

What She Told Me And I Wonder Why

What she told me was more  
about Mexico than I could bear  
to hear, having her sitting  
on the arm of my chair

in a strange house. Yet  
she sat and talked, and touched  
me on the arm and shoulder  
twice. If I had been bolder

I could have casually brushed  
her legs which she had crossed  
directly in front of me. I  
laugh to think about the position

I was in -- leaning back,  
looking up, arms crossed on  
my chest, legs cramped and gone  
to sleep, and nervous as hell --

because I was new at this  
game and she was twice my  
age, and I'd never been to  
Mexico, and wasn't married. Why?

That's the question I keep  
asking myself. Anyhow Mexico  
is what she told me about  
and I wondered why.

Negative

Holding my picture  
in my hand, I  
smile to see myself  
as I once was,  
or tried to be, or am.

The picture looks  
at me, as I at it,  
mirroring myself. I  
detect a flaw in  
the shiny surface.

Check the negative.  
From its dark recesses  
shot with shades of light  
a figure looks out  
upside down and backwards.