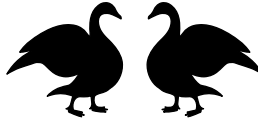


EARTHPERSON'S LAMENT



I am
an indigenous
Person of the Earth.

Call me
an earthling
Indian.

I did not sail here
from anywhere else.

Blue-green globe.
Green-blue reservation.

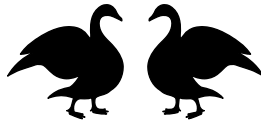
I am
born for the ocean
born to the trees,

of the clan
Two Clouds Drifting By.

Two Clouds Drifting By,
forever!

Forever
is a short short time.

CRÈME DE LA CRÈME



In between bites, the Aunts all agree:
Common sense is not common.
How does she do it? They wish they knew.
She sure is something, their Rhoda.
More common sense in one little finger!

They nod their heads, poise their teaspoons;
Light flashes off gleaming old silver.
The dining room door swings wide.

Rhoda's returning, smiling,
Bearing new gifts for the table.

When they demur, she's quick to assure them,
"No need to worry. It's all Neufchâtel."

They "ooh" and they "ah." Soon all that remain
Are lipstick-kissed napkins, abstract random patterns
Scattered on plates—graham-cracker-crust crumbs.

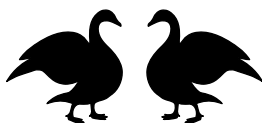
Putting their coats on—quite a commotion—
How they prolong their goodbyes.
Out in the kitchen, a second cake's waiting.
"Easy as pie! making two at a time."
Rhoda sends them each home with a slice.

When they arrive, they pick up their phones—
A chat before bed, like a nightcap, so nice.
Each Aunt recites what her Rhoda said:

“When in doubt, don’t; but occasionally, do.
In moderation, what can be bad?”

First thing next morning, they’re smacking their lips.
Along with their coffee, they’ll cheat—Half-and-Half.
Rhoda’s cheesecake tastes twice as delicious.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF POETRY



This poem
is so tight
in all the right places
I bet you're
gonna wanna
go to bed with

This poem
is so see-through
I see you can't
take your eyes off

This poem's
plunging neckline
raises your

Expectation
is the mother
of all our

disappointments.