Sometimes arriving at the poem is like being processed thru a foreign customs check.

Imagine yourself disheveled chain smoking not having slept for two days. Imagine how you look to the impeccable soldier in shiny pattern leather. Imagine the cellophane bags of pure white powder in your satchel & then look out the window at the landscape sweeping up the slopes of perfect mountains.

Next the tap on your shoulder as you turn to answer questions you cannot imagine.

THE AGENT

The group is from Seattle & not drawing much of a crowd.

On the last night like magic their agent walks in.

I've got you booked for 6 more weeks he tells them & orders them all a drink.

They are like children all around him, loving him.

A COUPLE OF FATSOES

Me & my wife we think & act like kids, always laughing & dancing & making love at all hours of the day, but lately we've been noticing our bellies, we pull up our shirts & frown down at them, & they get bigger all the time.

Just look at these bellies, she says, we're getting fat.

Then we get to laughing hug each other & dance around the room, our big bellies pressed together, two fatsoes on the rapid slide of life.

the stray cat not much bigger than the Calico's kittens swipes at them with her paw.

& the Calico lies quietly on her side some 3 feet away, her eyes burning holes into the action.