

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.

Boozed Poem #48

You put your
foot forward
and I put mine
out too ...
the next thing
you know I'm
drafted in friendship

Louise

and committed
to war.

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.

— Phil Weidman

North Highlands, Calif.