

the new place

I type at a window that faces the street  
on ground level and  
if I fall out  
the worst that can happen is a dirty shirt  
under a tiny banana tree.

as I type people go by  
mostly women  
and I sit in my shorts  
(without top)  
and going by they  
can't be sure I am not entirely  
naked. so  
I get these faces  
which pretend they don't see  
anything  
but I think they do:  
they see me as I  
sweat the poem like beating an  
ugly hog to death  
as the sun begins to fail over  
Sunset Blvd.  
over the motel sign  
where hot sweaty people from  
Arkansas and Iowa  
pay too much to sleep while  
dreaming of movie stars.  
there is a religionist next door  
and he plays his radio loud  
and it seems to have  
very good tubes  
so I am getting the  
message.  
and there's a white cat  
chewed-up and neurotic  
who calls 2 or 3 times a day  
eats and leaves  
but just looking at him  
lifts the soul a little  
like something on strings.