

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!"

The cab the wet lights floating above asphalt
The balcony and leaning
Staring at the 3 AM traffic
Still dressed the same and no less
Remembering
How one walks away and beyond the door
Becomes glass so often in the hand
And up to the lips
Imagining her to be somehow
As perfect as the taste of cold
As unforgettable as

Cyclists! yes the hills much greener
The sun much higher much like a helmet
Tires passing black quickly
Like the eyes of those in the passing
The wrong flags waving in the distance
The finish
And the smiles dropping from the faces
Of those standing
Now turning away

The Drunk / Ray Ronci

His hands and feet are sleeping on waves
His limbs are tunnels reaching out like a starfish
His head is barely visible like a rock in the ocean

Meanwhile the truth is he is laying on the outfield
In the rain
And there are blackbirds all around him
And all around the baseball park
Noonday traffic like crowds of people
Standing in the rain saying: Shhhhhhhh

And he
Is face down and spread out
Reaching so to speak like a hand