

LIES

I don't know how
white is white
when it comes to lies
I do know Wilfred Earl Bentley
had me take his picture
in front of a winery
near Paso Robles
He sent it to his cousins
in southern Ohio
Wrote that it was
taken in front of a Swiss
chalet
do you call that white
ivory
or sandy pink

COMMENTS ON MUSICAL PROGRAM
FOR AMERICAN GRAFFITI FESTIVAL, 1989

Mrs. Gates has grown old
with the Modesto Bee
always reads it first thing
when she hears the morning
plop

Today she jerked the paper
wide open
with a crackling sound
and read silently a moment

Then she put the paper down
and looked over her glasses
eyes glinting colder than the silver
in their frames
and lamented to her husband

Things have sunk mighty low
when this town has to bring in
Jerry Lee Lewis
and Wolfman Jack
to entertain us downhome folks