

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

should i say the madness. now if this tomato were at my mother's it would be part of an elaborate salad which would be followed by an equally elaborate meal. and i certainly do not have anything against that kind of eating. but living alone it's better to concentrate on the tomato by itself. this is more in keeping with the situation. so, for dinner i'll have this single monstrous tomato with a pinch of salt, and i'll eat it at the table along with three chairs empty and still.

100 LAPS

it's monday night and the football game is a lousy one so z goes out and starts his car and lets it run for awhile, since it is one of the first really cold nights of the year and he hates frosted windows. i offer him some wine when he comes in but flatly he refuses it, like i knew he would, knowing how little he drinks these days. so i drink alone as we watch a few more plays, and then finally i just turn the set off and we sit on the couch for awhile waiting. he has his old black overcoat on, which he's very proud of. it has an unusually high collar, which causes him to look like a vampire, especially too because he has long black hair these days, swept back. not that that is the style he wants, but his wife has been pestering him to have it that way. she says she misses the curls. z would prefer to have it short, like he does in the summertime, extremely short, so that when he washes it he doesn't have to fuss with it. this short style he calls his "convict cut." i prefer seeing his hair short also. i think he looks more intimidating with it short. you might ask me why i'm so concerned with z appearing intimidating, and i would have to say that i believe it's a must for an old broken-down poet like z. the same goes for me. at this stage of the game we can use all the protection we can get. we've written ourselves into such a tight-ass spot with poetry that in a society such as the one we live in we have become dangerously vulnerable. between the two of us there is not a single