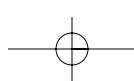
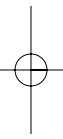
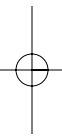


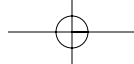
*Front and Center*

(location, location, location)

If you feel  
you must buy the house  
at the end of the cul-de-sac,  
stick to your guns.  
Don't settle for less.

You could be  
like Wild Bill Hickok  
who knew  
because of the way  
he had lived his life  
he could never afford  
to sit with his back  
to the saloon doors—  
but one day in Deadwood  
he forgot.

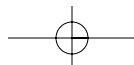
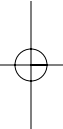
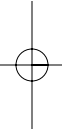




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*Poetry Floats*

*Pure Delite  
(just for fun)*

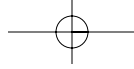


## *Left Brain – Right Brain Dementia*

A holy shout – transmitting  
Beautiful poetic creations to me  
Coming repeatedly from beyond  
Deepest inner space – rings out.  
Energy pulse of creation's call  
Flows into my receptive mind.  
Gratefully I copy waves of words.  
Here are unique illuminating  
Images never before envisioned.  
Jumping from God, arching thru me,  
Kept as lyric melodious verse. Yet  
Losing all as *the I* determines they  
Must be  
Numbered  
Or at least  
Put in alphabetical order.

Q  
R  
S  
T  
U  
V  
W  
X  
Y  
Z.

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## *Unrelated Stanzas*

(As per Mary Oliver's Dream Works, p. 50)

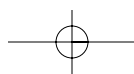
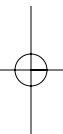
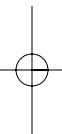
The more I listen to Jimmy Buffett  
the more my shaving  
becomes optional and irregular,  
and the more my shoes hurt my feet.

Synchronicity and serendipity  
are so much sweeter  
when preceded by adequate  
planning and preparation.

I just like  
the way  
butterflies  
make me talk.

There is a world of emotional difference in  
having a dollar extra and a dollar not enough,  
and the happy-go-lucky husband or wife  
should seriously consider that point  
when dealing with a prudent spouse.

Time flows along  
on the wavy lines of wrinkles.  
If I marched on  
we would have forehead footprints.



*Word Wanderings*

The wind blows and the chimes tinkle.  
Two tired, familiar, expected verbs,  
adequate in their own way—  
asynonymical but easily parallelesque  
because chimes don't blow and wind doesn't tinkle.

But that's neither here nor there.  
Yet it is both here and there  
as the English language can show you,  
because what I wanted to say  
before I was sidetracked by the asides is—

the wind blows over the open chimney pipe  
sounding a hollow, creepy swoosh  
that if you hold your lips and your heart just right  
becomes a whistle that calls the dog  
and announces a happy day.

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*From "Old Man Eating Alone in a Chinese  
Restaurant" by Billy Collins*

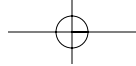
Billy mentioned the light  
which fell through the big windows that time of day  
italicizing everything it touched.

And instantly he had copyrighted italicizing  
in that sense  
and I am jealous.

It is lyrical poetic use,  
invokes a beautiful poetic scene,  
and on inspection,  
specifically defining the term used that way  
is impossible — sublime poetry!

My spell check wants  
a question mark  
after sublime poetry.

This is not  
a poetic spell check.

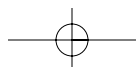
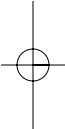
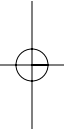


*Out of Alphabet by February*

When a highly tolerant and optimistic person  
meets a readily judgmental and pessimistic person,  
they may fall in love, and work hard to blend.

When they do, it can be  
like Katrina hitting New Orleans  
and leaving the city in better shape  
than before the hurricane.

Cleaning up the daily debris  
will be a lifelong joy,  
or it can be—  
Galveston 1900 everyday.



*Urban Renewal*

At this Sunday morning's daybreak  
I post at a knife-signed, green picnic table  
in a two-cacti-landscaped mini city park  
on the south shoulder of U.S. Hwy. 90,  
my heart guarding a residually regal row  
of old, tired main street buildings  
cornice crown chiseled — Adam Sloan 1928,  
and enthroned on the highway's north side.

Once purposeful, necessary, essential,  
soul and sinew saving stores—  
dry goods for blue jeans, hardware for shovels  
and grocery for bread and for beans,

now gaspingly revived and embarrassingly  
hawking imported ceramic cats,  
twenty yogurt flavors and chocolate,  
bruised books and tacky silver crosses—  
all festered with blisters and bunions of art  
pinioned to the castle's wailing walls.

Though scarred and scuffed  
with a modern graffiti logo,  
only the post office survives  
with a venting vestige of dignity  
announcing as did the train depot  
of long ago — Marathon, Texas, 79842.



## *The Nature Channel Brings You – The Sins of Rocky Squirrel*

He looks in. Sees 'em. Smells 'em  
down there, delicious, desirable,  
discarded squirrel delicacies—  
burger bun and black banana.

Chattering, "Come to papa, yum yums."  
Rocky Squirrel circles the rim  
of the topless  
black metal, *Midwest Waste* Dumpster.

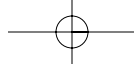
Launching a hundred slides  
down every inch of edge,  
the tireless, timid swordsman thrusts  
and fear parries.  
Each plunge leaves in view  
only hangy-ony toes and flit-flit tail.

The vertical sides are slick.  
The bin is deep.  
Look at that tail snap!  
He is pissed and passionate.

Will he stay  
Rocky, the hungry squirrel,  
or will he become  
Rocky, the landfill squirrel?

Tune in tomorrow.  
Will desire overcome discretion  
and Rocky become  
a trash truck's compactor impression?

---



*Tastes Like Chicken*

Rupert Richardson Squirrel—  
not nature's brightest pearl.

From my window I see  
you climb up that pine tree  
bound for the top of your world.

You Wallenda across the wire line  
to the box that transforms heat to shine.

You wriggle right in,  
fry yourself crispy thin,  
and dark in my room is unfurled.

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