

that's it! all those words necessary  
as you would know  
if you've ever been lucky enuf  
to tumble with her in the marigolds  
behind the garage.

ah, she was Africa  
all vines & jungle heat  
& I was a wounded dinosaur!

but I can't continue;  
I shouldn't have started  
these words are sand, sand  
that filled the mouths of Egyptians  
centuries past, that fill the eyes  
I use to look back.  
such an ordeal to try to relive!  
such an ordeal to play with sand!

newspapers will still be printed tomorrow

#### Song to Myself

"The life of the Unusual Person  
in this land is bitter -- "  
-- Sheri Martinelli

you are not dead  
you are not dead  
but only stars  
care about you,  
only red birds  
& poor dead things  
thousands of years  
old  
with sadder eyes,  
much sadder  
than kisses.

-- Douglas Blazek

Bensenville, Illinois

-----advertisement-----

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