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Serpent

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Serpent

I was pent up.
I lived in a penthouse—a rental—
Bent to its bays with sediment,
Newsprint, lint, effluents, sentiment.
Fruit flies swarmed the box.
A history of meat repeated itself
In a radio's cadence in the flowing
Freestanding Oriental tub
I got a good scrubbing in.
Then came an agent, sent
Up by the super to serve
Landlordly papers in a language I glanced
At but no more gathered
Than a tree gathered
Its debarking.
For I was the elder pentathlete
Of the premises,
Spent
Occupant of a pair of parking slots
For a trio of unrepentant engines,
Wondering where my long welcome went.
My man has snapped utilities off
For punishment overdue,
For guilty I am
Of radiant sentience,
Having lived by the people I was born by
Taken from and lived without
A demi-century and meant it.
A trove of transient fact
Will thaw with me
Lamentably in spring
Coming.
I am losing my hold, old broom;
Not knowing where to sweep.