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## My Sons Go Dancing

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## **Richard Ives**

### MY SONS GO DANCING

I'm going to die, but I can stand here for free. I can deepen.

My days may be numbered, but my life is not, my deities' side streets rich with celebratory flotsam. But I still try not to spit in anybody's well.

I don't need a baby carriage for the newspaper. I don't even know where my sons go dancing.

A filigree of voices at the party, the host catering. I didn't know his body was a watch. The table of tears so simple the clichés visit unnoticed.

The way home just like the party, an empty street full of people. I stub my toe, my toe hurts, the darkness listens. Like that the deepening gives itself back and I can drink or look for another bottle, but I can't put it back and I can't get drunk on this.

The well is dropping into me. The world and I have an agreement. Unfortunately, I don't know what the terms are. I just know we agree.