

Portrait Of An Artist

It was hard enuf
in the days
when an arty photographer
was called no artist,
but today the market thins,
no one wants a picture
of their kid
dallying in wild flowers.

So, he went back to his
trade, carpentry;
doing finishing work on a
bathroom. He looked like a man
building his own tomb.

But things got better.
Besides, there are other pleasures to
life, like
televised hockey games, cutting
down on cigarettes; he's gathering
material for a book of poems,
and the local high school wants him
to teach an evening course
in portrait photography.

Then, yesterday, at the pay
wicket in the bank,
his rival, the second-rate
photographer who ran him out of
business, asked if he could
enroll in the course.

in
to
black ber
ry bram
bulldoz ble
er bur bulldoz
rows in er bur
to rows in
black ber to
ry bram black ber
ble ry bram
bulldoz ble
er bur
rows