

TYPEWRITER CHECKUP

 a poem
to check
this typewriter
out

old Smith-Corona
steel keys
not plastic

 much quieter
 than my Royal electric

a muffled sound as I thap these keys
no motor running

like if all the cars on freeway
were sail cars
 instead of motor cars

GAGAKU

it makes a difference now
it didn't in
the last poem
but the last
poem had
typos and was
extinguished

I've thousand of poems
from these hands
I know what I do
I see
demons carrying pans
and tiny pianos
white keys black keys
sharps and flats
and harmonies

I see their teeth
white enamel
shining moist glistening
ivory-like

we could take their teeth
for elephant tusks
use them for chess
pieces

-- Steve Richmond

Santa Monica CA