

## THE LITTLE BAY

He looked out to the horizon  
his hand shielding his eyes from  
the outpourings of the setting sun  
but there was no insight.

At his feet the water lapped and licked  
sensuously, he thought, patiently.

He was in the wrong place again  
in the midst of another love-making

water and sand each other's  
whispers, each other's return  
washing each other, smoothing,  
and in the sameness of the act  
imperceptibly changing.

Even here, in this lonely place  
not even discarded by people,  
just not noted, he was the one  
incapable of changing.

## GUILT

Mock not, Tiresias, blind poet and sage, the worm of fear.  
The exalted seem shimmering mantles suspended in judgment  
to me in my blood-chains, to me self-trapped, self-caught  
by the secret of shame that siren-like circles and taunts my path.  
O, how I evaded, danced to its distant pipe, crushed the tune  
always knowing that in time, early or late, the tune would ensnare,  
strangle and choke me; accounts must be settled, stolen merits  
returned and I stripped even to the marrow of my most intimate  
bones I ask myself, was this existence really mine  
to dig up, build and play with at my will, brazen in the face of God,  
or will my restitution demand His very breath from me?

## LANGUAGE LESSON

Use them words proper like,  
feel them seep through those  
dirty paws of yourn, yes, seep  
Those words is your sweat'n muck  
No, not them that's glued on't  
back of your eye-balls, yes, balls  
They'll cause permature blindness  
Words got to be prop'ly fingered  
don't be afraid to touch 'em, yes touch  
wash 'em, if you must, no, use your own spit  
tidy 'em up a bit and sniff 'em  
What you mean, what they smell of?  
The human afflatus, that's what.