

Two Poems · *Peter Waldor*

FUTURE

Singers will abandon words,
people will say "I smell" for "I see."
Before all talk is banished
they will say "Amen" only.

The cabins will be built.
The fireplaces.
I'll be destroyed before the beginning,
the struggle still a forgotten dream.

They will rip me apart,
I hope I get a hand on my heart before they do,
so I can tear it out and hold it a moment,
like a sweet roll.
I'll toss it to an enemy I love.

There'd better be a warm river
ready to jump its banks
for my head,
a god of light downstream
waiting, ready to explain.

AHH. HE IS THE PEAR OF MY NOSE

Yes. The kind of man who stays in the market after he's done if a good song is coming over the speaker, even when he has someplace to go. He just stands there listening, letting his head bob a little on his thick neck. The kind of man who picks old, bruised fruit, carefully as the rest of us choose the true beauties, knowing no one else would take them. I know he's carefully paring the bruises away in the kitchen and eating them before he brings the bowl in for me.