

1970

Seasonal Poem

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emerging from these loosely related mouths,
these caverns that open as you walk about.

Then suddenly he removes the object.
He snatches it off of the vending machine
and plunges it into a brown paper bag.

Then silence, in this case ungolden:
a silence broken only by your eagerness
to bullshit about childhood, the environment,
and various ways of curing a stutter.

S E A S O N A L P O E M

Everyone looks gray from a bus
but sometimes we can remember our beauty.
It's not a bouquet under neon lights.
Our feet strike the pavement. Our overcoats
billow irrelevantly in the wake of our passions.
The flowers circulate around the bus
and wash down the street as separate petals.

The Jehovah's Witness
still stands in front of the Emporium
distributing leaflets for god in the rain
which soaks his moustache into drooping strings.
His thin eyes cut thru the line of janitors
who picket outside the Star movie theatre.
They are old, like him, but clean shaven.
They are out of his world.

Sometimes we can remember our beauty
but it's so astonishing: the petals drop off
revealing the nakedness of a real life body.
She loves me. All night long
she loves me in order to forget.