

Punk Haiku

Jo Ann Padownikoff

Hit me with affection,  
hit me -- hit me  
hit me with affection.

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# ZEST

Short fizzy writings; mainly fun,  
some gems, a few duds.

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Tom Wayman

## WHAT THE WAITER SEES

"I don't believe there is any such thing as a fair fight.  
When you fight, you fight to win: that's all there is to it.  
Hit first and hit hard, hit dirty if you have to,  
but go in there to win."

--"Me, I don't believe in fighting. Don't figure it's worth it.  
It takes two to fight; if there is trouble, I just leave.  
But if somebody starts something, and I begin heading for the door  
God help any son-of-a-bitch who tries to stand in my way."

I  
jazz

I sing  
I do  
just what  
feels good

I play  
the notes  
of it  
I swing  
and talk back  
sound that's right

I take the breath  
through throat  
and hold it  
in the stomach  
hit the fingers  
on the horn

blow the jazz  
that's where it goes

(from Wah's book-length poem "Breathin' My Name With A Sigh"  
available very shortly from Talonbooks)