

Who Really Cares - excerpts

Poems for the Young Bedwetter

one day mommy came home from the
hospital with a new baby
brother and she said isn't he
darling don't you just
adore your little brother and i said
yes but
when can we trade him in for a
newer model?

mom says little brother didn't
wet the bed last night if he is
dry tonight we will give him a
party with presents & cake
& candy & so tonight
i took a cup of water &
wet his bed for him

i was playing truck with jimmy when
daddy said she should play with
dolls not trucks
mommy said let her be she is
self motivated and he said
no and she said
yes and they argued
a lot
so in i went to ask for a
doll instead of a
truck
so they'd stop

You Are Too Cute For Words (for Pat)

you are
too cute
for words

the way your
eyes swing
back and forth
when no one's looking

the way your hair
softens the pillow
as you sleep
unintended

i think sometimes
i am the luckiest person on earth
but then i realize
there's a universe out there
and it's filled
with your grace

if i were
a poet
i would fill
every rose
with you

May 2000

Billie's Bones

I.

I stand on the bones of my elders.
I walk on the carcasses of those
who went before me
Billie is my idol, I
wander through the desert
of her later years
 copying every bleached bone
 mimicking each tattered muscle
 watching for any sign of life
 trying to grin with the ease of
 her skull, grinning back at me
And all I've learned
from all this desert
is just how well I fail

II

I despair of ever singing
with the truth
her naked skull conveys
I spend so much time with corpses
that my breath reeks of carrion
When the wind blows right
you can taste me coming

III

These layers of extra fat
have got to go
They're in the way of the bones
and nothing
speaks louder
than the bones

IV

If anyone wants to know
what I make of my poor efforts
Tell them I am ash
Dust on the wind
And I have no tongue