

## That Old Black Logic

Whether to marry a witch  
Or a logician is a nice question.  
Manx is fascinating -- her lisp  
Beckons but keeps the latch,  
Her melting form voluptuous often  
Slips the fervent grasp --  
But does she satisfy? Then choose the slimmer one  
Who speaks plainly, shows  
Clean underwear, comes for a glance.  
We meet on littered lawns  
For tea and strumpets -- flo  
Thru tea bags and coeds with sense.  
The grass reminds us we're itchy and bored:  
Would it not be easier to be constant  
To her who'd free you like a bird  
And conjure flak for argument?

-- Barry G. Brissman

Mount Pleasant, Michigan

## The Aduana 1

Next morning in my levi denimjacket  
cordjeans harass the agent  
to the Aduana sort out 10 boxes  
& help load them on the trolley

The large fat dock policeman says  
-you look like Kennedy.  
All blue-eyed gringos look alike  
- Johnson plot, he says &  
-they need a president with cojones.

In 1578 Drake sacked this port  
& Lord Cochrane in 1820  
boarded & took the Spanish frigate  
Esmeralda what else to say?

My trunks & boxes are pushed along the quay  
past the scruffy Ebro to the checkpoint  
but the pompous chief shit wont open them  
-come back on monday, tu-  
a symbol of dollarbills target  
I'm being screwed the lineaments  
of corruption in their smiles & gestures  
a sense of evil.