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CORE

could keep me there a year. Drunk enough I convert it to pesos and hours in the sun. But I can't get past the border. During February vacation I cross alone at midnight and get gypped by the cab driver who hands me the wrong change in the dark, disappointed I don't want Boys' Town. In the only restaurant open I eat cabrito and hear a guitar. A small boy plays, his mother sings. I tell the waitress, "Mas cerveza, por favor" and know I'll be back the next night. This time I let the driver take me where he wants. A cowboy from Del Rio tells me not to fear the clap. Ten years he has come here safely. Whores who've traveled up the roads .estell ait I wish to follow down tell me I've grown old and weak and mock my need. in love as all there are included as included in the second of a s

CUNT IS JUST ANOTHER FOREIGN COUNTRY

I toss the word "vagina" around my head. It makes me think of Argentina. They're equally distant. It's been so long there was a woman I could imagine naked and imagine it could happen.

I stare at them in travelogues; flat bellies and breasts nearly exposed to the nipple. \$700 and they will be waiting in Montego Bay.

There are whores somewhere for the hungry like me. I could come quick, pay \$20 and be free to watch the 11 o'clock news, noting the weather report and basketball scores.

I'm not greedy just honest with all my mirrors.

-- Kevin Sweeney

Portland ME

PIECE OF ASS

I told her I couldn't write a poem about every guy that fell in love with

her; even my jealousy has its limits. She told me it wasn't a question of falling

in love -- all these guys want, she said, is a piece of ass. Stroking my beard,

I replied, in my worldlywise way, that perhaps to these guys love is a piece

of ass. Thinking back on our conversation, I've decided to expand the

boundaries of my envy just enough to accommodate this poem.

MIDDLES

There's something about this day that will not allow me to begin or complete a single

poem. I've got seven pages of "middles" and little else, but the general observation that it's