Paul  
  
Up the sea-dark avenue  
at two in the morning a shadow  
comes shouting oh  
you mother-fucker I hate you Paul  
echoes of feet and then  
I hate you I hate you Paul  
  
the old moon is sinking through  
clouds beyond high wires and cornices  
the buildings creak  
drifting on the tunnelled hour the call  
bounces ahead along  
the street like a fleeing ball  
  
there after each of the few  
cars has passed over its words Paul you  
can't get away  
I hate you with my feet in the Paul  
street like a bell I know  
you are there you nowhere Paul  
  
I am coming after you  
whatever you do whatever you  
think I hate you  
across the street into the doors all  
the way through the frozen  
windows up against the wall  
  
listen to me I hate who  
you are nobody else will ever  
hate you the way  
I do I always hated you Paul  
the whole time thinking you  
could hold out on me that small  
  
invisible you but to  
me listen there was nothing to you  
I was onto  
you fooling with me your slick tricks all  
the while and I hate you  
where you are everywhere Paul  
  
I go on hating you through  
the roar of the Paul subway the red  
lights at the Paul  
cross streets out of sight into the Paul  
night that cannot be touched  
nor brought back by hate at all.

~W.S. Merwin