

& now she fits me in her eyes
her lips
between her legs
plus warmer deeper places

outside i can hear Bill clacking
off down the street with one
shoe
a slow walk around the block
a few times at least.

-- Robert Scotellaro

San Francisco CA

PAPA

He sits in his chair,
motionless.
Weekly visits on Sunday,
frustrating chit chat
no response
They leave him
alone with his hatred.

REUNION

Old Irish uncles
half crooked,
sing old Irish tunes
us kids laugh.

BUSING

By himself,
sitting next to a boy
who too is alone.
A small spit wad in the ear
opens communications.
Friends at last.

-- Bob Amsden

Crete IL