

The Messenger

Volume 2007
Issue 1 *The Messenger* 2007

Article 75

2007

exhaustion

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Recommended Citation

Baldessari, Gabriel (2007) "exhaustion," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2007 : Iss. 1 , Article 75.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2007/iss1/75>

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i hate the way my heart burns
as my eyes stretch,
quivering under moonlight.

supposing the knife twists
of ruined days
never end,
who will search for rainbows?

there was a dream
with thrift stores
and somewhere
between the old sweater-vested man
and the girl-with-pin-stripes
i found
a green dinner jacket.

(making purchases
seemed like the only logical thing

and what's more,
for once, i woke up happy)

if the moments add up
and the cash register
reads "love-song,"
then does a shadow fall
on the man
who runs sideways to sunshine?

certainly,
a more straightforward man
might simply
have said:

holier hands
have never laid
roof beams with my lady
near midnight's court.

but who is anyone
to decide
between accident and miracle?

i made my choice
hours upon days
upon weeks
ago.

exhaustion

—Gabriel Baldessari

and yes.
i am just telling her now.