

## Beginning with and ending

That walks behind me, a hood and earbuds with  
brown-rimmed eyes, and I can't follow his  
staring the door—can I follow to have my brain rot?

I admire the conked walk where the head  
is detached from the body and where  
his eyes are somewhere else from the room with you.

I try not to look, but I'm bored to death.  
I just want my arm where the other guy's starts to be  
and that's when I know.