

LOVING OHIO UNIVERSITY'S OUTSTANDING
SENIOR INDEPENDENT WOMAN OF 1966-67

-- for Judy Brown

she combines
remarkable intelligence
with sensitive gentleness.
the former, worn as
a badge of honor,
intimidates some
people but such are
their insecurities.
the latter, a private
passion, seems
reserved for nature,
stuffed animals and
me. loving a woman
with the perspicacity
to know your foibles
and the compassion to
forgive them is
life's rare joy.

I'M STANDING ALONE

i'm standing alone sipping
a double shot of jim beam

sporting a name tag with my
high school senior picture

when some joker i haven't
seen in 20 years walks up
and spouts off

"jesus christ, morgan,
you've sure changed!"

i've been through college,
a divorce, a traumatic affair,
three near nervous breakdowns,
therapy, my father's death and
two bouts of unemployment

worked as a journalist,
canoe shelter attendant,
dishwasher, house painter,
apartment maintenance worker,
public opinion surveyor,

salesman, social worker
and writer of poetry

i've longer hair, a goatee,
mustache, large gut, suffer
from hypertension, rampant
cynicism and grinning
half-drunk idiots

"good god, i certainly hope
so," i quip, brushing past

escaping into the emptiness
of the crowded room

WEARING JEANS AT THE GRAND TRAVERSE RESORT

some patrons
of this fancy hotel
overlooking grand traverse bay
wear clothes worth more
than my car.

there's money galore
in this neck of michigan,
especially in summer
when the beautiful people
float in on long, sleek yachts
designer sails billowing.

hell, a small glass of beer
costs a buck-fifty and

i'm strolling about in faded,
old jeans, pullover shirt
and paint-spotted, blue suede
tennis shoes with bright orange
laces. maybe it's the laces,

people are staring, as i smile,
nod and keep on walking.

so far, only the maids
have smiled back.

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME, JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

the loudmouthed
obnoxious jerk at the end
of the bar is black