

I drove all the way to Cape Disappointment but didn't  
have the energy to get out of the car. Rental. Blue Ford  
Focus. I had to stop in a semi-public place to pee  
on the ground. Just squatted there on the roadside.  
I don't know what's up with my bladder. I pee and then  
I have to pee and pee again. Instead of sightseeing  
I climbed into the back seat of the car and took a nap.  
I'm a little like Frank O'Hara without the handsome  
nose and penis and the New York School and Larry  
Rivers. Paid for a day pass at Cape Disappointment  
thinking hard about that long drop from the lighthouse  
to the sea. Thought about going into the Ocean  
Medical Center for a checkup but how do I explain  
this restless search for beauty or relief?

