

down in her hair,

& she takes off her cap,
shaking her hair,

& says, I kept falling off,
looking away,

as a loon laughs
across the bay.

All the beams
above the bed

are rough sawn
excepting one

which seems
to be factory planed.

I say to myself,
next time I get up

I will touch it
to feel its smoothness.

I have yet to do this
so I have something else

to look forward to.

-- Dudley Laufman

Canterbury, New Hampshire

Crippled Folly

The object of all literature and art
is to establish relationships
between time & eternity

That's the only miracle we're trying
to pull off.

And the laughable poisonous fact is
that we don't really believe
eternity exists,

and time (we insist) is nothing
but an invention of man's
arbitrary will.

Yet we continue
with our slithering jokes,
determined, sweating, panting, ... lying.