

GANGWAY!

pierre yperman teaches french
and his students love him
but he should be in the movies
because he was in the Resistance
and still looks the part:
beret, plaid shirt, cravat, beard,
hearty laugh. Paul Muni sit down.

campus parking exits are guarded
by six-inch steel fangs that
will shred your tires like a nixon document.
vandals or luckless drivers have leveled
enough spikes in one lane to allow
a slender celica to navigate
carefully through the seam.

as i was entering checkpoint charley
my key card guaranteeing safe clearance,
a not so compact stationwagon roared
in the exit to my left,
fluttering nary a spike.

it was pierre. viva la france!

RERUN

for the second time i find myself
living Hemingway's short story, "Soldier's Home."
like Krebs, i came home long after the war
was over, and no one wanted to talk about it,
so i sat on the front porch and stared
at maps to learn where i had been
and never really discovered where.

thirty-five years later i'm "home" again.
lonely, though perhaps not lonesome;
i would like a girl but don't want to
go through the trouble of getting one.

in fact i extend the Krebs syndrome:
there are many i want but with only
mild frustration watch them pass by,
taking a sip in the shade, humming
my tunes to their dances.