

Listen you women, green eyed,
big limbed, you know how
I love what's hiding
under your clothes; but
I've been under a spell
for six years, and I'll
tell you now, a lot
of it was hell, but
after her, none of you
could hold me more than
a week.

Dream

He was alone and hardening
and hadn't spoken in two weeks
but smiled constantly and put wine
down his throat. After the first week
his wife and friends left him alone
and he sat by himself and hardened
catatonic, no one knew it but him.
The second week his enemies found
him and made him talk. They took
a hammer and broke his teeth.

-- Michael Perkins

New York, New York

Wars and the Coming Winter

Heat crawls through the pipes and walls, clanking disgracefully.
-- Almost December and still a fly to swat.
We battle dully, the cold has numbed us both.
It takes me almost a day to make the kill.

Spiders are more frequent and easier to catch,
Squatting boldly on the walls, waiting for darkness.
Once they frightened me into a rage.
I'd charge blindly, fear making us equal,
Web and weaver scattering before my clumsy blows,
Often as not to freedom.

Now the war is mechanized -- search and destroy --
The vacuum cleaner hums softly,
Sucking the sour mess into its gut.

Lacking an enemy, I turn against these groaning walls,
Screw shut the taps on the radiator pipes
And watch the creature stifling,
Choking in its dying sweat
With a soft wheezing of faucets.