

The Hypnosis Poem

Maybe we're both
 pretending, I don't
 know it
 started relax he said in
 the dark room full of
 blue light I'll
 count back from 5 your
 eyes will feel
 delicious
 How do you tell somebody No
 you don't get to me it
 doesn't work So
 many of my relationships
 like this: going
 along to be polite or
 because it's easy Now I
 see the eye man once a
 week -- repolishing and
 grinding, years
 he's been trying to
 make the lenses
 fit, close
 your eyes you
 won't remember it
 starts with my
 ankles relax
 we're in the
 country you'll
 feel so easy
 we're walking near a
 lake pull my
 hand toward your
 knees are you
 happy with your
 new lenses
 Do you like me
 (In the beginning I
 imagined I didn't
 see what was
 happening)
 lately tho it's been
 all clear: when you
 wake up you'll want
 to kiss me
 I'll touch your
 wrist and

you'll do
 anything
 Then he stands there
 waiting
 Could he imagine that
 the first time
 I might have
 wanted to
 Now tho it's a
 laugh I
 ought to
 tell him
 it's ridiculous
 to never say
 what you
 mean. But I'm as
 bad as he is
 showing up every
 Wednesday in
 11 inch
 leather skirts,
 using him in
 this poem
 (I've got 72 bottles of
 sample contact
 lens solution)
 the way he probably
 uses me in
 who knows what fantasy

Binghamton That Awful Morning

the brightest thing
 around was
 rust
 We broke down and
 that was that
 Waited 3
 hours in the
 bus station,
 snow and salt
 making a mess of
 everything

-- Lyn Lifshin

Albany, NY