

At the table in the center
Of the room, alone save for the small
Utensils of my art, I sit
In easy concentration, making designs
With colored sand on paper.

Soon the clock on the mantle
Will strike an indeterminate number
In an endless sequence of notes,
And I shall rise from my chair.
Many kisses shall precede me to bed.

How THE FOOTBALL Was BORN

An elephant in swimming trunks
Was flying through the dark
Carrying the Earth on his back.

When he got to the edge of the
Ocean, he stopped, leaned over
And yelled down to the Chinese
Gatekeeper who thrives inside
The boiling core of Everybody's
Mind. "Hey, give me a hand with
This tomato, will you?" And the
Chinaman, himself not unfamiliar
With childhood, and believing all
The while it was a balloon, blew
It up to its present size, the

Shape of which resembles his eyes.

-- Ken Dobel

Santa Rosa, California

the ladies still don't care

the whole thing is over,
bastards, I've been
banging the walls for 3 days and 4 nights
chained in the corner of the room
in my own
hardened jism.
I can't get out to pay the rent
or buy a paper.
somebody drunk upstairs
has been playing the