

STAND OFF ON THE FRONT STEPS

she pulls up
in a gray tank
with a giant teardrop
painted on the side in silver

a hundred well oiled troops
marching in place
holding their rifles chest high
awaiting her command

helicopters are hovering
like giant bugs with too much
to drink

12 lawyers in black follow her
as she walks to the door.

"i'm sorry about last night,"
is the first thing i say, "you
must be pissed."

"no," she smiles, "i just want
to talk."

-- Robert Scotellaro

San Francisco CA

HER FRIENDS HAVE A CERTAIN WAY OF LOOKING AT ME

"you're easy to feed,"
she says to me,
handing me a chicken pie
and frozen peas.

"i know i am," i say;
"i guess i just like food."

"it's one of your best qualities,"
she says; "it's one of the things
i mention when i'm trying to find
something nice to tell people
about you."

"what else do you tell them?"

"not much," she says.