

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?

he said no, and walked the streets all day,
it got cold that night
and he found this motel
and the man looked at him through a little hole
in the door
and he said, all I've got is this room and it costs
eighteen dollars.
eighteen dollars? he asked
yes, said the man talking from the little hole,
if you want the room
pass me 18 dollars through this hole.
so, being weakened with afflictions,
he passed the 18 dollars through the hole
and got the key and went up to the room,
it was a terrible room
but it had a bed
and he thought, maybe a night's sleep will help,
but he couldn't sleep,
it was the toilet, the toilet made so much noise,
so he went back to the man who stood behind the
hole in the door and he said,
I can't sleep, it's the toilet, the toilet is keeping
me awake, please fix it,
and the man said, the toilet is all right, go back to
your room and go to sleep,
and then the hole closed and all he could see
was the door and he beat on the door and the door
wouldn't open,
and he went outside and found two cases of empty
coke bottles by the vending machine and he began
throwing coke bottles
through the motel owner's window
and it was a large plate glass window
and the police came and grabbed him and took him away,
they put him in the madhouse and
he sat on the toilet and masturbated,
he stayed in the madhouse 19 days, masturbating
most of the time,
and when he got out
he got on his motorcycle
and drove all the way back to Peru
no longer in love with the lady who had written him
the letter from Boston.

THERE'S PEOPLE IN PLACES WHERE SNOW LIVES

1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12
12,11,10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1
the ability to translate life into
art or sense,
the dog's head is all swollen to one
side
H. Hesse is dead
there's people in places where snow
lives