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
I wish to follow down
tell me I've grown old and weak
and mock my need.

## 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 $11 o^{\prime} c l o c k$ 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

