

Abiding Time

Your archness
has the resonance of a gong

So I failed
in my penetration
though you
are not technically
a virgin

Do you mind
if I change the subject

I have climbed through heather
and eaten berries
bitter as quinine

Infested by rattlesnakes

I have wiped the sweat
from my brow
and having gotten
a clearer view of things

I look around
and am astonished
that I
am still alive

68942

In My Life

I am leading
an old nag

a horse

Up a steep
hill. He has
cockleburrs

In his mane
and he
slobbers

At the bit
I once saw him

but think

Gallop up
and mount

this same hill

Three mares
early spring

to foal in

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