

the German Expressionists,  
later on, Eliot & Pound  
& the metaphysics of the game of baseball,

but now, I'm content  
to dissect the poesy  
in such lit mags as The Velvet Mouse Trap,  
the great athletic fiction  
of The Racing Form  
& indulge myself in the abtruse art  
of the Sunday Funnies.

— Richard M. West

Bainbridge Island WA

#### SEEMS TO ME

I'm having a hard time keeping the car  
between the lines  
and I don't care, and somebody  
is going to buy one and I hope  
it isn't me.

"You know, you're all over the fucking place,"  
she says.  
And she's right too, I am.  
I turn on the radio to drown her out.

I don't know why I'm still with her.  
Maybe it's because of her criminal record  
and her fine taste in automobiles.

#### FIX

Driving down the road in a 20k car, girl  
at my side  
doing in beer after beer, thinking  
what did I ever do to deserve such luxury? It wasn't  
long ago  
I was thinking of joining the Peace Corp, thought  
myself a poet.  
Now  
I sponsor 2 poor kids from the Philippines for  
32 bucks a month, and  
it's enough to get me by.

— Matthew Boylan

Bayonne NJ