

THERAPY

HEYWOOD BROUN

Sue was on a house-cleaning
binge. So I knew
she was pissed off
about something
or somebody
usually me

She dropped some papers
from a dusty file
that looked like
in my handwriting

But they weren't mine
they'd been written
by a young man
with bright eyes
a pure smile
and children
in his sacs

QUANDRY

Seymour my crazy brother
phoned me said
Hymie, I'm dying.
That week I was dying too.
Thelma had left me again
which scared me shitless
that she'd come back again.
I'd move out tonight
move to Wichita
but the rent's been paid
to the end of the month
and that's not till
a week from Thursday.

always carried
a gallon of gin
in his veins.
He wrote about
the frailties
of the heart
stupidity of the head
failure of the guts
but not of the liver.

BROTHERS

I should phone
my brother
who hasn't phoned me
since he made
all that dough.
He used to call me
to borrow ten
or his rent was due
his bookie edgy.
Now he's become rich
fat and vulgar
without a reason
to phone his brother.
I'd call him
if I knew
what the hell for.

EVERY MORNING

At breakfast he dug
his spoon into the grapefruit
as into a relative.

I've had it up to
he pointed his index finger
to the top of his head
here.

You want your pancakes
with or without?
With.
She served his pancakes
with.

I've had it up to here.
This time he pointed
to his throat. Coffee's
cold he said.

How do you know? You
haven't had any.
He sipped at the coffee
behind The Herald threw
the paper on the floor
banged the coffeecup
on the table.

Up to here she heard
as he
pointed his beard
out the door.

-- Herman Gold

Bay Harbor Island FL

TO COMPLETE THE CIRCLE

we need people who have the power
to give it
to those unable to start themselves
mobility is an evasion
it's impossible to be receptive
while listening to the news
we need people with the power to be generous
who do not think in 4 year terms
the president is at least 150 years
behind his time
we don't need a House
we need people