

OUR INFANT

Remembering those days
when the house was full of soft white diaper bags
and we had our own private diaperman
who always came when we were in the middle
of doing something, who barged right in
before we could even answer the doorbell
because he had 15 more stops on his delivery route,
remembering the smell of pablum, ointment, ammonia,
as he took three bags and left three clean ones
in a heap next to the sanitized yellow pail,
remembering those days as I sit across
from my four-year-old son watching him
color his spaceship green and olive green
to go with his aliens, red and olive red,
makes me want to go back there
and stay there, and not let it slip by again.

-- Peter Morris

Princeton NJ

HOT AIR

went up
in a hot air balloon
on a windy day,
six of us in all,
looking down below;
the pilot releasing
flames from the burner
into the envelope
above us, and i thought
of how i was once afraid
to leave the ground
but wasn't anymore.
drifted some 16 miles
in a south-easterly
direction, the wind
coming up as we
were coming down.
fell hard into a field.
dragged on our side,
hanging onto the ropes
in the basket,
waiting to fall out or stop.
had no fear at all.
got out alive.
bruises days later, the way
it always is
with near-calls
after the fact.

DISTANCE -- for K.R.

over 1,000 miles
& all we can share
are letters,
voices on tape,
& some photos.
i write a poem
dedicating it to you.
you compose
blues for annie.
we're both
shifting gears, but
are we going up
or down hill?
& is this
automatic drive
or a stick shift?
neither of us
has really
put on the brakes; we're
what you call
coasting.