

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

the nights are
long and the
days short, so i
am pretty much
forced into
going out and
buying a string
of tiny white
christmas lights
to hang around
the window and
along the wall.
every year at
this time i do
the same thing,
and it does a lot
to relieve the
pressures of
the winters here.
i know that a
single string
of lights doesn't
sound like much,
but it is.
i completely
depend on them.
these lights,
they remind me
of the festive
atmosphere of
an ocean liner.
that's one of
my goals in life:
to travel around
the world on
such a ship.
it may be my
only goal.
i lie in bed
listening to
the stereo
with every
light off
except these
christmas lights
strung in
mid-november
desperation.
i know it was
early to put

them up, and
i know it'll be
late when i take
them down.

SNOW POEM

written
while
it was
coming
down

THESE COLD MOUNTAINS

walking
around in
bare feet
in an
almost-dark
kitchen, when
suddenly i
feel something
cold under my
left foot, and
when i lean over
to see what
it is
i find
a dime.
and it is
cold, this
dime, very
cold.
i put it on
the stove.
i even
consider
putting the
stove on to
warm up
the dime.
but then
decide
against it.
needless to
say i have

no good
reason
to have a
warm dime
in my possession.
no one
ever told me
a warm dime
is worth more.
although maybe
in these
cold mountains
it is.

over the sink
onions hanging
sprouting

LIVING ALONE

there's a tomato sitting on the
windowsill. it's been there now for
over a week. a monstrous thing it is too.
and it certainly is ready to be eaten, but
i've just been without the patience necessary
to make a salad. maybe i should simply take it
and cut it up and eat it by itself say with
a pinch of salt. the window that it's in
looks out onto the motel grounds at the back
of the motel. prominent in view is the huge
weeping willow tree. when my father was here
last week he sat in the chair by the window
and he marveled at the size of the tree.
he also noticed the tomato sitting there,
and he asked me when i was going to eat it,
since in his opinion it was as ripe as could be.
the sun is shining on it now. shadows
go across it. shadows of the weeping
willow. it sits there calmly like the
buddha. it looks like it has achieved
all a tomato can possibly achieve, ever.
but it does have to be eaten soon, yes.
it's just that it's the last tomato
of the season, the last local garden
tomato. after this it's back to the
tomatoes at the supermarket, and they
are nowhere near the same quality.
they haven't achieved true tomatohood.
but if i am going to eat it tonight
i think i'll have it plain, with some
salt. an ambitious salad would only
take way from the purity of the act.
my god, such consideration. only
because i live alone do i have the
luxury of this consideration. or