He was very fat and played the piano. He said he wanted to write music for some of my poems. All the while he ordered a gourmet dinner for two and stuffed down his steak (rare), baked potatoes with sour cream and chives and ate his buttered peas and all the rolls for two, explaining in between mouthfuls that he was a morning alcoholic and an evening drunk. When the meal was over we went into the bar and he ordered two King Alphonse's which we drank at a little round table that made him look even larger. He began to talk about how life would be when we were married how much he loved me and he even cried. I started crying too. When I looked back up at him he seemed to look more like a rhinoceros and I knew no court in the world would allow such matrimonial differences. After our drinks he went over and played the piano bar. It was the last night I saw him.

I Turn To Bone And Other Stones

sometimes when I am
sitting with the lean dogs
the poems come;
not because
I have expected them
or needed them; not because
I am clever
or literary,
but because the light
of the room
turns to bone
and the mad animals

are famished. what should be remembered is -- it takes very little to live or die or love and less to write a poem. don't make it seem more than this. what I call poetry you may call my escape, but surely whatever it is leads us all to the same absurdity for which none of us can be blamed.

Tropical Fish

My cousin sits in his beautiful Spanish house, his wife gone, his children reduced to visitors. The tropical fish swim dreamily in the tank as though nothing had changed. My cousin's new freedom is nineteen years old and makes love to him on the shag carpet that took so long to buy. When she leaves him he will go on feeding the fish. He has learned a lot in the last few months.

When It Doesn't Matter

The fish on the worm and the worm on the hook and you hanging onto the pole and the boat holding you and the water keeping it afloat and something underneath which I have neither time nor interest in telling you about.