

The husbands do not know
how to load the small arms
they have bought for summer.
They think often of Sweden.

They think that in rooms
behind drapes in Negro bars
the Navajos learn karate,
and soon they will be right.

Something in and between
the cities is hungry; it is
not fed. This is no season
to learn the names of birds --

It is no time for that.

-- Dennis Trudell

From an Old Dylan Thomas Fan

wander against him
Scuzi.

"It's all right," he says
like the other Dylan
and he motions politely

for the parade to pass.
What a lovable mime
in his bowing,

as those who sing well
often move just right.

I say I see
what you are doing
though they would

pry up flagstones
for your -- ummmm -- "return."

I say I understand
but he says ah ooga and
halloo in his horn and
offs again.