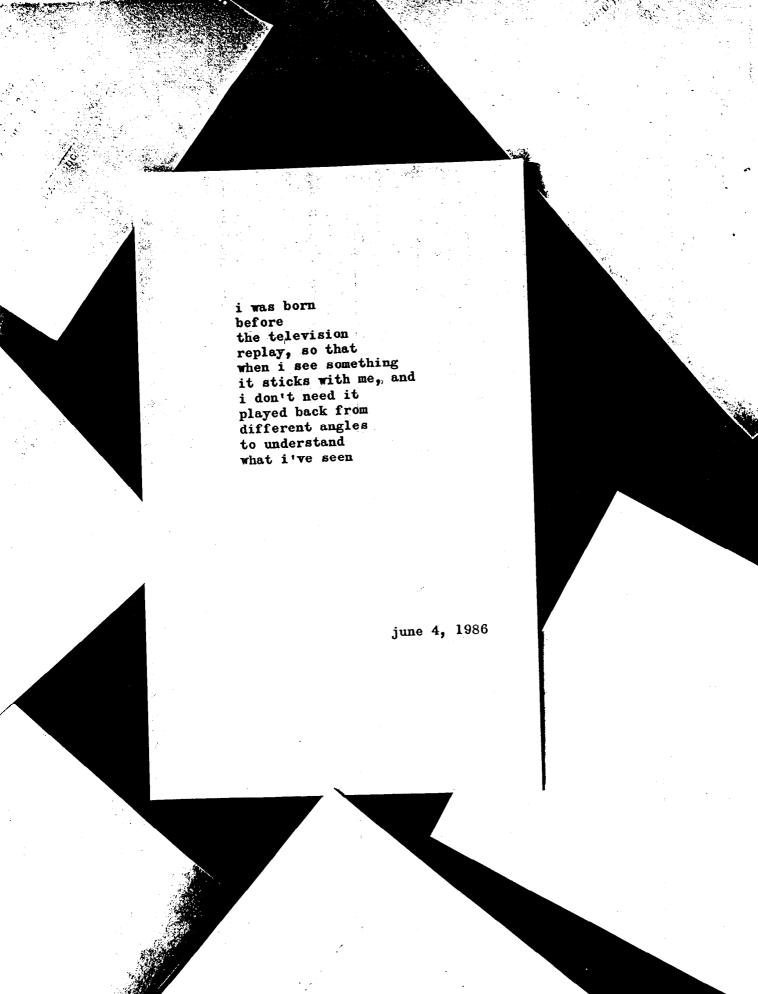


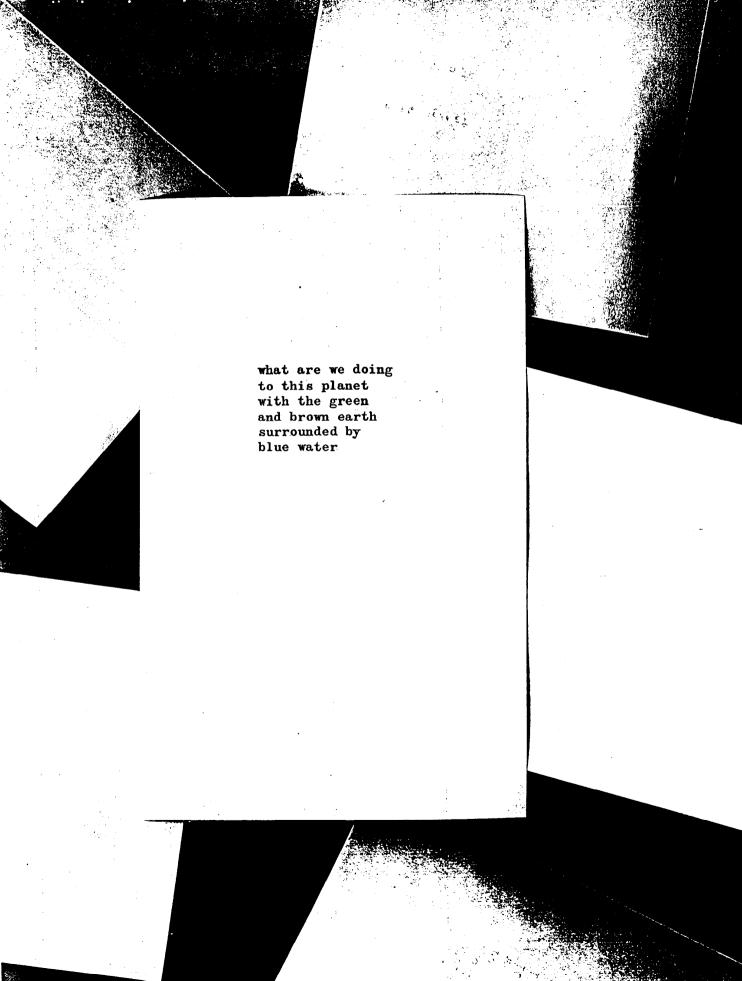




she doesn't know what the tilt of her nose does to me she thinks i'm mad about her tits

george tsongas







have to break out
of my own prison
go for walks
that are mine only
speculate on
the trees, the bay
cracks in the sidewalk

things only i see only i do

no false hopes in the apparition of other persons

i walk in the woods the light dappled with the shapes of leaves (the strange warm irony of light)

followed by a deer
who is the color
of sun off reflected bark
with hooves that move gently
silently, who nods when i
nod, we are distant companions
sharing the forest, dreaming
of a bed of soft moss
green and moldy, whose odor
both decaying and sharp
reminds us of that living
breathing thing we seek
as if impelled by a memory
and a vision
as inherent as a shadow

i squat in the dust to draw totems with a twig the deer's brown eyes peering into mine through the tangled underbrush

note: june 8, 1986

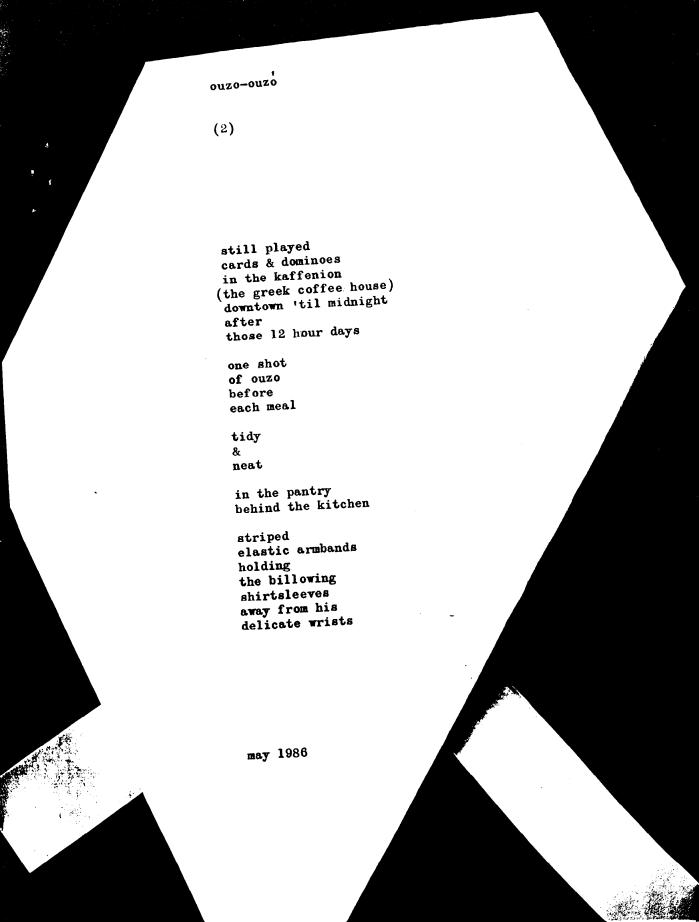


i'm getting
to the age
when
i'm thinking
how
do i get
to a hundred

my grandfather
lived to 94
died
of smoke inhalation
after 4 days
in an oxygen
tent, smoked
2 packs
turkish cigarettes
a day, fell asleep
on the couch
with one in his
fingers, crawled
50 feet to the door, and collapsed

but he lived
to 94
drinking a shot
of ouzo
before each meal
breakfast
lunch
dinner

worked 12 hour days into his 80's

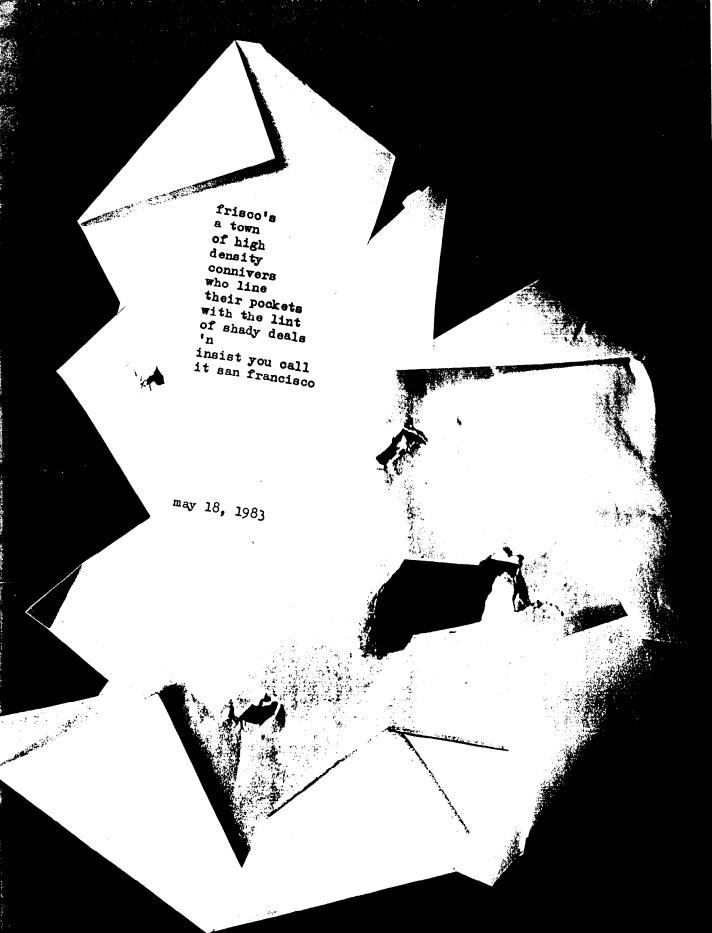


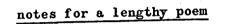
the mind is an open and shut case

open
all night
while dreaming

closed for the day upon awakening

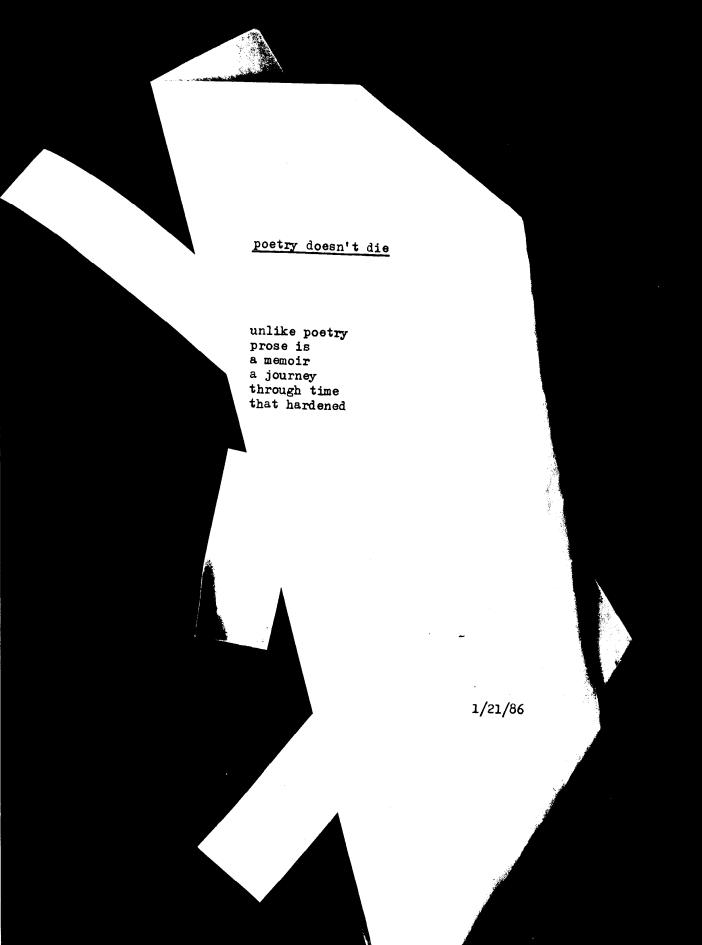
july 11, 1987



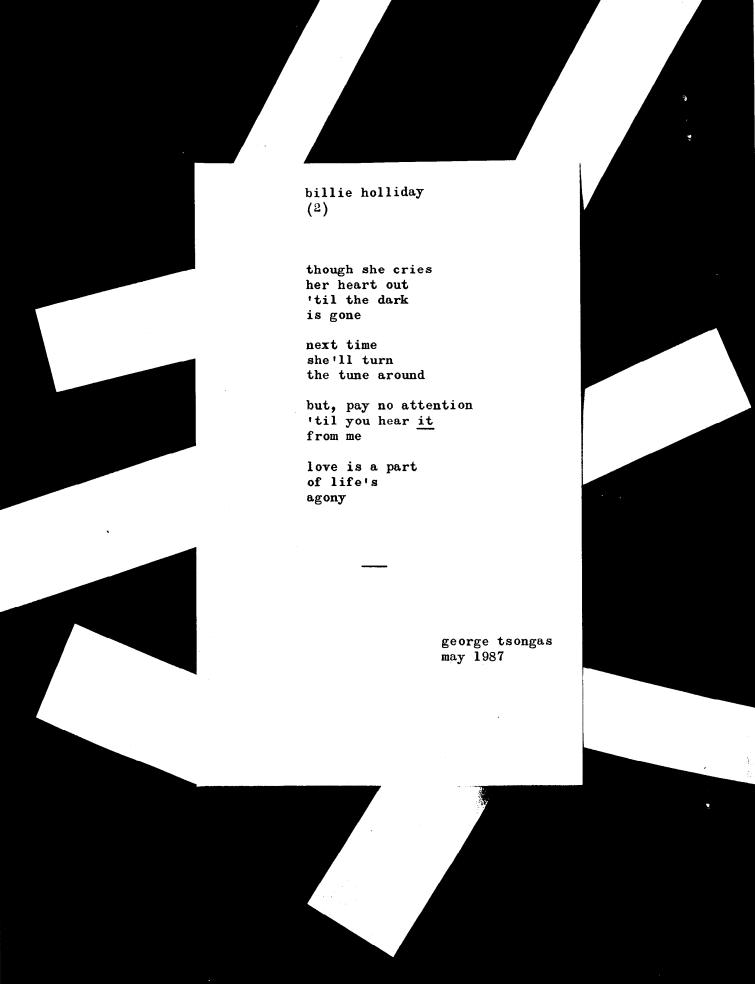


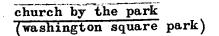
the human
emulsified
into the in
veterate, ob
durate consumer
the ultimate pig

9/9/82









the sketch from memory is adequate

the color of the tulips spectacular

the grass translucent green

the church steeples soar beyond the enclosure of the clock

dante alleghiri has a saying above the entrance

that opens the sun to god