

W.C.W.

who's that
weird-looking
old guy

with the tie
in that picture
up there? izzat

your grandfather
or something?
yes I say

good guess
that's exactly
who it is

— Jim Cory

Philadelphia PA

THE YELLOW CAT

Here's
my wife's yellow cat
dozing
in front of the fire.

My wife is asleep
upstairs
where I should be
at this hour

but
there's still
a puddle of wine
left in the bottle
& butt enough
of a cigar
left to suck on

& there's still a voice
that says: "Speak."

Everyone wants something more
but sometimes something more
is something less:

less wine
less fire
less time.

I'd given the cat
a late snack,
not because
I'm fond of it
but because
that's what my wife
would want me to do

so sometimes
we do things
for reasons
that aren't apparent.

The cat is content now:
a yellow cat
getting old,

while out on the bay
the cherry red eye
of a boat's running light
peers through the dark
of another hour
that's numbered
for both of us.

— Richard M. West

Bainbridge Island WA

THE HISTORY OF BAIT

"Let your bait fall gently upon the water," says Izaak Walton. Your fish should be scarcely aware his environment has altered. What ho? he says, without the slightest sense of danger, turning to get a better look JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY A FAT DRAGONFLY GOBBLE-GOBBLE and that's it. You got him.

Early baiters realized quickly the need for finesse. One does not simply plop bait down in front of the baitee. If the bait is delivered aggressively it is less attractive than if it appears passive and defenseless. (cf. The History of Advertising, The History of Education, The History of Sex)

The experienced baiter does not allow his own tastes and