

Anonymous Note, Among Camellias

I send these pale camellias with my love,
Assured you'll handle them with care.
The last bunch you returned was scored
With paper clips: an oversight, I'm sure.
Besides (I must admit) I love retyping
Them. Your rejection, slip, is worded
So as to encourage, in a blanket way,
The billion poems' poets that you read
Each year, to try again elsewhere
(Or after Fall, next year) with you.
I understand your Deep Regret, appreciate
Your Thanks to me for Having Given You
The Opportunity to just Consider them.
P. S.: The stickum on the self-addressed
Stamped envelope enclosed is poisoned.

-- Carl Larsen

New York, New York

The Age Of Vanity

in sunless interiors
behind curtains, in
porcelain cups...

mark

The web of a spider
spinning smothering
death for its life --

are sibylline tea-
leaves, the whispering
light of the moth:

mark

the face of a woman
when her heart ruminates
on a knife.

-- Christopher Perret

London, England