

I'm falling
for the athletic type.
Worse, he has Ralph Nader
type dreams
of saving a small
section of the globe.
His new job doesn't
pay much
but it involves ethics
& makes him happy.

He's 8 years younger
& likes to get drunk
once a week.
He bares his firm young chest.
I bare my soul.
Drinking may be all
we have in common.

PAUL F.

paul is home with poison oak,
his wife, and his thoughts.
he sits around in his shorts
and itches everywhere.
i write and say, paul, have
you written any new poems?
he says, shove sand.
i think it must be some new
style he has contributed
to poetry. but i can't find
any examples.

REALIZATION

still afraid to fly
after all these years.
something about
being locked up in that machine
even with movies, music,
and drinks.
no sense of freedom.
maybe it isn't the plane.