

Charlie

By Nile Coy

Shiny darkness
like black patent leather,
the toes of his shoes
tapping to the beat
of some hip industrial thing,
that I could examine for years,
and still manage not to give a fuck about.
He sees you on the street,
pretends he doesn't know you,
turns the other way,
like his mother
never served you fresh baked cookies.
It's all right though,
because he doesn't know anyone in this town.
There's nobody here that cool,
and he may as well be dead
as far as any of us know or care.