

IN TOUCH

Wife gone, I turn
off tv, switch
on stereo, dial
a classical station
& turn up volume.
Know very little
about this music.
All its composers
are dead.
I can't write to it.
Its rhythms are
not my rhythms.
But it moves me,
puts me in touch
with foreigners
in myself.

BOUNCING ON EMPTY

Past midnight.
Needle's bouncing
on empty but
can't stop now.
Place I'm headed's
tucked in a rainbow,
just down the road,
around next
blind curve.

DANCER

Inside the ticking
advances. She
is winding down
like a choice toy.
She knows this but
can do nothing
to change it.
She steels herself
with prayer, drugs,
whatever supports
her against this
knowledge &
continues her dance.

TRUCKIN'

Bought an '87
Chevy truck.
Last of the
old breed.
Big four
wheeling V8
to carry me
up there above
the traffic.
Where it's safe.

COMPANY

Thought I was alone,
but a squirrel is
chewing a green
pine cone high in
a lodgepole, showering
me with discarded
pieces. I'll have
to sweep our deck
when he's finished.
But I don't mind.

SURVIVOR

He talks to himself.
Sometimes he talks
sense, sometimes
nonsense. When he
remembers he thinks
this to himself:
I'm healthy,
loving & talented.
He gently repeats
this over & over
until his mind
drifts. He believes
these thoughts (if
they penetrate) will
help him survive
into his sixties.

— Phil Weidman

North Highlands CA