

THIS LIGHT

This is serious light.
At the crack of dawn, this light
stopped the rain. This light
has the housetimbers talking to themselves.
This light bangs on eyelids
like a kid raised by wolves bangs on pots and pans.
Hardly started yet and this light already shows
powerful colors in the woods.
Got to put on dark clothes to walk around in this light.

PORTRAIT OF A LAMPLIT INTERIOR SUSPENDED OVER A HILLSIDE WITH OAKS AT DUSK

The reflected room cantilevers out
into dark, thin air
the other side of the picture window
backwards. There's the interior lamplight.
There's the walls blocking out the darkness.
There's the sink behind us hovering
under the dewline of the oak fifty feet away
filled with dirty dishes.
There's you and I at the table just cleared
seeing our other room with
ephemeral focus on our faces. There's no
real room out there. It's only
light from the house
reaching for the usual nothing
and being betrayed back to us. There'd
better not be any other place
than where we are; no room
where you and I pose
in light more wonderful than this.

DAWN RAIN

"Here's more," says the rain,
and sure enough,
down comes another shower

rinsing the shingles on the roof, front and back, and the house, it being morning, stretching its big dry shoulders into it.

"Like it?" the rain wants to know.
"Sure enough," smiles the house, with wet hair.

— Donald Schenker

Berkeley CA

MAGGIE & JIGGS
OR A SUGGESTED CURE FOR TWO CASES OF NECROPHILIA

My wife & I were watching this old
Ronald Coleman movie on late-night t.v.
when she said:

"Look at his bu-TI-ful eyes, look at that bu-TI-ful
profile. It's hard to believe such a handsome man
is dead & gone."

"Christ Almighty," I said, "what do you expect?
That goddam movie is sixty years old.
They must ALL be dead by now."

Then I went out to the john & took a good leak
& washed my hands & got another beer from the kitchen
& filled a bowl with more pretzels.

When I got back again, Ronnie was talking to this blonde
who was wearing some kind of low-cut negligee
& I said to my wife:

"Jeez, look at those bu-TI-ful boobs."

"Insect," said my wife, "have you no respect
for the dead & departed?"

"Hell," I said, "let's take a tumble in bed
while our bodies are still warm."

AS I SNARL BACK AT HER EYES IN THE DARK

The first time I saw her
she was crossing a Venetian square
wearing gilt-edged Slavic wings
that were not even wet coming in from the rain.