Let Me Sleep

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Let Me Sleep

Shut off

Yalta was a triumph,
in Stalinistic terms.
While F.D.R. said;
these four blankets are too heavy.
On top,
Chris said "Iron Cross",
but no more.

Shut Off'

Bunk rocking from above.
The drip of a leaking roof,
in a tin pan.
A ray of light,
under the door,
broken,
by someone down the hall.

SHUT Off

Sandy was pretty friendly,
I should have asked her.
Who was last year?
God,
it was Joan.
English conference,
at 2:15.
I can't write poetry on demand.

SHUT OFF

Two weeks,
no incompletes.
Oh London - again.
St. Pauls in the fall,
but two dollars to the pound?
Italy was cheap,
but Mussolini.

SHUT Off

Sheep.
Sleep.
Shiskey,
in the closet.
Beers,
in the fridge.
Codine,
somewhere.
God,
if F.D.R. wasn't so spineless.

Shut Off

Summer.
Sailing,
out of Mystic.
The boat,
glistening.
Its hull,
Black

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