

IN ESCROW

We sold our Truckee cabin.
This weekend we've been
filling cardboard boxes &
trash bags with our stuff.
At four thirty I sit on
deck with El Producto
queen & a can of diet
coke. Rays of sunlight
filter thru several pine trees.
There's a cool breeze. Three
dogs mill around me & bark
at people & their dogs passing
down Greenwood. We're giving
up this lovely place but
there's not much pain in
it. Rich with memories
we'll find a new place
in sierras a little farther
south, a little lower down.

CIRCLE

In late 50s many of
my best friends were
painters. When they hung
shows of their art I
asked to join them &
they kindly allowed me
to put up poems next to
their work. That led me
into painting which I
struggled with 30 odd
years. Recently an artist
invited me to join others
in an exhibit downtown.
I put up three hand
written, nicely framed poems.

UNSTABLE

Waking to two jarring
explosions down the
street just after midnight,
he jumps out of bed,
races anxiously to
window but sees no

movement. In darkness,
trusting memory, he
unlocks his 45 &
listening between breaths
takes it to bed,
resting it unloaded
on floor. Still uneasy,
he pops in a loaded
magazine, fantasizes
a little, always winning
the battle & falls
into a fitful sleep.
An hour before day
light he wakes &
releases the magazine.

COUPLE

We've been wondering
what happened to couple
who live across street
three houses down. Car &
pickup sit unused.
Grass grows unmowed.
This morning gave Scott
(kid next door) a ride
to high school where I
walk my laps. He said
they got divorced &
the man shot himself.
He was an alcoholic
you know Scott said as
if that explained it.