

This grovel of anticipated surprises
produces disappointment so secret that one
rises from the knee to proclaim heroic attitude,
truth unavoidable to cowardices.
Abasement at bottom is secret to itself:
it counts its cancellation of self with abandon --
of integers -- confusing itself as impetuous
profundity. The surfaces take constant revenge.
We are, then, momentary survivors. Afterward,
we hail a scheme: someone must govern
the speed of endurance, and we scale down astonish-
ment
to conform with deity -- prayer becomes bad breath.
The grandiose reacts with invisibility: no
wonder, at last, allowing us our cut-off noses.

-- Gil Orlovitz

New York, New York

For Dylan

The weak say, I'm strong
The strong say, I'm weak

They're wrong
All week long

Let me be
me

Sing a song
bong
Lift a sarong

i'm just me
singing songs
while lifting sarongs
for the week
that I'm left to be.

-- George J. Keegan

---, Korea