

trapped in Consecrated Tech with a drawerful of girdles
and a curfew that begins at dawn. But why are they
all so heavy-legged? Can God himself be helping them
to resist the desires of the flesh: "What lovely
thighs." "Those are my ankles." "Oh, well, goodnight."
They are in trouble up there, that much is for sure.
Their dormitories are a symphony of despair:
dreams from those chocolate pies, painful visions
of stork and gazelle. I hear their unhappiness
as I crouch beneath their window in my disguise,
the creme-filled answer to a fat girl's dreams.

The Robe

Everyone is afraid of a cheap, terrycloth robe.
They are scared to death of the nursing-home material.

In their dreams the gorgeous nurse somehow detects
their better qualities.

But waking
bad-breathed and clumsy,
they fear that nubby cover.

Blue or white,
beach-striped or brown

it looks like hell
and only hangs from arm and shank,

moving with the paunch
curtained at the groin
clinging at the straining calf.

-- Ronald Koertge

Pasadena, CA

UNIQUE:::
Undoubtedly to be cited much in the future: Hugh Fox's
The Living Underground, A Critical Overview (\$6.50 fm.)
Whitston Publ. Co., Inc., P.O. Box 322, Troy, NY 12181)
-- essays on the work of d. a. levy, Dick Higgins, D. r.
Wagner, Douglas Blazek, T. L. Kryss, Richard Morris,
and others.