

north Michigan town.
But tonight, again,
you serve as inspira-
tion. I try to smile,
considering what you
would think of us
many professors, fat
and educated, blazing
trodden moons, looting
empty trains.

— Gay Brewer

Columbus OH

LAST DAYS OF OSCAR WILDE

Paris, 1900.

The cafe's been closed half an hour.
Overturned chairs rest on the metal tables.
The waiter stands with his back to the bar
arms folded, lips pursed, glaring.
Under the green canvas awning
a single customer sits
with his empty glass, his stack of saucers
his unpaid bill.
Streams of water dribble
from the frayed edges of the awning.
The waiter curses once, twice, shouts
to this customer, who doesn't hear
& so goes on
staring into the rain.
The waiter inserts the crank
rolls the awning back.

TAXI

I climb in a taxi
downtown out to the airport
lugging suitcase & briefcase;
the driver
is young, black, subdued
we move thru empty streets
past redbrick buildings graffitoid

then onto the Expressway
dawn at our backs
not a word

till he asks:
weech tair-meen-ahl?
I tell him United & inquire
his origins.

Martinique, he says
slightly contemptuous, certain
my next question concerns
what continent that might be on
but instead I say:

"So you are familiar with the poetry
of Aime Cesaire?"

The cab veers right
narrowly misses 6 guardrails
horns blow cars change lanes to avoid it he
wrestles the wheel
back to control, turns wild-eyed:

How you know Aime Cesaire!?!

— Jim Cory

Philadelphia PA

IT'S HARD

to get many humans to talk
say something out loud
for each word they utter out loud
they think millions
silently

I'm like this

in the last hour I only said 3 words out loud
and they came only 2 minutes ago

"that was ecstatic"

immediately upon the completion
of devouring
one of famous amos's large soft and chewy
nut free chocolate chip

masterpieces.