

The A to Z Guide to Making-Up

About that letter that I wrote
Back in the old days-- I was
Careless about your feelings, I
Doubt you understand. Your
Ego cannot stand up to harsh
Feelings, I know this now.
Grating on my consciousness, the
High and mighty attitude
I had obtained, hung around my neck
Just like a pearl necklace. You are my
King now. I cower before you
Like a servant caught
Milling about the kitchen,
Nothing accomplished. I now
Open my heart to you. You will
Probably, possibly
Quaff it; the after- dinner drink
Rushing to your head, rushing us
Swiftly, like Hermes
Toward the bedroom. The
Unique equation of our bodily
Vibrations –
Where is the
X-axis of
Your body? I find the
Zenith of forgiveness...and oh...!

Prehistoric Love

“I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.”
--Theodore Roethke

Or rather I would if
it were not for the
drooling, mumbling
lump blanketed beside me,
(Did I really marry *that*?)
Groaning as if a man at sea
With only salt water to quench
that terrifying thirst.

“Coffee...”

So I stumble down the hall,

a ping pong ball bouncing from
wall to wall,
if ping ball balls were packaged with matted hair
and swaddled in four hours of sleep.
(Is this really what “for better or worse” means?)
This is fifteen minutes B.C.—
Before coffee.