

Field

An empty place

once cut across

to shorten distances ...

a twisting path

thru grass just

high enough to hide

her sweet goose

pimpled breasts.

Louise

Last time I saw Louise
she took a book.
Told me I'd have
to come get it
if I wanted to
have it again.
Don't know why
she'd say that.
Use a book
like that.

Boozed Poem #48

You put your

foot forward

and I put mine

out too ...

the next thing

you know I'm

drafted in friendship

and committed

to war.

-- Phil Weidman

North Highlands, Calif.