

THE LOGIC OF YOO

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He had to escape to the sex clubs,
though everyone there reminded him of his clients,
who had paid him not
to be ordering vodkas with lime & ice at the bar,
though whereas they all wanted to get laid, he just wanted
to watch, usually, though the sameness bored, not so much
the women as the men, each the same
sour smell, colognes all named after adjectives indicating
desperation, or what passed for desperation in French,
which none of them had studied.

So he often moved over to the gay clubs,
their Caesars & Neros, the men on top of the bars
dancing with laurel crowns in their hair, his Lycidas
in a G-string, enormous codpieces
portraying slick leather veneer as truth, *Veritas* the Harvard
motto to which Yale added *Lux*,
meaning light & also meaning toilet soap
made in the French method.

There, the dreadlocked fat man, his face lost
in his black jacket, could wave his dollars, just as the punk
& the middle-aged professor & the skank &
her lover & the bald phoenixes
reflecting strobes. Here, he could dissolve
into the corner sofa & wait,
something like truth & light materializing
out of the haze, something he could bring back to his apartment
& add to his project,
the shape of what was real hiding in dark.