

## Beginning at the End

Written by Burton Beerman

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Though you only dream  
Of senior citizens bathing in the rain  
That you will someday be  
And have always been repulsed by the sweet smelling girlboys  
Standing tall at the gates  
Unknowing of their doom  
You smile  
Always smiling  
Nothing will ever change  
Not that way

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So Maybe you do not want to discuss the last breath  
(I scream without explanation)  
And this, too, shall pass  
As it always has passed  
If you want to discuss it or not  
Pleasant fantasies ARE in our inventory  
And for our delight  
Even though continued ware is still imminent  
Without noticing such tragedies  
We speak lines as if from old Broadway songs  
To explain our obsessions  
And try to look as if we enjoy this game

You gradually learn to love your body gently  
As if you were being graded  
We could each pretend to be someone else  
If this helps  
Perhaps priestly delights  
Can settle  
But we did promise to understand  
The same  
Even as we do not speak of it  
We roll up our sleeves  
And defy all odds  
That we would not survive  
You read me a list of possible perversions  
Certainly the programmers of pleasure

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Make fun of such shy lovers  
Listening to the bedsprings howl  
Surely we knew that this magic would happen  
That our hearts would try to tame the acid rain  
While pretending to be someone else

If you must  
Reach for the music  
As one only can in the morning  
Dance with your clothes on  
With such a bashful wiggle  
If you must  
Alone in your robin ruined nest  
Then when finished  
You will ask for a cigarette  
Only lonely people  
Want the jazz age with a violinist  
Who is having trouble breathing  
Because of too much smoking  
But why should a violinist need to breathe?

Still  
You don't seem to care  
That I want your out-of-date hair styles  
Nor that I can't dance  
But often only pretend to pretend to be happy  
Which does keep my voice from trembling  
I want you to touch my lips  
You will hear a symphony  
I believe  
Anything of value is magic  
And without explanation

Nothing ever changes  
In this world of constant change  
While we agree on little  
And think we agree on everything  
We are forever changing  
As the moment comes  
Like it or not  
Close your eyes  
Ride the coaster through its tracks  
And speak in tongues  
While the city burns around us

One learns to love even death

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If there is no choice  
You can sail off the earth's end  
If you must

Look what winter has fiercely done to the daisies  
the old man's tree swing  
Once a cathedral for his raindance  
Now a roosting place for birds

Taste me  
Do it today  
Not tomorrow  
Without fearing the darkness  
We have been here before  
Deafened by Freud's dreams  
Don't let me love you from a distance  
Without crying  
For this isn't love  
Swim in the guns and butter  
Tangled in your hair  
We create an embrace and fall into it  
While the silent crocodiles begin to weep  
Circling for the kill  
Oh, those piercing eyes.

As for mercy in the morning  
The evening is too late  
I embrace for the worst  
Can you still pretend that you are still yourself  
Shamelessly seeking such mercy  
In the black ink of old newspaper clippings?  
I can blame it on the night  
For then it doesn't matter  
But this gift isn't yours to give  
Touch my sounds  
The guttural rolls of my throat  
The dripping giggles of my inabilities  
And yet you insist on walking in your sleep  
through these wonders  
In this strange world  
Again

Show me your wings  
And I will show you my breath  
Your dreamer predicted this  
Hold my hand and we will fly

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Tell me that you love me in the morning  
For the evening is still too late  
I smell your strange perfume on my breath  
Always dreaming  
Before breathing

Fear the spirits of wealth  
For it's a trap  
Fill me with sorrow  
And I will sing you a song  
Listen to the faucet drip  
Before it's too late

Do it slowly  
Methodically  
While death can still be laughed at  
And not peck at our swing  
Pleasure and pain seem to be our journey  
But we can't wait  
Tie your dreams to the tail of a kite  
And jump from the ledge  
I lost my name in the woods in the pile of moss  
And can't fly  
As a stack of lightening cut branches  
Hide my broken wings

I dream you will leave  
Old dreams  
But I must fearlessly speak to you of love  
Silently I sing to you  
As the quiet descent of a falling star  
Every time  
Is always the first  
No one else cares  
But we try to see  
The second time  
In the arena of old movie scripts  
The third time  
And still no sound  
Allow me to make you an offer  
Recite a line  
Forgive those who have wronged us  
The fourth time  
No sound  
But the pecking of the birds at the empty old man's swing  
The world seems so new in his absence

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Among the vacant robin nests  
Wisps of smoke  
Roll across the scape  
Setting me on fire  
To the tune of the gentle minuet  
We had forgotten each other  
Forgotten how to sing  
And now there is so little time..