

Almost as if an Estrangement

You might have other loves.
we never return from us,
although we try and we try
to find a way for you

to forgive us and forgive you.
Had we known in time,
we would have gone
to counselors that night.

We stayed up with you,
trying to reconcile
our differences, but her heart
fluttered in your chest.

If you just had told us
that living with Grandfather,
was us, was temporary,
you wanted to marry again.

I could have forgiven you.
We could have become friends.
But no, you had to do it
her way. All she wanted was

“Daddy’s and our grandchildren”
and she wanted to give us care.
She stayed at home until the end,
and kept up their appearances.

Saying Good-bye to Diana

Marijuana hair, of burning
like cotton. Cigarettes too.
They will wash out.
Filters are words like "buts"
and butts are in ash trays.
We can throw away.
Now the marijuana paper
is disseminating. dissipating,
leaving, either with or without
the roaches, eventually,
always barely a trace.

The Old Timers Exhibition

Tonight on the municipal courts Van Gogh
cute off his ear. Blind Homer calls the lines.
Ezra Pounds his head full of economic theory,
keeps score. Keats charges the net against

his doctor's advice. You won't believe a word.
Not knowing themselves how they do it,
or so they says they will cheats
stoop to card tricks in the bleachers.

One by ones they are called to center court.
A fire promises that they can never
return to their homes. Locals pull off
backhands we did not know we could make,

In a first editions a morning critic
will console us to what we loved.
Last night we were sure old Beethoven
heard the ball whistle over the net.

Home Sick Wrestling with the Devil

The vaporizer spurts a trickle of steam,
and always in some other room,
the stereo is silent, burns a red light,
wanting to work again. I wait for the mailman.
This is my dream: The Devil is bowling
anchor on the team. I buy his beer,
but try not to listen to a word that he says.
I thank God for His blessings,
and roll at the 4-10 split.
A drinking glass drops, shatters the construction
of the kitchen. My wife is sorry, asks
if I want juice, another teaspoon of medicine.

It has been enough time. The mailman has come.
The dream continues: I am crawling up a ladder
that I have not bought. The rungs might be sawed.
I /cannot see the top. There are seductive voices.
The children are home from school:
The wife closes the bedroom doors,
and makes them go outside.
The latch on the back door squeaks
where last Saturday I attempted to fix it.

The Devil makes his final bid:
"So what has He offered to get up out of bed?
Two weeks every year in. Miami Beach
with the wife and kids?" He snickers.
"Never get out of this bed.
Pick any home where you want to live--
any' amount of cash -- and it's yours!"
I wake in a cold chill, perhaps with a fever
and so I get well quickly.