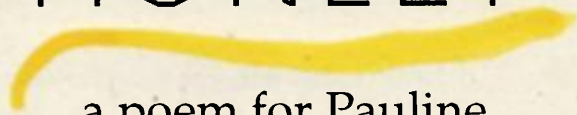


HONELY



a poem for Pauline

Where did I put my keys
you say where are my glasses
I don't remember her name
or won't you say always
we are such stones together

sharp every day out the door
first you then me whatever
shape then the years become
a few houses saying when
you get home put on this food

I've been thinking of thank you
for feeding us all the gardens
and teaching me to swim like you
dance later all these August days
will spoon that honey out

let's spread it over everything
we can find again.

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for Pauline's Birthday
August 30, 1992