

Wash Me I'm Dirty

Traveling
a crosstown street
on the way
to work

Yesterday morning
I came across
a boy
on a bicycle

Writing
with his finger
on the fender
of a parked car

These words.

The Metaphor

Define
for the child

death
and love

by maybe
the metaphor

of nightmare
and dream.

-- William R. Slaughter

Seattle, Washington

Pyrotechnique

To the shredded manuscripts
I add cigarettes, the last
of the booze, lewd books,
and the lucid match.

The flame absolves
gorgeously my vices,
this rug, the room,
preparing a fervent skull
for a cleansed mind.

And now, perhaps
the church. I shall spend
the night making lists
by fire-light.

Some Who Wait

Contritely, the banyan tree
skirts the sidewalk, crawls
beneath the power lines,

Then explodes its seething
emerald arrogance, beyond.

-- Raymond O'Hara

Tampa, Florida