

free paint, my little room, don't
use the phone, that plastic
causes cancer of the ear, okay?
Goodnight."

ROVING BOY

A nice name for a horse
even though he spent his whole life
bound to an ellipsis of dirt.

Black-type 2 yr. old and plagued
by injuries at 3, he came back
to win his tightener and then
a middling stakes, two yards
past the wire going down like Grendel
had come up out of the earth
to seize his hocks.

This is not in memoriam: he did
not touch me as others have.
But I am moved to record this
because yesterday at the paddock
Carl said, "Why couldn't that bastard
have died 20 yds. earlier. I had
Various Others big."

No one said anything, least of all
me. Carl often has good information
and I am not a roving boy. I am
here for good and I need a winner.

WRITTEN ON SPOTLESS GAUZE

Jesus, I miss you tonight.
Now -- does that sound like prayer
or a love poem? Good guess!
The prize is me or you can go
on and try for the layette.
Others certainly have. Remember
the one with white picket fences
in her luggage? So you haven't
had as many lovers. Yours have
been beauts, especially that runt
who broke your heart. "Do you
have reservations, Ms?" "Lots." More
Chardonnay? Or maybe a trip
is the answer. SCREWING IS FUN
ON AMTRACK. I've been dying
for you nearly 30 minutes now.
That's about my limit these days
packed in ice as I am, having
barely escaped from that burning
cottage with my life.