

Poem.

The immodesty of the glance cast through tired, reddened eyes,
of a roguish grin of specious obeisance.
The shock, the positive affrontery of a castigating innuendo,
a remark which is seductive
and at the same time makes him want to run in terror . . . and her.
The cup of coffee, and the jittery hand with which she brings
the Camel Light cigarette with the amber ash glowing at the bottom of
the empty beer bottle -- to her mouth;
is what he fixes on to remember her.

Poem 2.

A pang in my eye to coo-coo at
cool pain felt
in terse tense phrases
or bleak soft shapes

Across the room at a table
a dreamt angel
with Tarot cards and coffee
and silk stockings

Inundating the room with innuendos
blither blathering
talking about her life
at home, alone

In her room
writing frantically, frenetically
scribbled notes
to movie star idols

And in my room
I make the postures, the gestures
the weaving turns of hand
she imagines.

