

The Time It Will Take / Ray Ronci

From one room
Seeing the vase on the table
Seeing the sliding glass door
That opens to a porch
Where there is no porch

Thinking of the vase propelled at the door
My lips against yours
Will I go to pieces at your feet
Or break through you
And disintegrate below

In the door
The vase is reflected
In the vase the door

In the distance
Simply the time it will take

Racing / Ray Ronci

Cyclists! yes cyclists!
And the hillside is lovely
And there is much more than legs moving
Rapidly there waves from a blue scarf from
A long sleeve and more
Many! More frequently! the hills
Are greener and rounder
And this one
The highest ah
Down down and so also
The day passes the edge
And stands open to the door
Open to it

The lights and dresses gleaming
In the ballroom
The salesman's New York City in 1955
The penthouse and the owner of the large
The largest factory "in the world!"