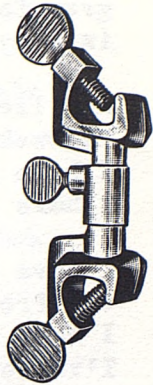


Homage To Yevtushenko

Herewith, old Yevgeny,
I join the swelling ranks
of U. S. poets
bravely writing poems
to a brother-poet in the Soviet.
(It proves us poets are
all one big happy family.)
I don't much care
for your poetic rants,
but read your slim biography,
and I am most impressed
by the pictures of you on
page 48, playing ping pong,
ironing a careful crease
on your poetic pants.

— Carl Larsen

New York, New York



The Hours

I have seen hours rammed into bodies
like giant cocks creating nothing,
ramming and spewing bone
down to evergreen gardens,
I have seen naked eyes before rattling shades
with hell sitting already in them,
I have seen women called beautiful
where a snake is more beautiful, less ugly;
I have seen men without a dime with more bearing
than a king; I have been crafty, demented but
seldom sore, or angry as they say;
I have chewed when I should have screwed,
I have screwed when I should have abstained,
I have smoked when I should have chewed,
I have stroked when I should have fucked,
but they do not make it easy
either in Summer kitchens outside Nice
or in South Hollywood knocking on doors
of snoring ladies with mustaches
following a horse's ass through glass;