

## 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-curved beard,  
ugly and bald with marble pate.  
Crevice 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