

Alone in New York

I say
something quiet. I ask
who cares
about the sound? What do

I say
to someone strange to me?
Who cares
if they're strange if they're paid?

I say
I miss The Museum—
who cares!—
of Modern Art, New York.

I say
a kiss in the air. No one
who cares
about me kisses me.

I say
another blank kiss. I,
who cares
for kisses, am kissless.

I say,
kiss the open bottle.
Who cares
what Frank O'Hara says.

David Zaza