

THESE WILL BE CRASH LANDINGS

Lately we've been making love
with Kitty Hawk in mind, reaching orgasm
barely six feet off the ground.
Still later lapping madwort wine
we cheer our daring success
while refueling for an a-round-the-world event.

Like the Princeton kid who built the suitcase
nuke, most folks make love with manuals
and charts piled high in the hold:
sophisticated flying, by the numbers,
what to suck, when to screw,
computer-statistic regulated for safety.

Well, to hell and heave-ho with automatic pilots!
Don't even want to look at the pictures --
just grab me by the seat, get airbourne,
give us that ol' biplane balling --
with a roll on the wing, a dive,
shout and scramble; full throttle, wild blue!

-- Jeff Branin

Woodbury NJ

I'll give you something to
set yr teeth into. Poetmeat
is the best gold reality
can buy.
& never
rots
or whines
once you've got it
no way
to control it.

-- Barbara Moraff

Strafford VT