

my garden's  
guardian he is  
surprised some  
what to see  
his private  
shit-box  
transformed into  
a vegetable bin  
the soft earth  
lined with edible  
inhabitants

but there is  
nothing to be  
done about this  
it's either me  
or him these  
days for I  
know he knows  
what a marvelous  
stew he'd make  
times being  
what they are

-- Paul H. Cook

Tempe AZ

#### OVERSPILL

I was wrestling with my brother  
like we used to do  
when we were kids.

And, like then,  
things got rougher and rougher --  
his arm jerked too tight  
around my neck,  
but I got him in a jackknife  
completed to a fall  
like I did  
when we were kids  
since he was younger.

But this time  
my pills popped out  
of my pocket  
and spilled,  
all the capsules cracking.  
shooting their colored beads --  
red and orange and blue --  
all over the varnished floor.

"My tranquilizers," I yelled  
looking down in wrath.  
"What do I do now?"

But he just cursed and writhed,  
clutching his broken arm.

THE END

The first time I ever  
stayed for the last movie  
it shut off, right  
there in the middle.

That's it. The end.

"OK, Mack, let's get moving "  
from the Assistant Manager.

"But what about the ones  
who want to see it  
through to the end?"

"You seen it, buddy,  
we time it from the time  
we sell the last ticket."

"But movies never stop,  
that's the whole point!  
You come in in the middle,  
leave in the middle  
or the end, or stay

to see something you liked --  
Hepburn pulling leeches  
off of Bogart's back,  
Taylor holding elephants  
at bay, Hayworth singing  
Put the Blame on Mame.

movies go on and on,  
back to the beginning and  
through again, you can't  
stop here, besides, what  
about the rest of us?"

"Ain't nobody here but  
you, kid, ain't nobody  
left here but you."

-- Albert Stainton

Machias ME