

a man here forgot  
his lunch bucket  
and it had to ride  
the bus home alone  
with an empty thermos  
bottle in its one arm.

The telephone  
keeps ringing  
in my closet  
of a head  
and if I  
can't get  
untangled  
from all these  
damn  
coathangers  
oldshirts  
pants hatboxes  
and dusty old books  
I'm not going  
to be able  
to answer it  
and somebody  
will probably  
think I'm doing  
something immoral  
or else that I am  
not really here  
at all.

-- D. r. Wagner

Carmichael, California

#### OFTEN

as if they were statues in a dream,  
people left over from some other party;  
not tonight's, some other one -- you met them,  
yes, partially you met and had meant to meet again.

He'd just published in POETRY and that we nibbled on  
as if the idea had been a good one once; frozen,  
unfrozen for the evening and somehow lost its flavor.

You try again; how many countless times you try  
to pick up where you left off --  
a forgotten name of a forgotten dog you'd once adored  
as a child of your own dreams of being a child  
with a dog you once loved.

-- Robert Leary, Jr.

Storrs, Connecticut