

FURNITURE

- 1 In certain positions
they furnish rooms in my life

one may have come
early to a party
and been told
here hold this
and become a holder
as if before a cigar store

one lit up that stays lit
I keep in the refrigerator

an overstuffed one
that suffered
himself to be sat on
bears me up
this very moment

usually it is years
before loved ones
can bring themselves
to complain of
my cruel waste

I ask them in
fix drinks in their hands
excuse the crowding
invite them to sit in

- 2 Now you come knocking
boy drunk with power
seat yourself on my knee
keep knocking

phones ring and answer themselves
I don't budge

I can't quite place you
it was always easy before
this nearness
my son
this slight resemblance

Paul Hunter

THE BOX

Just as you decide you don't like to sit
In a pasted cardboard piano box
In an open sea of factories,
Cities, overpasses, and so on—

It floats you up the San Francisco Bay
Out north to the Pacific's boring reaches,
Disappointing waves rolling like flat land,
Low buildings stretching off on every side.

You falter in the days' events—then veer out
And leave the sleeping continent behind.
Don't you know the outposts of knowledge
May be dangerous limitations?

That's right: inside your eyelid, David—
And that one laughable lightness of yours,
Sitting like scum on the industrial waste,
Was really life's one great cheap moment.