

Exchange

Chartered carrier
 in standard procedure,
operating solely,
the armored car U-turns,
(unlawful for other traffic)
 and parks,
wholly usurping the space
between NO PARKING signs
 in front of the bank
 across the street.
Functionaries emerge,
 equivocal eyes
searching left and right,
attending the goddess:
that old bag with the golden calves.
They register for the night.

-- Ben Tibbs

beerbottle

a very miraculous thing just happened:
my beerbottle flipped over backwards
and landed on its bottom on the floor,
and I have set it upon the table to foam down,
but the photoes were not so lucky today
and there is a small slit along the leather
of my left shoe, but it's all very simple:
we cannot acquire too much: there are laws
we know nothing of, all manner of nudges
set us to burning or freezing; what sets
the blackbird in the cat's mouth
is not for us to say, or why some men
are jailed like pet squirrels
while others nuzzle enormous breasts
through endless nights -- this is the
task and the terror, and we were not
taught why. still, it's lucky the bottle
landed straightside up, and although
I have one of wine and one of whiskey,
this forsooths, somehow, a good night,
and perhaps tomorrow my nose will be longer:
new shoes, less rain, more poems.