it would be home nap basement putterings Daily News and an occasional holler when we upstairs got overjoyed. so my growing up was done in the unused green and i had romances and haircuts and clap and every now and again i would buy a Sunday paper to send to the man downstairs. but as was mentioned some 75 lines back the man is now 55 years old with lumbago and he wants a son. maybe it won't be too bad. he'll just want a kiss once in awhile and if i can do it for the girls who pinch my cheeks in the grass, i can do it for him.

-- alexander m. silberman

Little Neck, N. Y.

survival is often nothing more than a question of timing: with one eye hanging on his cheek he came to me an old man rain in his face and the arms not where they should have been; he came to me the years whiskered on his face and somebody laughing down the street: i did my best to just stand there but he pointed a broken watch to my face and tapped a finger on the glass; one dollar his head kept nodding one dollar the noise slipping from between his teeth and the cloud part of his chest; one dollar his head bobbed up and down his eyes like tied-fish-nets hung on his cheek one dollar he kept saying until i put a quarter in his hand

and walked away as fast as i could looking back only once. his face was drawn into his teeth and and his tongue dying across his lips as he leaned against the bus-stop holding the watch closely to his ear listening

stolen fm. a letter to m. m.

under the belly of the universe hides a clown

> . crying

-- marcus j grapes
New Orleans, La.

The Perceptions

seated around the table they discussed the opening flower's

bright colors & the inward movement of the petals' growth

eluded their comprehension so they ignored it for a static view

of the world. far away the sun is not a thing so far away

they say.