

## **TO A MAN CAST IN A HARD ROLE**

The end, when it happens, will be local,  
perhaps in a year or so. Meantime,  
my advice would be to sing –

sing as if you have stumbled  
into a sweet, stone cathedral,  
as if to lift the pigeons with you from the greasy steps;

those diamond notes could stir  
the founder's marble foot,  
could score a plate-glass dove through stains.

Stand on your bones, breathe with the building.  
The end, when it happens,  
will have you laughing –

you and the others –  
biting mouth ulcers, still unable to prevent it –  
then, give in.