

WITH WATER

each of them says, 'I have loved you well because you have never told me I am ugly.' (soap sets blood; cool water removes it.) there they go! down the oldest street in each of the cities, wearing the tall hat of self-abnegation, their worn fingernails adorned with commemorative postage-stamps bearing their youthful faces. last year's rumours made cabagges sources of nutrition while potatoes were valueless; this was reversed two weeks ago, and the housewives cooked them in every phase. ah but when the house became quiet, the night drowning in denigration, 'I have loved you well, mark this, mark what I have done, notice,' with water, with kettles full of hot water, to set the blood firm, and the next morning there they go! toward the village fountain, toward the white mistake of soap to darken.

1961

-- Carol Bergé

New York, New York

SOMEDAY

Someday you will find
your possessions are not what they seemed.
A penis will sprout
out of the bathtub drain,
the chairs growing roots
deep into carpets. Thin translucent men
will hide slyly in your furnace,
you won't be able to get them to leave
sing as many groundhog carols as you choose.
At almost the same time
worms will be sprouting from your piano
and a very large nose will come and
steal your cantalope at breakfast.
Isn't this awful you'll want to cry as
wool is melting to blood on your skin.
But even if you scream nobody will notice.
Could you, truthfully, expect anyone to believe?