

DINNER IN SAUSALITO

she works in publishing
& would be only too happy to
get me a job.
it's such a challenge
working with artists & writers.
i was in all the peace marches,
she says, sausalito is such
a small town i didn't get my first
pimple till i was 40.
she's only too happy to
get me a drink,
can't keep her hands off me,
everyone gets caressed
as she passes.
she sits further away
when her husband returns
from the bathroom &
wonders why there's been several
lawsuits from people
who've fallen up or down her steps.

A REPLY

she says she keeps on
writing a postcard or letter
every two weeks or so
because i haven't
told her not to

i've spoken to the rain
& it didn't do any good

she writes that she's going
to school studying a lot
seeking psychics
seeking help with things
putting the past into the present

she says that if she knew
then what she knows
now she'd really like
to know what i think
of it all

sometimes i think all that people can do
doesn't make any difference
it all comes

from inside here
in the center
like the hubcap
on a wheel
that the sun's rays
shine from
when not obscured by clouds
or spattered with mud
so look
i can't see anything
i have nothing
to say or write
so don't

THE BUTCHER

he's a nice guy
quiet soft spoken
spends a lot of time alone
hiking in the mountains
his wife off here & there travelling
& studying mapping her heritage
he hardly ever speaks
says it all with fewer words
than most makes his own
beer smokes a little hash
shows me the slaughterhouse
this is where it all happens
he says some can take it
& some just can't
take all that dying across
the road from his house things
with horns & hooves hover
in the air he says sometimes
when i've been out & come back
the smell almost makes me sick
& looking up sure are a lotta
stars out tonight isn't that
taurus up there

WESTWOOD

she announces over burgers
that what she really
wants is to go back
to vegas & get some
silicone tits