

1971

Of Us

Rodney Phillips

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11 POEMS

THE LOVE LETTER

This is not a love-letter.
I have put you out of my mind.

It is to fill you up
Until you vomit.

You are a mail-box.
I am snow.

WORDS

Dead flowers
for sick people
words cannot express

AD INFINITUM

i am your first nude
man be sure you get

my poem in your
picture your picture

is in my poem
etcetera

OF US

Afterwards the sheets
That smell of you you
Tell me smell of me.

what is the color of the rope round your neck