

Among the Wild Boys

Rome

Among the wild boys grows
A flower of contempt
They trample with silver boots
They lick with green tongues

There is no relief among the wild boys
There is no cooling off
Except on summer's cool rocks
At night, out by the river

The wild boys feed
On the greyroom's nectar
On sperm and oranges
Peels lie scattered
All over the city streets

The wild boys hide
In veiled, damp tenement rooms
They sit naked on the cement floor
In the ashes of Vondrel Park
In the dirt of empty places
Where you lie exhausted, drained

The wild boys will nurse you
With spit and with dust
And with sweat
And with heat
With bones