

DINGO AT THE DOOR

wine
grass
food for 2 days
typewriter switched on
a room to work in
electricity paid
month ahead in the rent
20 bucks left in the bank

writing
smoking
drinking
happy & content
as I can possibly be

I roll another number
pour another glass
of red lambrusco
finish off another poem

what can I say
when silence sings
with voice of a cricket

writing feels better
than anything I know

#28

go easy mister
I whisper
to myself
feeling
great
even
though
I'm broke

no matter how high I get
sooner or later
I'll be down
& vice versa

gives me an edge
keeps me vulnerable