

HOW MANY WRONGS MAKE IT RIGHT?

"It's not what I ordered.
Take it back!"
'Yes, it is,' I think. I know.
The other people
at the table
look for lint.
"I tell you
I didn't order the fuckin'
thing."
I remove the plate
for they may be
paying and tipping.
Bowing, deeply, I offer,
"My apologies."

OH, THAT'S WHAT IT IS

The poetry of the WORLD
is written in hardwood bars &
neon honky-tonks, greasy diners
smelly pizza joints, dusty laundromats
line-ups and empty
rooms, on your lover's
coffee table and
in rented houses with kids
screaming for breakfast
lunch and dinner, yet
it
happens
in bold, beautiful
colors and lines
and Damn-It-All if
the twenty-five or
so of us reading this
shit don't appreciate
it.

IT REMINDED ME

when, sitting on a patio deck chair,
a wasp landed on my toe and started
moving his legs over his behind a lot
and I got nervous and was going to
swat him dead when I
hesitated
and he finished his movement and
flew off:

this guy coming from the
washroom at the resturant the

other day grabbed his chest
and died.
I guess, somewhere,
a decision
was made.

PARSONS' DICTIONARY

about as heavy
as a rainbow trout, when held
by the gills.

— Jeff Parsons

Whiterock, B.C., Canada

ROBERT FROST

"I can't stand that pompous bastard I saw
him on television saying how he
couldn't understand how anybody could
live in a place like Levittown with its
identical boxes for houses and
how he had an architect design his
farmhouse in Vermont that really gets my
balls I'd like to see him hire an architect
on a janitor's salary I can barely
make the mortgage on this box doesn't
he think we'd all be living in beautiful
houses with acres of land if we could
afford it? And I bet he thinks he writes
for the working man I don't know how people
fall for crap like that he oughta get a
job with me that would stop him from writing
cute poems about snow and fences who
does he think it is that plows that shit
off the streets? Me — that's who and I can't
even afford a fence to keep those damn
brats from next door out of my front yard
I'm sick of those poet-sons-of-bitches
get me another beer," my father said.

IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

"It is difficult to read the poetry
without remembering the man: and
the man was humourless and pedantic,"
said T.S. Eliot of Shelley.