

One time we made a
chain of clover flowers --
ran it clear up the stairs and out my
brother's window.
It almost reached the ground.
We spent one whole afternoon
on that.
The next day, there were
other things to do.

There was a long way
to run before the houses
came.
When they started to build,
we played there too, letting
it be part to our play --
lumber piles, pine sap
sticking to our dusty fingers --
frames with pipes all
naked in the sun --
we left our old laughter
in all those houses.
Now, the houses are old,
the neighborhood
is not loved
and we do not go there
any more.

-- Barbara O'Connelly

Sacramento, California

Love Conjugates Wherever It Can

-- for Adrian Henri

Love is slumber after a whale of a piss
Love is putty for leaking windows
Love is an orgasm on the first kiss
Love is

Love is ringing the general's bell
Love is throwing up in a spotless toilet
Love is winning at poker
Love is doing

Love was her tits tickling your back
Love was the storm that broke far away
Love was gook in the sump
Love was