

this...

you get out of bed
solemnly naked
and lumber somewhere out of sight.
the house is a mystery
the way it swallows
who ever leaves warm sheets.
lying here
in my own bare skin
i think how i love the sight
of unclothed people
going about the business of love.
everything else is so ruined--
the room, the world, the landscape.
the way to stay beautiful
is to avoid mirrors
and look only at those
who truly love back.

The Days Are Not Always Green
Or The Knife Too Sharp

The same record (Beethoven)
plays over & over
(his #6th) & there are no neighbors
to pound the walls, stamp the floors
or shout down the old pro.
Mr. B. goes on in triumph
& I give myself some credit
for his success.
As loud as madness will permit
the volume goes up.
Nothing outside but the fields
& inside, me and Mr. B.
playing out our hearts.
PLEASE, O jesus, please,
this is not the time to call or come over.
I have a score to settle.
Mr. B. & I are having a duel
in one hour.
Weapons? Don't be an ass--
we were born with them.
The pity of it is
that old "Lud" is one step ahead
of the game. & he knows it.
For him, it is easy, being dead.
For me
it is just a matter of time.