CORE

sitting like desks thousands
and thousands
of desks your acme markets and the parking
lots behind the
acme markets your stick ball
sticks and all the broken fingers
from playing
with stick ball sticks your golden parkway
accident expressway
to those square acre city
dumps north of jersey city
but now
i hear the cosmic moving of my grandmother's
cotton nightgown
ah tea is served

supermarket

-- for elain

to the supermarket she gets away from me in the melons and surprises me in front of the check out counters where she french kisses me before everyone usually this angers me makes me feel like lifting weights but occasionally when the kiss is like fruit i'll smile and let it go

-- Robert Carande
Ona, WV

Quest

I asked a man
about death
and he said he could contribute
nothing except
his life.

We admired the legs of a passing girl.

I asked him about life and he said

it left something to be desired.

He asked for the time and I noticed that he had no face, no hands.

Good Humor

no one is laughing everybody looks for signs

lips move like concrete mixers like grass wavering in the wind

beavers diddle in the hay and cats tune their guts for a tactical dance

sacred cows in wire pastures coddle their agendas count down their up

dogs see everything as sport and heed a master voice that chokes on nightly harks

dishes bask in suntanned cupboards dripped dry from hasty puddings

silver sleeps in drawers under the weather wear

the ice cream is melting

-- Ben Tibbs

Kalamazoo, MI