

FOURTEEN AND FEELING IT

Clemmie proclaimed
I belong to me, Clemmie Prater
and no one else
 never have
and never will
and about that time his daddy
took a strap to him
you left out your two makers
boy, me and God
and, of course, your mother

WRITING POETRY ON A STOLEN TABLE

What a good place a corner
can be
a creaking chair
and a wooden table with a
shady past
painted over once
 stolen twice
so the third owner declared
to me
I, the fourth owner
wonder if I'll be the last
to write a poem on its face