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you want inspiration.  
you say you want inspiration.  
i've got a post card of bukowski  
sitting at his aging royal drinking  
a 16 oz schlitz circa early seventies.  
cutlery a perfect poem of ray carver's  
out of new yorker right before he died.  
my kid's art work — a 3 legged turkey  
w/mint green popsicle sticks for a tail,  
three heart doilies w/colored in eyes,  
a shiny paper framed drawing of her  
smiling just for me, a pink calendar  
from a sleazo pizza joint in boston,  
a snapshot of dianne at age five  
and 47 years of living a life  
i still don't understand.

#### IF IT WERE ONLY THIS EASY

The atmosphere around the house  
has been shaky at best. She takes  
a weekend getaway to see friends  
an airplane ride away. When she calls  
to say she arrived okay, her voice  
is upbeat, he can sense her smile  
across the airway. "Hold that feeling,"  
he says, "don't let it go." She's still  
laughing when she says, "It's amazing  
how good I feel when I get away from you  
and our situation." After she hangs up,  
he ponders that one for a while.

The next morning before he goes to work  
he gathers up all her shit, tosses it  
in the garage & changes the locks.