

## In Memoriam

He wrote with his fist clenched and his poems were full of lumps and scratches. They bled real blood, though it wasn't his own. After he died, his disciples kept his toenail parings carefully in a glass vial. It was said that eating one paring would cause you to write a good poem but eating two would condemn you to writing bad novels. The parings were especially good with Bordelaise sauce, though in a pinch mustard might do.

### Sexy Trickster

I saw that  
sexy trickster  
talking you out of  
a trip to Duluth

you were making poems  
out of spare parts  
waiting for all the right  
and passionate verbs

needed a disastrous love  
affair to finish  
your first novel.

-- James Evans

Gorham, ME

carpenter's helper

the rattling was so bad it  
damn near scared the  
shit out  
"these 'ere innernationals ain't  
like they useta be"  
old man butland grinned through  
his cigar and  
gunned her more pressing the  
pedal right down  
stiff-legged and  
chawing his cigar so hard  
he was like to eat it and  
then he grabbed it out again and

grinned his grizzled yellow  
teeth and  
me sitting froze-like and  
white knuckled and  
feeling sick  
"these ole' innationals 'ere do  
awright straight out, eh?"

captain america incognito

at first i thought he looked like  
captain america not because he  
was big and bold and beautiful with  
a dazzling uniform to match but  
ironic-like in his u.s. air force  
blue jacket with one lonely stripe and  
a set of bulky ear phones hanging about  
his neck and scrubby unshaven face  
(he looked lean and hungry) and  
spectacles with snap on shades and  
one of those skinny western neckties  
with a turquoise indian clasp and  
as he prodded about the patio chairs  
he asked to see a chaise rocker and  
continued prodding with this strange  
looking extendable aluminum cane that  
i just wouldn't trust (thinking of a  
hidden collapsable sword) and he fiddled  
with an old am-fm-short-band (his fingers  
moved rapidly in quick nervous jerks)  
radio that hung over his neck down to  
his hip and had what looked like  
a microphone attached so i wondered  
if he was tape recording too as  
i showed him the two rockers we sold  
and he kicked at them with his penny  
loafers to make them rock while pointing  
out with his cane that wooden rockers  
are better and last longer than aluminum  
and i began to feel uncomfortable and  
so left him standing there and soon  
got busy and never noticed him leave.

alpha beta peach

i ate it again  
each time the  
last one lingering  
always picking the  
softest and giving  
it a deep sniff and