

them as they smoke and wait for uncommonly beautiful women to return from the hairdressers.

Their wallets bulge in excess. Their moustaches twitch with delight.

#### THE WALKING WOUNDED for Pose

If you weren't wounded you wouldn't be walking, crawling or even writing, not to mention interesting, so be thankful for your wounds and take a walk through the language's lifetime.

#### FORMICA DAZE

Scene: Suburban kitchen. American junk. Fast food on table top. Assorted open bags from Burger Bomb, etc. Half-eaten. Obvious husband & wife team. Flawless as the front lawn. 100% genuine polyester costumes. Woman, back to audience, stares doggedly at wall calendar: August 1. Man sits at table, chomps burger. Dog under table. Sunlight ...

Man: (Between bites; sings) Dog for a walk & a newspaper. Oh dog for a walk & a newspaper ...

Woman: What's that, hon?

Man: Just singing my song. Nevermind. Pay no mind.

Woman: Oh.

Man: What day is it anyhow? Since you're over there...

Woman: August first. Herman Melville's birthday.

Man: (Reaches for fries; burps) Whose?

(Doorbell rings offstage.)

Man: Awww, who's that?

(Dog at man's feet begins to drool Pavlovianly, like garden hose. Puddle ensues quickly.)

(Man, barefooted, feels the wet; looks down at Dog uncomprehending.)

Man: What the ...

Woman: Herman Melville's.

Man: (Irritated) WHO?

Woman: (Screams) HERMAN MELVILLE'S!!

Man: (Limp) Oh.

(Curtain, exhausted, drops.)

OBVIOUSLY  
for W.

All of the parts  
do not relate.  
Get it straight:  
the women, the  
sky, the street.  
All of the parts  
are never, can  
never be, known.  
You can talk,  
dissect, waste  
years, lifetimes  
& go nowhere.  
& besides that  
all of the parts  
do not relate.

#### STANZAS

The next poem sits in Kansas City  
with a warm beer, a Marlboro.  
Lazy, dissatisfied, it's ready  
to stand up, hop a bus and find me.

All the daylights I've had beaten  
out of me congregate outside my window.  
They talk into evening, their  
conversation lively, never dimming.

Likewise, all the embarrassments  
visited upon me in the past roost  
in the rafters, killing time,  
waiting to be revealed any second.

The next poem turns a corner or  
turns into a woman turning a corner.