

At Her Apartment

Ripe red bananas remind you of what? she asked,
Setting out a blue pottery bowl filled -- apples,
Red bananas, oranges, figs, plums and cherries
And russet pears. Iced coffee and cream,
Knives and plates, crackers, a yellow pot
Of Roquefort with a stained, imported label.

They remind me -- he said, untangling his feet
And coming to the table -- of the monkeys
When I was in Rangoon. Oh, you were out there!
I used to be with State -- he explained; pushed in
Her chair. She settled, sighed: Now, fruit?
He nodded -- Thanks, yes. I'll try a yellow apple.

-- Leonard Gilley

To His Uncoy Mistress

Sitting there, you are my Africa,
exploited continent,
though once a land of magic awe.

When first we met, I went
exploring, dared to conquer all.

Now that I've won consent,
the search was hard, the treasure small.

-- W. Arthur Boggs

Oswego, Oregon

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