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.