The History Of Passion Will Tumble This Week
Gary Fincke

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work’s copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/
Because the state is slicing off the dangerous scales of the cliff over one of its highways, the newspaper suggests a reunion, asks former defacers to gather, and I park north of Pittsburgh, among dozens of cars, nearly a hundred of us quoting the graffiti of desire. Doreen and Clarice, Monica and Donna—I try to read the nearby faces like name tags at a conference, guess whether or not they're still paired with Chuck and Ron, Woody and Buck. And in this hand-over-hand history of lust, I think Gary sounds so formal that I'm the fool who was never in love, that Gary + Sharon, still visible, is a forgery because only the Butch I once was would have risked himself seventy feet above this traffic, that nobody else at the base of this blackboard would have struggled into danger and printed anything but his nickname before he added the full spelling of the girl he'd stay with forever.