

the new place

there was rose & lobster for dinner  
hot & cool sauces salad nectarines  
before they were gone we were on the floor  
laughing & pulling at each other's clothes

now we know what belongs to which  
that nappy green carpet was ours though  
our one property in common

"The socalled lyric poets are jive  
bombers. There's nothing more deadly  
than romantic love. It's a form of  
suicide, and they deserve  
whatever they get."

"And that's the trouble with writing your therapy,"  
he said, winding it up. "Excess of emotion has  
ruined more good poetry than anything else."

-- B. M. S.

"WHEN ANYBODY SAYS SOMETHING THAT'S A DRAG  
I JUST SAY SOMETHING THAT'S A BIGGER DRAG.  
AIN'T NOBODY CAN BEAT ME AT IT EITHER."

-- T. S. Monk

quoted in TIME, 28 February 1964