

I can hear the Pope
eating a banana
I can hear Irish battles
I can hear Africa
planting bodies
I can hear oil
drain from the pipes in Alaska
I can hear a rattlesnake
in Mexico
I can hear the snow falling
in Norway

I can hear
your indifference
darling
and now I wish
to hear
nothing more

The Repetition Of Morning & Death & Six O'Clock

The old dog's neck turns. He watches me.
I am sipping gin
at six o'clock in the morning,
and I have built an early fire
to warm the death in me.
Later on I may
masturbate in the shower.
I have escaped death by fire
and falling planes.
It is another morning for me.
More gin. More fire.
More six o'clocks.

The old dog is sly with me.
I am sure he has written
pornographic books
and signed a fictitious name.
Now he thinks he can escape notice
because he is old. Clever canine.
They will believe him before me.

Later on I will let
the old dog out in the yard.
He will watch cars and people pass by.
He will raise his senses
at a bitch in heat. There will
be a lion-type memory.

Inside, I am turning the clock back.
I am sipping gin
at six o'clock in the morning,
and I have built an early fire
to warm the death in me.

-- Ann Menebroker

Wilton, CA

just you wait

just you wait she said as they
led her from her room
the rent unpaid for eight months

just you wait she said as they
booked her for assaulting a policeman
disturbing the peace and
vagrancy

just you wait she said as they
put her on a bus for another state
with a one-way ticket and
ten dollars

just you wait she said as she
made bombs in her basement
from bottles and cans and old papers

just you wait she said as they
sent her to the detention center
for observation

just you wait she kept saying
to the wrong side of
the one-way mirror

as I watched and listened
her eyes became many eyes
and her voice many voices
and I for one am waiting
uneasily uneasily