

MY GOD

I was standing in the sandwich line  
at the racetrack on a Saturday,  
47,000 people  
in the dream,  
and there was an old woman in her  
mid-sixties  
standing up against a steel girder  
and she had a 2 dollar ticket in  
her hand  
plus  
her program  
and a full cup of hot coffee.  
and while holding her program  
and her coffee  
and her 2 dollar ticket  
she opened her purse and reached in.  
and as she did  
the paper coffeecup jiggled  
splashing one of her hands  
with hot coffee.  
she held still a moment  
recovered and continued:  
she found her social security check.  
then she had the  
check, the coffee, the ticket, her  
program and her purse in her hands  
and again the coffeecup jiggled  
and the steaming coffee spilled on her hands  
again.  
then she had the social security check in  
her mouth  
and then somebody bumped her shoulder  
and the hot coffee again spilled  
over her hands and  
into her purse.  
her hands were scalded and red.  
I was going to help her  
I was going to say, "look, lady,  
let me hold that coffee for you."  
but then my line moved forward  
and I told the counter girl, "I'll  
have a corned beef on rye."  
and she asked, "with or without  
barbecue sauce?"  
and I answered,  
"without."

but what hurt me about the old  
woman was that she never screamed  
all during it.

it was like watching a totally  
unbearable horror  
movie.

I ate my corned beef  
sandwich.

THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL  
WALKING PAST THE GRAVEYARD --

as I stop my car at the signal  
I see her walking past the graveyard.

as she walks past the iron fence  
I can see through the iron fence  
and I can see the headstones  
and the green lawn.

her body moves in front of the iron fence  
the headstones do not move.

I think,  
doesn't anybody else see this?

I think,  
does she see the headstones?

if she does  
she has some cleverness that I don't have  
for she appears to ignore them.

I see her body moving in its  
magic fluid  
and her long hair is lighted  
by the 3 p.m. sun.

the signal changes  
she crosses the street to the west  
I drive west.

I drive my car down to the ocean  
get out  
and run up and down  
in front of the sea for 35 minutes

seeing people here and there  
with eyes and ears and toes  
and various parts.

nobody seems to care.