

with nothing to drop out of,  
he was young, addicted,  
disillusioned.  
I have been unworshipped too,  
but he was never liked,  
or tried to be.  
To not know how  
may be enough.  
He was not loved,  
and only once  
had overdosed.  
It was a good, full life  
for the unhappy god  
across the hall,  
Apartment 4.

### Third Rail

Look out. Don't touch.  
This rail is hot.  
Our end is what  
Your world is not.

Give me the things  
That you have found.  
I will not live  
In underground.

I am to touch.  
I am a man.  
We can forgive.  
We can. We can.

But touch me not.  
Your hands are red.  
My blood is cold.  
Your blood is dead.

Look out. Don't touch.  
This world is hot.  
Our world is what  
Your end is not.

-- Carl Larsen

Rosedale, NY