Where Have All the Children Gone?  They Have
Grown Into Non-Children

Non-child hauls his succubus
To an attic/ drools her down
An airshaft.
Fingers / pokes holes into webs;
Tosses his favorite dead fish
From a cliff.
Combs his mother's womb
For a comb.
Breaks off sprockets.
Tries to put back the stuffing
Of the world.
Pouts for a new one / shouts
For his father: God, God
Why have you forsook?

Square Day

The day sits square on our backs:
It should be the sharp bite
Of a tangerine, the juice
Welling over and spilling in our
Laps. But we have climbed
The spiral staircase and feel
The terrible pressures.
We have gone beyond the simple
Pleasures of pit and orange
And squeezed our juices dry.
Some think, this is good / we mount on
Steps of pearl.
However, millions hanker for
The tang.

-- Lois Van Houten
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

the black skies are there
and my eye is too
outside it is black like the sky
that is to say,
the sky is also black (see 1st
line) & i am here too, like
my eye is, skip space here