

trying not to write

the poems come anyway,
through a street
up a stair
cooking dinner now.

poem

well, why not?
does it matter where you wipe your nose
if no one can suspect?
one never knows.
I've seen some wipe it on their shirt.
old men adorn the curbs.
some have constructed elaborate
philosophies.

Chicken Bones

But I didn't ask for happiness,
perhaps that was
The condition,
Disturbance,
noise,
lifting my feet
As you vacuumed the rug,
gift-
Wrapped bags of garbage,
until I understood
It was not refuse emptied into cans
Behind the house,
but a sharing
Of vital remains,
a commonness
Of shape,
an affirmation of love
In chicken bones,
providing nourishments
Even for lean alley cats.

(going to the post office for some rejected poems with
postage due.)

walked twelve blocks home to save a quarter.
then I met an old woman without a voice.
she asked me for a quarter.