

then in the room beyond
his son's bedroom hanging
above the waterbed a mobile
bobbing in the orange air
several sets of wings with
feathers folded back
some with wide span and brown
some tiny sets in ebony
while
balancing the wings were
spent shotgun shells
charred around the edges
he was a young son
who had put together
a thing of beauty
to sleep beneath

HEARTBEAT

a sweet woman lives nextdoor.
she's married to a busy doctor who never
pays her no mind,
he just keeps her in silver thins & cold cream.

I can hear her arguing with the gods
while throwing fresh eggs against the shower walls
to loosen the knots of her frustrations.
it is a bad scene.

lately, the talk up & down the block is,
that some action will have to be initiated,
maybe lock her in a bell-tower.
she has all the local kids

gathered about her
and involved in her practice.
she roams the tract,
stethoscope dangling about her neck

hunting for dogs to examine:
st. bernards, beagles, danes, pomeranians.
she listens to their heartbeats.
i think it is funny.

the topper is,
that the residents around here aren't
worried about their children, no,
but about their dogs.

what concerns me is the poetry of her
operations. what does she hear when she puts
the scope up under the dog's belly?
is there something special about a heartbeat?

-- John Kay

Long Beach CA

The Whales of Albuquerque

Two cottonwood trees.
The bugs and the wind
Have carried away the bark.

They are very white
With age.
They rest by the river
Waiting for a chance
To jump in.

Ode To Sobriety

this sweet darkness
free of bruises

the woman behind the bar
surprised to find out
my eyes are brown

she smiles and pours
another shot
of whiskey

-- Carl Mayfield

Albuquerque NM

POOR TROCHI

poor Trochi
poor Mimi Trochi
she is probably the handsomest woman I have seen
and young too, still young,
she keeps running into traps,
twice in the madhouse,
married, shacked and deserted