

we go through the paces now, hoping
it is just a temporary imbalance of the
endocrines and that a year from now we'll
be embarrassed by these meanderings.

meanwhile, it should be a great year for nostalgia.
(who, for instance, wrote the lone ranger???)

Star Trek

She must in early adolescence have had
bad skin because her face is slightly scarred.
Otherwise she is a flower, a bruised
and unforgetting flower, apprehensive

of being plucked. and scared to death
of withering on the vine. Tonight she is
no flower, she is a bird without a song,
a bird whose song civilization has muted.

This afternoon she thought she was
a courtesan at Akbar's palace, learned
in the arts, esteemed alike by warriors
and wives and poets. At any rate

she'd like to be a whore of some degree
but vestiges of pedigree have kept
her a virgin. Tomorrow morning she will
put on blinders and a college sweatshirt.

This once the prudes are right -- deflowering
will be the death of her, anti-climax
of twenty years of preliminary play,
a sofa agony, Star Trek on the telly.

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it is the third movement of my second
piano concerto (the only one that i
have yet begun) and in it acquiesces
the fleugelhorns of the ghetto and

a white boy in a sailboat doing no one
harm. in development i take
the keys to the kingdom, the key
to the city, and the ring of the nibelung