

i went to the school
with the boys they always stuck
up for me she said

Politician's Proverb

a slogan a day
keeps the electorate at bay.

And Having Killed Two Birds

and having killed two birds with one stone
he attempted by a series of manipulative procedures
to perfect his exterminatory techniques
he succeeded shortly in swatting seven flies with
one swipe of the daily express
his attention turned then to the possibilities of ants
his boot covered nearly half the hills area
and six hundred bodies lay squashed in the mire
the survivors crawled quickly over his boot
up his trouser leg to his private parts
before the first ant reached his navel
he fell over screaming at the pain of the stings
his head cracked open on a stone brains and blood
spilling out
the red and the gray and the black and the green
merging
as two birds flew down each to peck one eye.

-- Gerald England

Sheffield, England

something on Berlioz

here I am listening to The March to the Gallows
again. I suppose it's the most famous portion
of Berlioz' Symphonie fantastique. I've heard it
too often. I even heard it in Santa Fe
over a dinner table. I was the poet. there were
2 editors and a lady. the lady was class and
had more money than she needed. we ate and drank
wine and talked. The March to the Gallows played
as we ate. I had seen the lady naked the night
before. spread on a leather couch, naked, but
I had been drunk and when I stuck it in, she pushed me
out. I hadn't warmed her up properly. no matter.

I was never too much with the ladies.
she stuck an olive in her mouth and laughed,
and the editor, one of them, told how he used to
put a stepladder up against a peek-hole in a
New York apartment and watch this man and women
work out, and I stuck an olive in my mouth and
laughed, and the lady I had failed with, she looked
very beautiful and I wasn't drunk then, and I thought,
ah ah, I could get you now, yes yes, I could!
but anyhow, I came back to Los Angeles, and she
wrote me once or twice, I saw one of her poems in a
rather good magazine and then I forgot all about
it, until the other day I heard from one of the editors:
you remember Loraine? she's made a lot of money on
real estate and now she weighs close to 200 pounds
and runs with women ...
my beautiful Loraine laughing
my naked Loraine on the leather couch
with the rain coming down outside,
200 pounds, flat shoes, no makeup, smoking small
cigars and laughing like a cowboy ...
Loraine, damn you, god
damn you
you've marched to the
gallows.

the butcher

the butcher has one eye
and his hands and face are very red
and there is red on his apron
and he leans on the counter --
"yes sir?"
the butcher waits to see my taste in meat
but most of the meat is about purple
and he reads my thinking:
"meat's no good until it's
aged."
I really want to walk away from his meat
but I am not strong enough to
injure him.
"just give me a pound of bacon," I say
and he gives me a bastardly look and picks up a
package, wraps it.
"89 cents," he says and I lay the dollar down
and he comes back with a dime and a penny
and there's blood on his hands,
and on the left hand
a white bandage is slipping off
on the finger next to the thumb.
I take the bacon and the eleven cents
and as I walk away