

REASON ENOUGH

she wants to know
why i don't use names
in my poems why
i just use she or her
why i don't use her name.

she tells me little of herself
simply that she's more interested
in the form & doesn't want
to have to deal with the content
of her life or any other.

she's like those people
who ask how you're doin,
& before you can reply
that you don't really see much hope at all
that the doctors are vague about what's wrong
that you can't seem to handle it
as well as you once could that it's hard
to remember what to do & say when
every year every day every hour
every cigarette woman beer joint poem horse
blackjack table
there's just so much more to remember
& just that many fewer brain cells
with which to do it,
they'll say why you certainly are
looking good.

i tell her it's for reasons
of diction & compression
in order to speak

but i'm not really sure

ANOTHER BLOW UP

they just seem to happen
at least once a week
like saturday matinees
when i was a kid

our relationship
appears to be one catastrophe
piled on another

burning it up so rapidly
that dresden seems just a fire
built on a rainy afternoon
by the 3 stooges

no longer as much fun
as it once was something
we looked forward to
now it's something we dread
coming & are helpless to stop
the bombs falling everywhere
while we try to find
one usable glass
under the rubble
of 3 weeks dirty dishes

AN APOLOGY OF SORTS

my dear
you have sulked off
pissed off
because i didn't like your granola
but i ate your strawberry pie
which was good
but i didn't tell you that
instead i just pointed out
how bad the granola was
then it was whimpers
the click-click of the light
the door slamming &
you were gone
it's very quiet now
like waiting for a cake
or rome to fall
therefore
since i care for you
much more than your granola
an oven full of which i now
sit beside
in the future
please don't listen
to me at those times
only
time
will take care
of the rest