

Are beatniks out or are they in?
Will Goldwater grow a double chin?

Shall I vote or just forget it?
If I don't will I regret it?
Will I die or fade away?
Is there tomorrow or just today?

What's that? Oh, please don't speak
to me of mermaids;
They're clammy and they're common--
Wearing those long plastic braids
And flapping around only partially bare.
Oh, I don't know, or really care--
Life doesn't seem much fun...
Somehow it doesn't seem much fun...

-- Phyllis Onstott Arone

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You told me once
that the curve of my cheek
gives me away: I'm a
child, really.

The man in the lighted box across
a sooty night from my lighted box
with a certain unaware salute
flicks his (I presume) ashes
into a round
dish for ashes. Is he
a child? does night
rock him asleep in the
curve of its cheek?

-- Susan Solomont

Presque Isle, Maine