

To a Faithful Adulterer

Barriss Mills

Sunday

Isn't it hard enough  
for a poet to satisfy  
his own woman

Grandfather  
I wind your  
clock like a

without taking on  
someone else's &  
at the same time? So

wound against  
time's running  
out while the

Jesus was a bastard &  
something of a poem  
a translation by the book.

pendulum  
predicts fall  
& I run.

Beyond that there's no  
morality or moral except  
maybe to translate

you've got to be god.  
Luck Barriss & be good.

Magic

for...

Look Love No Eyes  
(through a bad one)

...Rudy: you connect  
up your power supply  
& apply your screw

for the love  
of me I  
can't fuse the

driver like a wand  
& anything works.  
I bring it home &

images  
so I close  
my eyes &

my boys say magic.  
Merlin, what was your  
secret circuitry?

you meet who  
looks for the  
love of you

How many volts the  
vision? -- yes you who  
waved Wart toadward

& tomorrow goodbye.  
Ok so I say  
ho there yesterday.

-- James L. Weil

New Rochelle, N. Y.