

Canine Crabgrass

(for my hound)

In his old age  
he was a line in a drawing  
nearly eradicated,  
bleached out of existence --

But somehow  
the old bugger  
kept on pissing  
his ammonia  
on the peonies with vigor  
his delicately paralyzed  
legs lifted slightly --

He was clamped  
by arthritis  
& smelt of wet hay  
but somehow  
he always snuck  
his way into the house  
when my wife  
was undressing  
& stared at her  
till the show was over  
& he was kicked  
out of the house seal yapping  
like a drunken sailor  
at a burlesque show.

douglas blazek (illinois)

Can't Blame You, Sweetheart, But It's Rotten

the Big Time  
is jumping in her eyes  
making money  
enuf to kill  
all the memories of being poor  
enuf to keep her greedy  
a long, long time  
her man going to do it all  
for her  
to put her in the right circles  
in lavender gowns  
with his electronics  
& his playing society  
like an accordion  
pressing the right buttons  
squeezing the right way  
the Big Time