

in the cabin to witness the vows  
she beamed & glowed  
in her thick fur coat  
& the groom shivered now & again  
being underdressed  
in his new black three-piece suit

she had married a symphony flute  
musician when she was 17  
who turned out to be gay  
a laborer when she was 24  
whom she left for me, a teacher,  
when she was 26  
& now she was linking arms at 39  
w/a carpenter as she played  
the lady

after our kid provided the rings  
on command  
& the i-do's were all said  
we all filed out & wished  
them well  
&  
while my wife  
looked on indulgently  
i kissed my ex  
for the last time  
& whispered in her ear  
maybe this one will work  
after all  
you've never been married  
on water before

— Gary Blankenburg

Sparks MD

#### READING WITH ONE EYE CLOSED

i once wrote a poem admitting the  
cruel tricks I used to control a woman  
who had been very good to me.

everyone tells me it's one of the best  
things i've ever written.

i also wrote an entirely different poem  
about how crazy and manipulative  
this same woman could be and what devices  
she employed to try to manipulate me.

those who do not politely ignore that poem  
cite it as prima facie misogyny.

GEORGES SEURAT: MODELS

the great drawback of the poetry racket  
is that we do not work with nude models.

well, a few of us have attempted  
certain inroads in that area.

there remain methodological wrinkles.  
one occupational hazard is bursitis.

soon, of course, all the poets will be women.  
most of the models may be also.  
men will be left occasional cameo appearances  
on canvases such as,

and tarzan screamed, "the vine, jane, the vine!"

i am in training for  
humpty-dumpty.

MAGDALENA ABAKRONOWICZ: INFANTES, 1992

we no longer have heads,  
but even without eyes or brains,  
we have blindfolds.

we are androgynous,  
not in the sense that we are  
both male and female  
but because we are no longer  
either, or anything.

we do not have arms or hands;  
thus we neither produce  
nor reproduce.

we are, however, equal and,  
for the time we have left,  
darned proud of it.

LOVE CAN BLIND

we have four cats and one dog,  
three of the cats taunt the dog