

tablecloth. Garage full of church ink. Strategize at chess while twirling spaghetti out of the pot. Where the comb went upside my head. Getting stoned after school in a rock fight. Next day I wore a dashing pirate's eye patch. Trailer park hit by tornado. Song that says get an ugly girl to marry you. Doll with ponytail and pedalpushers. Melamac. Chinet. Slurpee. Her name was Felicia but of course they called her Fellatio.

Two smokers came to visit so I had to find a jar lid. When he sat on my stove he could look down at me. It's years since we've talked. I witnessed a green card wedding. She borrowed my white cotton dress. We drank a lot in those days. An artist allergic to paint. The way his skin felt was a surprise. It crept in. He knew we weren't a match. Not enough heat. Ran into a blizzard. Thawed out the car at a motel with adjoining pancake house. Found a sky of double rainbows. Those rez girls, their poor pottery. Red cowboy boots might scare the snakes off. Xerox fetish. Their chants all sounded the same to me in the five-hundred-year-old housing project. No sleeping bag or view of the eclipse. Confused by all the rain a frog had entered the living room. Earthworms dying under our feet. Sold a poem today. A drunkard in the plaza called out, "Sister, may I kiss you?"

My Mickey Mouse ears are nothing like sonar. Colorado is far less rusty than Walt's lyric riddles. If sorrow is wintergreen, well then Walt's breakdancers are dunderheads. If hoecakes are Wonder Bras, blond Wonder Bras grow on Walt's hornytoad. I have seen roadkill damaged, riddled and wintergreen, but no such roadkill see I in Walt's checkbook. And in some purchases there is more deliberation than in the bargains that my Mickey Mouse redeems. I love to herd Walt's sheep, yet well I know that muskrats have a far more platonic sonogram. I grant I never saw a googolplex groan. My Mickey Mouse, when Walt waddles, trips on garbanzos. And yet, by halogen-light, I think my loneliness as reckless as any souvenir bought with free coupons.

Dim Lady

My honeybunch's peepers are nothing like neon. Today's special at Red Lobster is redder than her kisser. If Liquid Paper is white, her racks are institutional beige. If her mop were Slinkys, dishwater Slinkys would grow on her noggin. I have seen tablecloths in Shakey's Pizza Parlors, red and white, but no such picnic colors do I see in her mug. And in some minty-fresh mouthwashes there is more sweetness than in the garlic breeze my main squeeze wheezes. I love to hear her rap, yet I'm aware that Muzak has a hipper beat. I don't know any Marilyn Monroes. My ball and chain is plain from head to toe. And yet, by gosh, my scrumptious Twinkie has as much sex appeal for me as any lanky model or platinum movie idol who's hyped beyond belief.

Dream Cycle

The ice cream truck
goes by again

It could snow me
under this heat

It could freeze my teeth
crystallize a sigh

and I could lick
a quick dream

when the ice cream truck
goes lullaby again