

He knows loss is a matter of adjustment.  
He fondly recalls each body part discarded,  
Each vital organ given away.

The pounds lost dieting,  
The pancreas sent to Paraguay,  
The larynx bestowed upon the mute soprano.

Now his eyes,  
Without corneas, without retinas,  
ask to give you something, anything

But don't ask for his heart.  
He will give you anything,  
Anything, that is, that he has left.

-- Peter Woolson

Ithaca NY

#### THINGS TO DO WITH A WOMAN: #2 THE LAUNDRY

You need two women for this.

After soaking your clothes  
in biodegradable soap for 24 hrs.  
find a nice stream  
close to your back door:  
make sure it's clear and cold.

Place the two women face-to-face  
in the water.

Husk each one  
naked to the waist and dunk them.  
Give one your first load.

Be certain the water cascades  
over their heads  
that they resemble boulders.

While one sits idle her duds  
clustered like kelp on her lap  
the other proceeds to whang  
her load over her partner's head.

When she's done the other  
repeats the process all afternoon  
until the job gets finished.

Before any of this feed them  
eggplant and granola after give

them wedges of the best  
cheese you can lay your hands  
on plus mugs of chamomile tea.  
With proper care and maintenance  
they can keep you  
in clean clothing year round.

## PIQUE

I found Him just outside Andys Eats in Dubuque. "Ok,"  
He said. "Make it short. I haven't got all day."

"Right," I replied. "So what's black, white, and read  
all over?"

He looked pissed. "Everything."

"Hey, that's not the right answer."

"Sure it is. Take a look."

And sure enough. Houses. Sky. People. You name it.  
Three colors everywhere.

Moral: Never monkey with a god out to lunch in Iowa.

## THE GANGSTERS

at the undergraduate poets reading  
the graduate poets sit in the dark  
like hit men from the Eastern Slicks.  
the first girl up tells of her woes  
and perishes in a hail of rhetoric.  
the second rises to speak tragically  
of obesity and impotent men.  
she slips on a careless word  
vanishing into a well of pity.  
but the last girl walks on  
and suddenly lifts  
her skirt over her head.  
the audience is stunned.  
the gangsters are speechless.  
the reading goes on in a dream.

-- Paul H. Cook

Tempe AZ