

### IT WAS LIKE

wading into  
the Mohawk  
to cool off  
a hot July  
and finding  
what turns  
out to be  
the last  
person on  
the bridge  
that collapsed  
in Schoharie  
two years  
ago washing  
up against  
you

### CAMPING WITH J, TRAVEL TIPS

spread the  
map spread  
the canvas  
careful don't  
get it uneven  
spread the  
ground sheet  
spread the  
bags spread  
your legs  
shut your  
mouth

### HE MOVES FAST

as a politician  
slashing thru  
cities a dancer  
who prefers  
allegros to  
adagio he's  
fast as a fan  
spinning so quick  
you think it's  
still until you  
lose what you  
put too near  
he changes quick

a quick change  
artist he wants  
illusion magic  
he's got some  
thing up his  
sleeve he hot  
foots he's all  
fancy foot work  
as if to obscure  
his real moves

### THIS TIME

it was less like  
chemicals oozing  
out from dumps  
slowly poisoning  
the water you've  
become used to  
tasting a little  
strange like  
certain words  
but was belted  
out more like  
poison flooding  
up out of an under  
ground valve  
leaking thru  
pine and cotton  
to blow what seemed  
could hold up  
awhile apart

### HE SAYS HE NEEDS SPACE HAS AN EMOTIONAL SHUTDOWN

he unplugs the  
phone disconnects his  
heart and his penis  
no light gets thru  
dark cloth over the  
window he pulls quilts  
higher to shut out  
what was like  
demerol and darvon  
after Nam when  
one leg blew  
off as cut  
off as I  
feel