

What She Told Me And I Wonder Why

What she told me was more
about Mexico than I could bear
to hear, having her sitting
on the arm of my chair

in a strange house. Yet
she sat and talked, and touched
me on the arm and shoulder
twice. If I had been bolder

I could have casually brushed
her legs which she had crossed
directly in front of me. I
laugh to think about the position

I was in -- leaning back,
looking up, arms crossed on
my chest, legs cramped and gone
to sleep, and nervous as hell --

because I was new at this
game and she was twice my
age, and I'd never been to
Mexico, and wasn't married. Why?

That's the question I keep
asking myself. Anyhow Mexico
is what she told me about
and I wondered why.

Negative

Holding my picture
in my hand, I
smile to see myself
as I once was,
or tried to be, or am.

The picture looks
at me, as I at it,
mirroring myself. I
detect a flaw in
the shiny surface.

Check the negative.
From its dark recesses
shot with shades of light
a figure looks out
upside down and backwards.