

## THE FORM THAT SHAPED THE CLAY

I don't want to be young  
I just want to get old  
in my own way  
not pension funds & IRAs  
& saving for a rainy day

I want to live it now  
& take my chances  
on the outcome

I'm watching an animated  
version of Tom Sawyer  
& Huck Finn w/my 3 yr old  
she's into it me too

I can picture being 10  
I was Tom Red was Huck  
we wore beat up straw hats  
and bandannas & carried  
marbles & stuff  
in a pouch on our belts

camping along the river  
rafting thru the smelly  
swamp what an adventure  
it was before tvs & vcrs  
& the continuous mind fuck  
that bombards kids today

it was all in our heads  
back then & that's what  
held maybe that's the form  
that shaped the clay  
that keeps the boy  
inside the man

## DREAM PATHS

The first year, he's the main man  
of her dreams. In the early mornings,  
she slowly strokes him while she describes  
the intimate details. He begins to dream  
about her. The second year, new figures  
emerge in her dreams — travel partners  
from the past accompany sexual partners  
of the future. She has sex with an old man  
then a young boy with blonde pubic hair.  
two women naked under sheets touch her  
in places only he wants to touch.  
He stops dreaming about her.  
There is no third year.