

*Considering the unemployed
galactic systems
waithing to get to work
and start moving in on the free world,
should I tear up my rent book
and turn a few more sheets of paper
into poems?*

For Lillian On Our 37th Anniversary

*Replying to your toothache of the 9th inst., wd say
my manic-depressive switch is turned off and I can't
tell which side I am on -- like on a Wednesday when I'm
down and never know, it seems to me I sound like any
other people.*

*And you -- with only one good arm and leg -- have been
sentenced to ride this rocket around the light bend to
Vega! But why blame the engine? Maybe it's the tracks
that are crooked?*

*Otherwise, everything is O.K. The garbage is put out.
The plants have been watered. And the cat we haven't
got is fed.*

*Anyhow, even an expensive rocket plane got wrecked the
other day by a dozen irrelevant gulls its engine sucked
in. So if you did have too good arms and legs and an
unfractured cerebellum, the going would still be rough.
Compared to the whole particles who have to make their
trip without handrails, you have nothing to lose but
your balance -- and the Great Flying Wallendas themselves
couldn't keep their high-wire act on the road as long as
you have*

*on top of on top of on top of
The Man Without a Net.*

-- Walter Lowenfels

Mays Landing, New Jersey