

are not worth delving into with any energy.
i nail a chunk of bagel with my
fork and drive it around my plate,
soaking up the remains of the red
sauce which i could not make hot
enough with the chili oil. after
dinner we get up one at a time,
feeling our stomachs, roaming over
by the stove to warm ourselves, and
where we will wait for the coffee to
be ready. s the painter of the
sublime is armenian, and he stands
leaning, bemoaning the fact that
the northeast is the wrong area for
a person of his darkness to be
living. when the coffee is ready
he refuses it and water for tea
has to be put on

SEPTEMBER LINES #4

new world green tomatoes cramming the
windowsill, and e is pondering whether
the tomatoes will ripen or not, and she
comments that they certainly are not as
good as my father's, who has tomatoes tremendous

light coming from the bedroom bends and enters
another room, insisting coyly that we
take notice of it

don't fall off the windowsill
tomato, whatever you do, don't fall. the dog
will gobble you up, devour you with glee.
the dog is waiting for just such a thing to
happen. now if the tomatoes were red already,
like my father's, then there would not be this idle
suspense to deal with

light travels, room to room,
and my eyes do not believe the manner in which
it does all this without batting a lash

dog
sitting there with the patience of a cat, waiting
for the fall, hungry as all hell for the worthless fruit

when my father plants, the earth is genuine in
its thanks

-- ronald baatz

Phoenicia NY