

## THE LOGIC OF YOO

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Charging three whites & two reds to his American Express  
the 30-ish man with the slight paunch slouched out of Eros Liquors  
& crossed the street, not looking for traffic, hugging his  
brown bag to his chest to stop the pounding or maybe  
to keep it going, walked up the block, past  
Acapulquenos Mexican Grill, past the shuttered gas station,  
the Public Works yard, a dull thread of bottles  
knocking together & then turned onto the grayed packed-dirt path  
leading through the woods to his apartment building, stepping over  
the emptied Red Bulls & other trash in his way, keeping a sure grip,  
his fingers laced together now around the bag, until fumbling  
for his keys, one knee balancing the package, he pushed  
open the front door. He went straight to the kitchen counter,  
unpacked the wines, pulled the drapes, dropped two slices  
of whole wheat bread in the toaster & surveyed  
his catch: two Italians, one Californian, a French, a South African.  
“A U.N. delegation,” he muttered to himself & in the half-dark  
plotted which landscape to overthrow first.