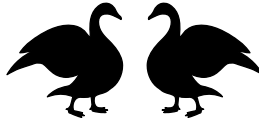
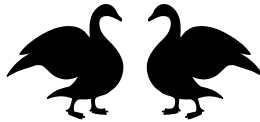


POETRY IS FOR EVERYBODY,



it shouts in bright blue letters on a lime green postcard  
someone sent me from Iowa, but I'm not so sure. Do  
the men in hard hats at Bethlehem Steel, molten pig  
iron pouring from a cauldron behind them, turn  
to slim volumes after work or golden tumblers  
of Budweiser as they check the scores on ESPN?  
What about the bathers at Rockaway Beach, waves  
coming in stanza after stanza, as they lounge  
on their lawn chairs, enjoying the brief caesura  
of a two week vacation? Or the brides in tulle  
gowns, who swish and rustle as they stroll  
down flower-filled aisles? Or the fly fisherman  
as he casts his singing line, waits for mayflies  
to hatch, who knows timing is everything, who  
is willing to stand all day in water up to his waders  
while he flings his silky filament waiting  
for a rainbow to strike, but most of the time,  
goes home with nothing but an empty creel.

JAZZ



Gumbo mambo--  
brass full of pepper and sass,  
boudin blanc and a cold Jax,  
the backwash of the ferry  
that takes you across the river--  
Low down mean and growling blues,  
taking the black dog out for a walk--  
The right hand on the piano,  
ice cubes in a glass of bourbon--  
Your bones turn liquid.  
The low register buzzes  
somewhere under the ribs,  
other notes travel lower.  
The train done gone.