

TWO THINGS

I have to remember
if ever I'll hear
you people again
the things that you told me
and the things that you said

-- Gary Keizer
North Haledon NJ

MONOLOG FOR E. E. CUMMINGS AND HIS SWEET OLD ETCETERA

We thank you Cummings
most for finding exits out
of this enormous room,
for leading us back
to that pretty how town
where memories are mosquitos
buzzing in the head:
of times when tulips,
kites and wee balloonmen
were the fingers
that made early flowers,
we the hands;
and we thank you Cummings
glad and big
for showing us somewhere
we have never travelled,
gladly beyond this realm
of brittle treacherous bright streets
where Buffalo Bill's defunct
and serpents bargain
for the right to squirm;
we thank you Cummings
in just spring, when all
in green go our loves
riding, for the intricate
imperfect various things
you give us, even
cambridge ladies who live
in furnished souls
(since feeling is first),
and next to of course god
America thanks you too:
eddieandbill, hey wait for us!