

TURNTABLING

I pushed the turntable
backwards for several minutes
until the insides
completely unwound

and fell out. Then
I pushed to forwards
until everything went back
in again.

Sometimes I amuse myself
like this all day --
back and forth,
back and forth,

better than any of my records.

TIME BOMB

My time bomb needs mending:
the gold is peeling,
there's a squeaky noise
instead of pleasant chimes,

the numbers are slipping
and the minute hand is broken;
the frame is about to dis-
integrate. There's too little
sand. It has stopped ticking.

THREE CARS

The three cars covered three
small, roving rectangles
of Earth, but they were
handsome, brightly painted

and clean -- and so had airs
of importance, important
destinations. One was
about to be stripped

in a junkyard. The second
was a new arrival to the dry
L.A. river bed. And the
third was falling from the

top of a San Pedro cliff.