

HERALD PHILEMON

When 17 my father drew a
portrait of his grandfather Peter.
A masterful charcoal -- wise
90 yr old face long white hair
& beard fading into yellowing paper.
A classic Whitmanesque head.

Now my father a tube draining
bile from his liver another
draining urine is the same classic head
silhouetted by silk white hair
neck too weak to bear its weight.

FOX & GOOSE

Dalton's pub. British beer. Darts.
Hadn't seen him in 2 yrs.
Made me a sandwich.
Spoke of his ex-wife. Children.
Old times, painful times.
Planned to expand into resturant soon.
Keep it select. Quiet.
Hopes, dreams blossomed
as we drank, talked.

PLAY-OFF

Listening to the Warriors on radio
knowing my friends are down there
I imagine I hear them, see them
packed in the crowd, yelling, whistling
swearing, cajoling, living with the 'team'
me living in them 80 miles away.

PAY

Art. I teach art. Something
you can't teach. To kids
14 to 18. I teach conventions.
How to do things. Things
I already know. For money.
To pay for my middleclass life.