

is Beau, your grandfather.

He tells me my father is dead. The

the car in gear, swing around the
block, and drive back to Southie.□

Plastic Cup

Pissing in a plastic cup
with Hank—my PO—up against me.
I stare out the window at a brick wall
wishing to be anywhere else.

The parole officer hovers over me,
whispers *what's wrong, Charlie?* in my ear,
wishing to be somewhere else:
work, the library, anything but here.

Hank whispers *where you going, Charlie?*
He doesn't know I'm leaving soon—
work, library or school—not here.
I'm writing a book of glass that will dance in the air.

No one knows I'm leaving soon,
but right now I have nowhere to go
except into this book of glass that dances in the air
where my teeth will ring and I'll disappear.

At this moment there's no place to go.
A spider sleeps in the ceiling's black crack.
Soon my teeth will ring like a bomb and I'll disappear.
You think I'm lying, look at me

watch a spider sleep peacefully in the crack,
then stare out the window at a brick wall.
You think I'm a liar, look at me
pissing in a plastic cup.

—Charles Kell