

WHAT THE MAN IN THE BOOKSTORE SAID

living in the white  
house across the  
street from the  
brick mansion 20  
years jesse waited  
his parents wouldn't  
say yes 20 years  
of the engagement  
each moon he went  
over asked for her  
health you know  
how it is with some  
old families some  
wires a little bit  
loose we went thru  
some books before  
the auction the  
best things sold  
off things fall  
ing thru the floor  
yes he says they  
finally did in the  
late 40's marry  
you know one book  
i almost took back  
had a chapter on  
how maiden aunts  
people resigned to  
spending too much  
time alone start  
collecting bottles  
jars butterflies  
there was jesse's  
handwriting in a  
corner: as with  
me it was shells

THINKING OF EYES THE COLOR  
OF CRUSHED FENNEL

nights waiting for  
car lights then  
not waiting any

more mixing the  
blue with sun  
to get green

MRS BRION

with one wart  
near a pimple  
checking me in  
to the dorm  
checking sure  
i shouldn't  
be here checking  
my too short skirt  
checking for vodka  
you must bring  
yr laundry down  
when you so  
many of you  
haven't are you  
sure you can  
teach are  
you a hippy  
she slaps me  
with the line who's  
paying for this  
she scowls back  
to a room no  
one goes in  
where she watches  
the young girls  
their legs pale  
knives scissors  
in bikinis  
down the hall  
with the men  
looking each  
time their  
legs flash some  
thing cuts her