

The Morality Of The Summer House

The stone tablets
on the screen porch
command only:

Thou shall not remember
the dinner jacket with a steel trap
where a leg
still hangs.

— Duane Locke

Pictures On Opposing Pages

Broad-nosed Socrates with stone-curled beard,
ugly and bald with marble pate.
Creviced eyes pocked deep in rock,
full-lipped mouth speaks, eloquent,
from stone. A voice that stands
against the years, unstatured and alone.

Hermes stares with finely chisled poise
down his pale, pinched, geometric nose.
His clothes (who imagines your clothes, Socrates?)
as finely drawn as those tight,
metamorphic limestone curls.
His stoney chest as smooth as breasts.
The echo of an unrepentant, gad-fly voice
gives the cruelly childlike features force.

Everything Isn't

But everything isn't
after all.
I mean, sure,
the snow
goes rotten
in the March sun
but everyone knows
so why turn Spring
into some big thing