

***Having a Coke with You***  
**Frank O'Hara - 1926-1966**

**Quality Time**

is even more fun than going to San Sebastian, Irún, Hendaye,  
Biarritz, Bayonne  
or being sick to my stomach on the Travesera de Gracia in  
Barcelona  
partly because in your orange shirt you look like a better happier  
St. Sebastian  
partly because of my love for you, partly because of your love for  
yoghurt  
partly because of the fluorescent orange tulips around the birches  
partly because of the secrecy our smiles take on before people and  
statuary  
it is hard to believe when I'm with you that there can be anything  
as still  
as solemn as unpleasantly definitive as statuary when right in  
front of it  
in the warm New York 4 o'clock light we are drifting back and  
forth  
between each other like a tree breathing through its spectacles  
  
and the portrait show seems to have no faces in it at all, just paint  
you suddenly wonder why in the world anyone ever did them  
I look  
at you and I would rather look at you than all the portraits in the  
world  
except possibly for the *Polish Rider* occasionally and anyway it's  
in the Frick  
which thank heavens you haven't gone to yet so we can go  
together for the first time  
and the fact that you move so beautifully more or less takes care  
of Futurism  
just as at home I never think of the *Nude Descending a Staircase*  
or  
at a rehearsal a single drawing of Leonardo or Michelangelo that  
used to wow me  
and what good does all the research of the Impressionists do them  
when they never got the right person to stand near the tree when  
the sun sank  
or for that matter Marino Marini when he didn't pick the rider as  
carefully  
as the horse  
it seems they were all cheated of some  
marvelous experience  
which is not going to go wasted on me which is why I'm telling  
you about it