

phil weidman (california)

Too Fast It Was Gone

What I'm
trying to
say is
I don't know
how where
it got off
to or what
it was left
I just feel
emptier.

Boozed Poem #41

Birds in sky
trees air passing
thru what it is
we dont know
what we dont
see but will see
and things we'll
miss like ionesco's
englishman pipe
smoke going down
instead of up.

Terry

When we were kids
we stuckup.
Susanville jail
to let out
the drunks.
I didn't know
him anymore but
when I heard he was dead
(he couldnt have
been more than 27)
I felt the sick
middleofthenight
telephone ringing.



wormie's eye view on a cross-country hike