

these sisters both wear
old tennis shoes on red feet
decaying from bad
circulation or bad wine
and their dresses
are always the same
one sister wears a black hat
but they hold out
and hold out
and talk of when the Blvd.
was lined with houses more
elegant than their own
and of the hardwood floors
in their house still
being in good condition

I see

before the A-bomb hits
Los Angeles there will be
war, much fighting
and so many hurt
that flying in the air
will be a slow moving
blimp-like hospital
and helicopters will
bring the wounded
to this flying aid-station
quickly from the battlefield
and this hospital
marked with a large red cross
will be flying over the city
when the A-bomb hits and
explodes billowing its
deadly barrel of smoke upward
only the lucky
leaving their possessions
might flee fast enough
to save themselves

when these lazy
days of laying
and loving and talking
with you are over
I'll remember
the way you
tilted your head
when you teased me
the way you said

"let's take five"
the curl of your hair
the padding of your hands
the beautiful curve
of your mouth
and the long hours
of making gentle love
our bodies locked
I'll remember you
bringing me coffee
in bed among the
books and papers
then coming to bed wet
a steaming red lobster
after a too hot bath
the way you
could make me laugh
of knowing your face
and body so well
and sleeping so close
turning as one
this and so much
more I will remember
the days passing too fast
and how we lavishly used
hours and days and weeks
just being together

-- Linda King

Los Angeles CA

WHERE DO WE GET ALL THESE BURDENS?

Well, you go to the House of Burdens
and you say
I'll take that one, and that one,
and that one, because they all
look good to you;
and then the Burden Salesman says,
Okay ... they're yours ...

and you have to put them
all on your shoulders and try
to carry them all in one load
because you were greedy
and they are unreturnable.