

POEM TO THE MAN ON THE WALL

In Paris in 1928
some unknown artist
did a pencil sketch
of a young man.
Now it hangs
in a house many
thousands of miles
away from Paris;
it hangs over a
Lester piano
built in 1907.
It hangs on a
bright yellow wall
in a house
where no one knew
him very well.
All I can accurately
remember about him
is that he said
'motoring' instead
of 'driving'
and he had a cook and
a maid and once
when I ate at his house
he served cold soup
with a fancy name,
but it didn't make
it taste any better.

I BUY A BOOK BY TILlich, THINK OF ONE WHO CARES,
AND WRITE A POEM

he is yours for now
all caught up
in your newness

he finds you terribly interesting
and a little crazy
he takes you to lunch
for drinks
a dinner or two
he cannot help it
and there is no one to blame
for these feelings

he thinks of you
calls you
and you tell him you love him
there is a lot going on

I lose sleep
and spirit
and simply keep growing old
but I am a tough old bitch
there are no grudges
I know how things work with people
it is all open between us
all very civilized
what hurts is
that I cannot become
twelve years younger
he tells me he loves you
but differently than he loves me
and he assures me
all is well
oh christ oh christ
how's that for an ending

COMPARISON BY CONTRAST

describe, said the contest
chairman, in as few words
as possible, a fourteen line limit,
who you are
without using your
physical appearance
birth statistics, hobbies
occupation, or sex:

Jane
Goodall
Is
Probably
Un-
afraid
Of
The
Dentist
Or
Death
Or
Lonely
People