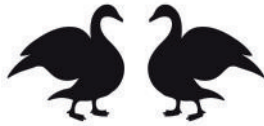


RON SINGER

BODY PART WARS

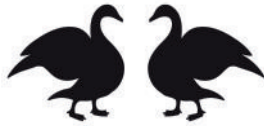


1. The mind imprisoned in a fat body
on an early Summer day,
the arms stretched forth for freedom.

2. The brain tells the lazy legs,
"Get moving."
The legs reply,
"Move, yourself, Smart Ass!"

RON SINGER

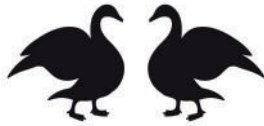
IN MY MOTHER'S KITCHEN



With this poem about my mother,
I am in my mother's kitchen.
Not that she could cook,
at least not very well.
Still, it was a place of warmth.

RON SINGER

ARTISTS ON THE LAND



Oyez! Hear this!
Here this summer,
everywhere,
artists on the land.

Here this summer,
round every bend,
one or two
capturing the view.

Round every bend,
painting water,
painting autos
fat and blue.

Painting water,
painting land:
boats, clouds, cars, capes,
nor land nor sea escapes.