

7-31-80

An ode to lost poems

Details on the world'd stupidity
Details on arts frazzled insipidity
Instantantly thrown to the wolves
To be judiciously and resonally commented
On. The view of the critic, words
Enflamed with scholastic clarity,
Focus the meaning, as If the words
Don't say it. The epitaph of your
Thought being, "I don't know the
Meaning of the word purpose. The
Words are little beings of thier own,
And of course we can't have any generalities."

My dry palm hold you deftly
By the rib cage, the mirror
To your back shows me my hands
Cover most of you from the waist up
My dry palms move working the
Layer of tenuous softness, until
At last you feel trapped by
The moments passion and your
Head turns your cheek to my chest,
Shoulderblades contracting in relaxation,
I hold you by the back of neck and
Waist and place you on the floor.