

Things My Friend M. Said at Work in the 1990s

The only one
I can think of
is this one
I can't think of.

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After Lunch

It's too warm in here,
my stomach is full,
I'm partially drugged,
completely clogged,
my mind is vacant and
I'm ready to sleep.

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What we writ
is wrought.

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The more I eat,
the more I eat.

Western Idylls

Into each life,
a little Zane Grey Theater
must fall—

“ ‘Afternoon.’ ”

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Zebulon passed
the sugar bowl
warily;

warily,
I received it.

+

gendre
painted mesomesa
cactum

Double Funerary Inscriptions

I stopped
reading
your chatty
canvases
so long ago
you were still
young and alive,
alive-o.

Poetry

wanted
to say
it didn't
mean shit,
and it made
that voice
your voice, alive,
alive-o.