

## It Shows

The tops of mountains that I tossed  
down eight-o'clock mornings  
Old rubber soles and heels  
It shows in my way of bragging  
The games I played bent each and feverish  
over the wooden tables  
It shows in my way of winking  
The holes in my socks  
My hands manipulating the leaden hockey-men  
The serious talks oh yes the wine I drank  
the curious caravans circling the painted  
desert  
It shows in my way of walking  
The big town riffs  
The pockets full of copper coin  
I know I sifted sand and gold  
The women shared their clothes and softness  
I pared like pears  
in pairs they entered, sat, and smiled  
and blinked and held their cups of tea  
It shows  
they laughed  
With each one thing in common each  
they slept when I tiptoed  
and sank it shows

-- Christopher Perret

Mallorca, Spain

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interesting something — so  
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for your collection.