

The Hypnosis Poem

Maybe we're both
pretending, I don't
know it
started relax he said in
the dark room full of
blue light I'll
count back from 5 your
eyes will feel
delicious
How do you tell somebody No
you don't get to me it
doesn't work So
many of my relationships
like this: going
along to be polite or
because it's easy Now I
see the eye man once a
week -- repolishing and
grinding, years
he's been trying to
make the lenses
fit, close
your eyes you
won't remember it
starts with my
ankles relax
we're in the
country you'll
feel so easy
we're walking near a
lake pull my
hand toward your
knees are you
happy with your
new lenses
Do you like me
(In the beginning I
imagined I didn't
see what was
happening)
lately tho it's been
all clear: when you
wake up you'll want
to kiss me
I'll touch your
wrist and

you'll do
anything
Then he stands there
waiting
Could he imagine that
the first time
I might have
wanted to
Now tho it's a
laugh I
ought to
tell him
it's ridiculous
to never say
what you
mean. But I'm as
bad as he is
showing up every
Wednesday in
11 inch
leather skirts,
using him in
this poem
(I've got 72 bottles of
sample contact
lens solution)
the way he probably
uses me in
who knows what fantasy

Binghamton That Awful Morning

the brightest thing
around was
rust
We broke down and
that was that
Waited 3
hours in the
bus station,
snow and salt
making a mess of
everything

-- Lyn Lifshin

Albany, NY