

Profile

You,
in your bran new
butterscotch-plaid,
steel goggles and
Florida hair-do,
swinging down the avenue,
all set for
come what may.

You,
in your snub toes,
panty-hose,
and flashing silver heels,
making the psychedelic scene
in the cool,
cool edge of
the evening.

No Dice

We'd dated
to meet
in a sidewalk cafe
somewhere this side
of nirvana
but somehow
I couldn't remember
her face
nor could she
remember mine.

Back Porch

Trading reminiscences,
two ancients rock
away the day

each striving
to his utmost
to outdo the other's boasts.

-- Charles Shaw

New York, New York

fr the Journals

...they run from the Baths,
Roman ruins, with one extant column
or corner -- earthen bricks with no mortar
and a silicate gabbro as base --
in straight lines to the palace. Flat
gardens: most of the sculpture removed from the
pedestals
with the names of their saints chiseled in.
A pool, a fountain, some late rhododendrons.
It is hard to tell,
are the statues gone because it is autumn,
or were they lost. sold?