

POET PARTY

The poet-host circling the guests for drinks
came upon us, explaining that
 the poet was lost to his child
 who could not sleep.

The poet-editor circling in the guests
discovered us, advising us
 that our poems were wrought
 with the craft of children.

The poet's women circling through
their cigar smoke stumbled upon us,
 exclaiming their admiration
 for that which was not yet fulfilled,
 that almost stillborn.

The poet-Ph.D. circling through an alcohol daze
fell upon us, explaining that his talk
 was much and about himself,
 but that he was paid handsomely for it.
He affirmed sobriety
 but wished a cup of coffee.

-- J. V. Brummels

Syracuse NY

UNLOVED

she slapped her dog for barking.
it was trying to tell her that it loved her.
some reward.

the owner left. hours passed.
the dog thought it was weeks.
it became bored. began chewing
the rug. threw up on the sofa for kicks.
peed on the carpet.

the owner returned. the dog began to bark.
it was trying to tell her it was joyful.
it was beaten unmercifully. the Humane
Society was called in. get it out of my sight.
untrainable moron.

months passed. then years.
no one wanted a dog with a record.
it cowered in a corner. trembling.
it grew sullen, then mad.
it was put to sleep.