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
this huge ventriloquist's
doll with the ventriloquist
locked inside

only the head & the mouth
moving the eyes glazed over
but he's there
his consciousness, his guts
the nuts & bolts of his
personality
peeking out from some two way
mirror in his dead eyes

makes me uneasy
like i might say the wrong
ing like when i was a kid trying
to open walnuts
by squeezing two together
always doing it too easy
or so hard they split up into
a million crumbs.

I LOVE YOU, BUT

"i love you," she says, "i'm just
not ready to get into anything
serious right now. i need more
space, i'm still trying to get
over Bill."

& i look around & she's right his
presence is in the room
his hands still in her soul
shadows of his shoes by her bed
his gloves draped over the t.v.

he still owns the franchise of
her body
the eyes, lips
between her legs

& now 3 months later the gloves
are gone
& only one shoe by the window
"i still need more time," she says
"but god i love you so much."