, even cloud cover, will soon have ended.
I forget my name, my last residence; I know only the white glass
of the future.