

EDITING POEMS FOR THE ANTHOLOGY

They fall against my
house like cats lost
in a bad storm wind

shoves them toward my
bed and I reach out
in the middle of the

night All of them
are starved love me
I half expect acid

if I taste them and
who knows what on the
glue of the stamped

and self-addressed
It's hard when I know
who wrote them to

lick the glue with
a no: they're
like ugly kittens

I can't quite load
into a sack or say
goodby to They

eat everything
I have claw make
my house theirs

ISADORA DUNCAN

If I could tell you
what I mean I
wouldn't have
to dance

moving from the
heart out she
studied Whitman
saw two children

plunge into black water
studied how vegetables
grow her body bared
vulnerable open

her money going
and her skin the long
silk scarf caught
her held her

tighter pulled her
into a swirl that those
who grabbed at her
dreamed of

THERE IS NO SWEARING

in an Indian language
the worst saying they have
is you are a dog

and you bite
the second worst