

what concerns me is the poetry of her
operations. what does she hear when she puts
the scope up under the dog's belly?
is there something special about a heartbeat?

-- John Kay

Long Beach CA

The Whales of Albuquerque

Two cottonwood trees.
The bugs and the wind
Have carried away the bark.

They are very white
With age.
They rest by the river
Waiting for a chance
To jump in.

Ode To Sobriety

this sweet darkness
free of bruises

the woman behind the bar
surprised to find out
my eyes are brown

she smiles and pours
another shot
of whiskey

-- Carl Mayfield

Albuquerque NM

POOR TROCHI

poor Trochi
poor Mimi Trochi
she is probably the handsomest woman I have seen
and young too, still young,
she keeps running into traps,
twice in the madhouse,
married, shacked and deserted

beyond count
mostly by homosexuals and bi-sexuals,
she knows I am one of those rare old-fashioned straights
and she comes to me for strength
but all I give her are my hard-ons and hot kisses
and we are always interrupted by lightning and chance
and luck --
her lover or my love,
to be a lover is to be loved,
but poor Trochi and I never seem to get beyond the
hot kisses,
and I am usually luckier that way,
and she certainly must be --
if you want to call it luck --
all these babies,
and then the big decision:
abortion or birth? which is the crime?
but the crime is that always the guy who did it
vanishes,
Trochi has met the greatest vanishers of all time,
and for one of the handsomest women on earth
this could be a puzzle
especially since she has a mind and a soul also,
Trochi simply choses wrong,
actually she choses indifference to begin with;
she believes indifference is a strength
when it's only a family flaw in her upbringing.
I have suffered right along with Mimi Trochi
although I have never stuck it into her
she keeps coming back
with stories and sobs
while looking more handsome than ever.
we don't even kiss anymore,
all those hot kisses are useless:
I am not indifferent enough.
"You had your chance,"-she tells me,
showing me her last baby
live and from a trip from Florida, and sucking
tons of milk.
I don't know what to do about it
so I phone my girlfriend and say
"Do come over. Mimi is here with her latest baby
and we are drinking whiskey to celebrate."
my girlfriend comes over and picks up the baby and
tortures it in her loving way
just as she does me,
and then I tell Mimi that we must leave for dinner,
my girlfriend and I,
and Mimi Trochi says, well, hell, all this traffic
now, it's 5 in the evening, could I stay a while?
and so we leave handsome Mimi Trochi there
and drive off,
and I don't worry too much about robbery
because I feel that Mimi does love me in her

sort of way,
and coming back the next morning
I find nothing missing,
there's only a small phone bill later,
a call to Van Nuys and a call to Pasadena,
hardly anything for a woman in her state,
you know how it usually happens:
a call to New York or Philadelphia
or London or Paris or worse.

I have her phone number written down
and I am going to invite her to my New Year's party
if she's still in town
then.
that day we left her at my place
she said she was going over to try to get a job
as a belly dancer
at the Red Fez. a Turk, she said, owned the Red
Fez and he was giving her some
trouble

having known Mimi Trochi this long
I was afraid to ask her
what the trouble was.

FAIR STAND THE FIELDS OF FRANCE AND NEGATION

in the awesome strumming of no
guitars
I can never get too high

in places where giraffes run like
hate
I can never get too lonely

in bars where celluloid bartenders
serve poisoned laughter
I can never get too drunk

along bottoms of mountains
where suicides flow into the streams
I smile better than Mona Lisa

high lonely drunk grin of doom
I love you.

ROUND TRIP -- FOR T.H.

he got the love letter in Peru
and drove his motorcycle all the way to
Boston and when he got there
she told him she didn't mean it,
she was in love with an architect
a married man, and would he help her get him?