

iii.

the bearded Children's Librarian
obviously a summer replacement
here at his desk is practicing
his wild-eyed stories gesticulating
feverishly towards an empty wicker chair
which is due soon to hold an attentive
if unfortunate little person.

perhaps a bit out of focus
this is how we remember him
nonetheless.

iv.

waving from the motor-home's wide window
they are happily surprised
here in the Colorado campsite
at last night's wondrous summer snowstorm.

footsteps lead away betraying
the hidden photographer who stands
in the glassy morning light
while snow feathers bristlecone limbs:

and every bit of this predated
that magic land of divorce
and the subsequent binge that later read
in the local paper like the night
Tamburlaine lost his cherry.

v.

this is a photograph of God.
no kidding he's the one with
"Roscoe" written across his shirt.

aside from the fact that He
is in this shot and those few birds
and that one lousy tree you can see
that this picture is no big deal.

I have no idea who those clowns
are in the back there.

COMPROMISE

just above
the onion sprouts
Brisco sits
on the 4x4 post
a proper totem
to all things
brooding
and cat-like

my garden's
guardian he is
surprised some
what to see
his private
shit-box
transformed into
a vegetable bin
the soft earth
lined with edible
inhabitants

but there is
nothing to be
done about this
it's either me
or him these
days for I
know he knows
what a marvelous
stew he'd make
times being
what they are

-- Paul H. Cook

Tempe AZ

OVERSPILL

I was wrestling with my brother
like we used to do
when we were kids.

And, like then,
things got rougher and rougher --
his arm jerked too tight
around my neck,
but I got him in a jackknife
completed to a fall
like I did
when we were kids
since he was younger.

But this time
my pills popped out
of my pocket
and spilled,
all the capsules cracking.
shooting their colored beads --
red and orange and blue --
all over the varnished floor.