

TURNING ELEVEN

The man in
the telephone booth
deftly takes a dime out
of his ear and drops
it into the coin slot.

Looking on, his
ten-year-old daughter
acts embarrassed --
no longer amused with
his tricks -- bored by
that old sleight-of-hand.

EARTHBOUND

On the quad,
in tree-shade green,

a man sits
in his wheelchair

gently embracing
the girl on his lap,

mindful of
her folded wings.

-- G. O. Clark

Davis CA

SLOW POETRY

My aunt pronounces "college"
like the cowardly lion of The Wizard Of Oz
pronounces courage.
It's an absolute for the brain, she proclaims.
I have to disagree.
The only thing I got out of college is
this:
Klein, my English professor, told me: if you
want to be a poet, you got to learn to type.
If you can't type, you can't be a fucking poet!
And he's right too.