

But the third and fourth times and on all subsequent occasions, the event seems to lose its particularity and merge with all the others. It is not until the last time you see a burning bridge that the scene regains the peculiar clarity of the first. You know it, and somehow the fact that you have for the last time witnessed the burning of the bridges gives your life a shape that before it perhaps lacked.

THERE IS EVIDENCE

-- after the Tao of Sex

the woman who meets the standard
is naturally pleasant

her voice is settled &
her silken hair is black she

has delicate skin, slender limbs &
is neither tall nor short the slit

between her thighs is high there
is no hair on her pubic region

her emission
is abundant during intercourse

her body moves and shakes she behaves
in accord with the man

when a woman is moved by a man
there is evidence

-- David James

Venice CA

LISTEN, DOCTOR

Listen, doctor,
all my life
I've had this thing for paper.
Do you think it's serious?
My mouth begins to water

in printers' shops.
As a little girl
I wanted to have
more rainbow tablets than anybody.
We didn't have much money
so I used to stand
outside the windows of art stores
looking at those expensive blocks
of water color paper, the kind
you wet and lift with a razor.
Real class, to me, is still water color paper.

My husband complains
when we go on vacation
I pack half the bags with paper;
notebooks, sketchbooks ...
but I won't get caught in the sticks
without a tablet.
You should see my origami.
The lime is especially choice, and the red.
I've had this stash of origami papers
for years in the back of my desk,
in case of another world war.

Of course I discriminate.
Napkins, tissue -- these are so-so.
Wrapping paper's cute but dull.
Copy paper's bitter, squeaks
when you touch it, a modern
hysterical kind of paper I don't care for.
Kraft paper sacks are comfortable.
I've got a closetful.
Newsprint, lined and unlined,
has tooth and takes a soft pencil.

Often when going for something simple
like a magazine, or sandwich bags,
I find myself buying a ream
of 20 lb. bond I don't really need.
Those blank sheets in a good stiff box
turn me on. Doctor, I need to know,
am I normal?

BUS FARE

Today, when I was looking you up
in the phone book,
I saw the Greyhound number
and thought of when
the children were all babies