

Considering the unemployed  
galactic systems  
    waiting 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