

POEM

if love could take back
one folly spent
 i would
Permit the whole year that
 solitary recompense
-----fame, riches all
 my hearts desires
 wrap up and
 deliver in one
special blow
----to strike it rich
 is easy.....

ARTFUL DODGE

cat I kno
hung paper all over
 this department store

they have his picture
 his left thumb print he
won't go there anymore

THESE THINGS

that come up to me
on the streets & I take 'em
home where no one's
waiting save Penelope
my jay-bird
who caws at me
from atop her perch
of unlighted candle
labeld red
overcomed I stuff
her crow
w/ cornmeal mush
& all to flutters
of happy wings

II

the whore-

some dog

the sloe eyed heavy

lidded pants

hard and the heavy

(over-ripe)

lower-lip

hung dog-wise

and when ON

the prowl SHINES

the glaque eyes

but as swimming in murky pools

the two

the lank

rail splitter with dog

at the heels

“Consider poetry ,

ever? ” queried our Robin

“No”

as Bessie wails

“mess with me

‘cause I’m

down in the dumps”

the mess around

(sort of dance) late twenties (circa)

the sloe-eyed dog is

sharp (instinct

per Froebenius ’ revived

under hostile geography

paws itself

scratches (a spike as claw

swear kick it

out slinking it

cons it's way
 in to
 snap up the 'goodies'
 greedy the dog will
 clean up everything. dying
 it is advertised as 'device' is Death
 is remedial .No answer fishing hook?
 .No answer.
 to catch I suppose
 loose swimming emotional
 'I just love everybody' shd. be
 leveled .
 Comes the wind
 over grass. Too much Whitman? or
 Rousseau's belly ache?
 Is this
 Poetry or telling ?
 sure
 tele ograpy
 Orpheo as to the dolomites.
 The white flowers tho
 lacking light I'm
 drawn to
 as to
 cranes
 cranes? why cranes
 or why single horn
 in the head or why
 (Miles -I hear you
 complete MAN
 No black this
 cat is for light
 black is a cover
 Creative 'device' not
 to con bread or
 in to get at
 the goodies

the big fix is
in the great reach
you too shall complete the
U turn
to dig THE
Man.

THE PROCESS

...so it is with the return
of another spring
La Primavera & Botticellian
 spray as a shower of gold;

after the dead season
 thinking to have lost
my voice til
 bud by bud
the Poem unfolds
 itself

then the flower
 at the top-most
that will be the title

each fruit smacks
 of its own savor
no two Poems alike

FANTASTIC WORKMEN

the fishermen's shacks

at the un

-conscious edge

which like breathing in and out

inundates the cement company's

paper bags by

with the waters of poetry

they see nothing

at the high and dry beach's

other end

busy loading trucks

to keep their jobs

and the concrete company's

wheels turning

with sand!

Stephen Jonas