

breasts get lathered and sopped. Where will all of this go, those eyes, that touch, these songs sung every day till dusk and dark. Only the gravedigger's whistling lingers awhile as he stows away his shovel and wipes his dirty hands, picturing a tall foaming beer at the nearby bar as he drives off adjusting the rear-view mirror of his brand-spanking-new car.

YOUR FAVORITE POEM

The first time is like a beautiful woman suddenly undressing just for you. The second time is when you're still reeling from its being just for you. But by the third, fourth, or fifth time, you realize that you aren't the first and you won't be the last or the one and only. So, a year or two later you're only phoning her now and then, or she sends you a postcard, from the south of France or a small Montana farm, depending on her temperament. You look her up today, and when she undresses for you for old times' sake, she does it slowly, not suddenly, and you notice a few crinkles around her eyes, a gray hair or two, and you think she may have gained some weight, but none of it looks bad on her. And when the dress slides off, you see she still has the most beautiful legs.

— Alan Jeffries

Shadyside OH