

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.