

Imagine

Could a piece of wood fill an odd-shaped void
As fast as water
How quickly it would have to separate and into what wedge shapes
As tho, almost, it hadn't been done at all
And how poorly in this regard it compares to water.

Another Context

Imagine in Dylan Thomas's
seeing logs
crackling in fire

Or sun on the oaken beams
at the cummings'

And walking into Burns's
and seeing on that table
water in a cup.

In Favor of Love

The man who's himself
True to
Himself
Can live his life in a moment
Every moment his life,
The man who's
Himself
Since there's no other way to put it
Really
Uncompromises and sees well,
A buck and a half
In every cell and pore of his body,
With a laugh containing
All life including death
If that's what it's called.
The man who's true to himself, in short, lives liveliness
And plenty of good days.
The man who's himself gets the girl.

John is soon reading
and writing poems to his
friends -- Louis McCarty

Arlington, Virginia