

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