

6 antipoems

- 114: Back seat at the lecture
Forgotten blackboard at one side
Two words in capitals
Minute by minute meaning more
ZAMBA BUMBA
- 115: Most mine
In all her singing
Down the strings
The rub and slide
Of faint her fingers.
- 117: Wide out open passing thirty
Comb, cut, and look back
With school teachers marry
With your mothers living
Live live crazy all
You lost job-getting
Beatniks.
- 119: In his black cabinet
Under white flowers
Smiles the dead man,
Smiles ...
Smiles ...
- 122: Stare from your husband's small
Town gas station window
Where the winter evening
Nights beneath the high
Hard lights turn, turning
Your future
In, into your past.
- 125: From winter woods
Through large slow flakes
Three black crows
Flap, flap, flap,
Up.

— E. E. Jacobsen
Bedford, Mass.