later she tells me the sun is giving her a headache as though it didn't have enough to do pumping up watermelons & daisies

then it's the apocalyptic voice of doom & she just knows the store will be closed that has her favorite pastry her mom's gonna be pissed about her foot that puppies are eating cardboard on the streets of Manila

& i want to plug up all the holes whip out psychic band-aids potions, steaming herbs give her more than this hug & conversation

her eyes are big & blue & on the verge of puncture -- do you love me? they ask -- love you very much, i tell her

being a weekend father is very hard, i think as we head out of the park

being a weekend daughter must be equally as difficult.

14 YEARS TOGETHER & OTHERWISE

"batten down the hatches," he says a huge swirling wave slapping through a porthole just inches from his head

"secure the anchor," she orders & they tie ropes to the children then with wild eyes she threatens to jump overboard but all she does is puke over the side instead then they both hug till the calm untie the children
i've known them a long time now & i love them but sometimes visiting them is a little too dramatic even for a poet.

I'M GETTING TO KNOW HER

at first it was like fishing through a hole in a frozen lake running into her on the st. the cold shoulder & now months later completely thawed out the conversation is warm parked in front of the laundromat like 2 canoes in a blue lagoon as she gently tugs at my beard tells me she's allergic to hippies "here look," she says & lifts up her skirt shows me an invisible rash on the inside of her thigh & laughs & i reach for her blouse, ask for more evidence & she laughs even harder she guesses i'm a leo but she's not even close.

BLIND MAN

he sits down next to me on the bus starts talking & it's very strange like