



friday night banquet

salisbury steak

corn

mashed potatoes

pressed plopped squirted

prefabrication

in the plastic positioned

on my knee

my dinners date's

petulant pleading eyes

look up

then over

then up then over

hoping

salivating

for some gelatinous gravy goo

i place the plate

on the kitchen floor

as i open the door

to grab

another beer



her eyebrow arches

her eyebrow arches
into the sky
her tears flow
in the river beyond
her glowing iris
red and yellow
flames
into dawning
i stand and stare at
traffic
steeple
mansions
and slums
filled with people racing to
and fro
as if caught in an undercurrent

she sees all this
pushing and shoving
pulling and yanking
through her gateway

steel and glass and concrete
fill her heart

where i awaken to see her beauty
the early morning light
as she casts her view upon
the city of saints

her subjects
ignore her
as they battle for positions
on the highways
and i alone
can see the
wink and sparkle of her eye
as we awaken together

Bookends

"Complete and Unabridged!" the husband said.
The yellow pages were tattered and scarred.
"No way!" said the wife on her way to bed.

'Twas a night of football and being fed,
Of getting drunk and fighting with Bernard.
"Complete and Unabridged!" the husband said.

'Twas a night of serving and feeling dead,
Of feeling her marriage was just a canard.
"No way!" said the wife on her way to bed.

"Now go and put on that gown of lacy red,
It's time for my cue to score a billiard.
"Complete and Unabridged!" the husband said.

And then she declared the book had been read,
that he, an ass, was an old tub of lard.
"No way!" said the wife on her way to bed.

He reached for her breast and she turned and fled,
As he played this deuce of Spades, his only card.
"Complete and Unabridged!" the husband said.
"No way!" said the wife on her way to bed.