

FRAGMENTS OF DOCTORS

The doctor who was very ugly and asked me to take off my clothes, saying he was studying anatomy. Doctor death who had 4 wives die with no visible means of. The doctor who just said take an aspirin when something hurt so much I couldn't sleep. The doctor I imagined I'd marry with his dark eyes and nice family who took me to caves upstate and all the way to New Jersey where I was too shy to ask him to stop so I could pee, too cold to talk when I took the train to Buffalo. The doctor who said most times are safe times as he tried to get inside my crotch. Doctor who died young the doctor who told dirty stories who started something and stopped it like the beginning of this prose poem.

IT NEVER ENDS IN REAL LIFE THE WAY IT ENDS IN THE MOVIES

so that they ride off
in a sunset where even
the cactus looks soft
and filmy Instead
she's making sandwiches

from spoiled jam
remembering how on the
last visit he broke
the Steuben glass
bud vase while putting

down capitalism His
fingers spot the
wall from last Friday
just hours after the
wall's been painted

It's what she's think
ing in their last
eleven minutes together
tho she smiles And
what to do with

the wood blisters
crawling up the
cherry boards after
he said he'd open
the damper after

the fire was
started and birds
of flame leaped
out hot for the
moon flapping a

gainst the ceiling
and crashing down
to make a layer of
grey ash you can
track the cat's

footprints in She
is smiling and saying
come back soon as
she totals up the
damages She thinks

she hears the blisters
popping when he
kisses her she half
expects to lose
some teeth