TO THE PERSON WHO PICKED UP MY NEW ROLL OF STAMPS THE ONE MOMENT I WASN'T LOOKING

I hope you'll write a love letter to someone who lives in a house so quiet you only hear walnut branches on a night the full moon makes it too loud and light to sleep or send dahlia bulbs to the man who loves dahlias but got a goose too late to guard them from the squirrels. Send lace to the old woman who used to trim her sleeves with lace you can't touch now without tearing.

If you left the roll unopened it could be a large table for ants a foot stool for a grasshopper stretch it out to trim a tree.

It's all red for valentine's day, or a border to cover part of a wall. You could mail leaves from the south to where there aren't any. Stamp milkweed or blow it toward Boston with a message saying "hurry, come." This poem cost me fifteen dollars to write, a lot less than most others.

CONDOM TUESDAY

for two weeks each car seems to be drawn toward mine as if there was a huge magnet under the hood with a field larger than Alaska. I took the phone off the hook all day wind drifts snow over Monday's footprints. I don't leave the house. Voices bounce off the walls dissolve are like a tv program that bounces off the stars lands in Sussex 12 years later.

THINGS YOU CAN'T STAND ABOUT HIM

like roaches if you see one or two in the light imagine the nights

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY