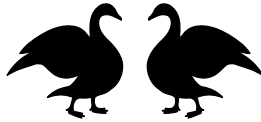


A PILL FELL



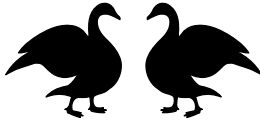
The other day (or was it today?)
a pill fell to the kitchen floor,
a brown one (pill, that is—the floor is gray).
On the un-swept boards, it looked like a bug,
the same size, shape,
everything.

In fact, something dead lay beside it.
The cat has often batted mice around
where it fell (the pill). Dust balls, too,
like to gather at that spot.

Calculating cost per pill
(eighteen dollars for sixty
—do the math, a piece of cake),
I wiped it off and drank it down.
If I'm contracting some dread disease
from taking a pill that's compromised,
I've not seen any symptoms yet. Besides,
how would I know the pill was the cause?

RON SINGER

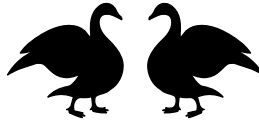
DEATHBED CONFUSION



“Forgive me, for I have . . . and I have . . .
Yes, I admit it, my dear,
and I forgive you for everything.
In spite of all, I love you, still.”

RON SINGER

POLITICIAN SEEN ON A NEW YORK CITY BUS



I love the look
of corruption:

fat man stuffed
into tan summer suit
three hairs combed
across his pate
(plus assorted fuzz)
Italian loafers
dangling tassels
shoe crossed over shoe
medicine-ball belly
stretches broadcloth
(sylphid shape once was)
thrusting forward
the tasteful tie
(that's Italian, too)
lives (alone)
in a five-room condo
on a Jersey lake
fights killer traffic
(never say die)
in and out each day
this man's feet

are coached in state
this man dances
cheek to jowl
this man enjoys
easy access
this man knows
the mayor himself
this man's middle
name is "Hassle."