

THAT TALL DARK WOMAN IN MY LIFE

The fortune teller lady
 shuffle the whole deck
 and she draw out one

And she say:
 Let me see here--
 I see ... a tall dark woman

And I say: Is that so?
 You is a tall dark
 woman yourself
 -- you let me see that card

And I pick it up
 and there it is --

The King of Hearts

And now it is rounded out
 with the shape of my ass
 carrying it around
 in my empty billfold

Though he still do not
 look like to me
 a tall dark woman

BARLEY ALE

Ale sodden
 she slept with me

And I deflowered her
 consoling her
 with visions of a son

And she grew round

The moon, the
 moon grew round

She bore her twin
 in triplet form

The ale grown bitter
 in thrice bright white

-- Mason Jordan Mason

c/o Judson Crews/ Wharton, Texas

FOR MOTHER'S DAY

I am waiting for the sea
 to cover Iowa,
 and for the pigs
 to dress in tartans
 and march on Washington,
 and for the sad corn,
 so long neglected,
 to bury Miami Beach
 with their redeeming husks.