

TYPEWRITER IN CONTROL

Whenever I feel I'm losing control
I strap myself behind
my Olympia Traveller de Luxe
& find my balance on the chair.
My typewriter gives answers
I would normally suppress.
The typewriter is in control.

It doesn't get drunk
when I spill wine thru its teeth;
doesn't cough when I blow
smoke into its mouth.
I keep it by my side
when my lover calls
to talk to me about incompatibility.
The typewriter is in control.

It consumes me
when there's no food in the kitchen;
keeps me rich
when I'm too broke to go out.
It helps me with the housework:
makes me make the bed
when I'm making problems
with a poem.
My typewriter holds all the keys.
The typewriter is in control.

THE PERIL OF TAKE-AWAY

She fell in love
with a hot dog vendor
& never recovered.

— Myron Lysenko

Taggerty Post Office,
Victoria, Australia

words move
more than wheels
and what's up's
m'lady's heels

— M. K. Book

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