

"LAST NIGHT WAS NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT THAT'S WHY I'M
WRITING THIS SONG" -- SOME ENGLISH SINGER

a woman who never
has enough places
to keep thinks
a woman who keeps
too much in the
cupboard not sure
what she needs
then just eats
poems wraps them
around her another
layer of skin
she keeps poems
in a closet in
stead of clothes
poems that are
bandages she
pulls the poems
around her in
the fog pretty
soon there arent
enough places to
keep them under
the bed is full
there arent enuff
envelopes and
she's in a hurry
running had wanted
to travel light

PHOTOGRAPHS

this one's blurry
1950 chevy's parked
at the beach my father
looks like theres
sand in his head
shells and pieces in
side him my sister
is a pretty brat my
mother in front try
ing to pull everyone
close together for
this photo at least

1918

a family of gypsies
comes into the store
my mother and peg
are playing in the
back of the place
in a house of shoe
boxes my grand
father dark as a
gypsy and as sly
is naturally quite
suspicious tells
the clerks to button
their eyes my mother
is dreaming of fires
and tambourines
red skirts swirling
the old woman looks
at a shoe 4 people
are watching my grand
mother comes from
behind the handbags
and corsets the
old gypsy shrugs no
everyone breathes
easy as they go but
she comes back in
15 minutes with the
shoes like a cat
with a rabbit and
she says you were
all watching me so
I had to prove I
could now they're
yours

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY