

LATE FAVORS SMELL

Baudelaire's name
stands tall
in 30 pt. type
on the jacket of
the latest translation
he is the biggest rock
on the beach
and when the tide
goes out
you can see all those
translators
hanging onto him like
parasites
who say, "If it was not
for us, he wd be just a
rock!"

30 pt. type
100 years too late
for Charles
his words still fill
the hearts & lungs of

others
they took charge of
his notebooks
and his history

but none has been fit
to touch his pen

in the City of Poets
in a room on a shelf
sits an urn w/Bob Kaufman's
ashes inside, so I hear
the guy who told me
say, "I got to hold Bob
Kaufman's ashes! It was
cool!"

and all I cd say was:

"What did you do for
him when he was alive,
living in the streets?"
and he said, "You're in
a bad mood."

SONOFABOOK!

he wanted to be a writer
and on top of that he got pretty damn lucky
maybe because he was Irish
a surviving member of the Lost Generation
took him under her wing
about the same time Hem bowed out
he was her assistant
handling her manuscripts and filing
her letters
from Beckett & Joyce
She told him daily: WRITE!
If you want to be a writer: WRITE!
NOW!
Do it NOW!
Like she did
She wrote every day
For twenty years he had opportunity
& access to his hero
& her agent
& her publisher
Now that he had this
Now that he was the adopted son
of the original Paris Lit Jet Set
Do you know what happened?

He discovered he was not a writer
He simply wanted to be around it
& near it
& in it
but he did not have IT in him
& when she finally died
he was the one Lost

A NICE VIETNAM WAR STORY

One night, Dad and his buddy were playing outside the Enlisted Men's Club. Dad had a regular following among the men. He was the entertainment the 364 nights out of the year that Bob Hope was not there. That night the Commander brought by a visiting General to show him what a great time they were all having. Dad had the men singing and clapping and the Commander said to the General, "The men really know how to have a good time, it's not so bad." And the General smiled and the enlisted men smiled back, but then the General's smile vanished as he caught Dad's words. The Commander grabbed the General by the sleeve and quickly led him away to the Officer's Club, where the drinks were stronger, the men better paid and, it could be assumed, the morale was higher. The song Dad was singing that night in South Vietnam was, "If I Were Free."

— Patrick Fealey

Warwick RI

SONNET FOR CHRISTINE

There are two ways of walking through a doorway.
Directly, one foot in front of the other, or my way.
I stand with my back to it, and, eventually,
start walking the other way. I keep walking,
stopping for food and to sleep,
until I reach the edge of the continent.
I search for food, and build myself a raft.
I cross the ocean, and the next continent,
and the next ocean, all the time believing
the earth is round. I am changed by travel and time
when I return, and finally see the doorway
from the other side. I walk through it,
one foot in front of the other,
and turn around, directly, and walk through it again.