

A NOTE FROM THE FAR WEST

Poetry is on the periphery
Of my life now, as it stands in Long Beach,
Just sixteen blocks from Long Beach Boulevard.
The cars go by my house
In heartless tons,
A wave sheds its life on the shore,
One moment in the universal angst;
But don't worry

Because it isn't worth a damn when poetry
Is on the periphery of my life now,
As it stands in old L.B., sixteen blocks
From you know where the cars
Go by my house and waves
Shatter like crystal on the shore,
Breaking up lines of parallel construction.

Which makes my gizzard hurt, for poetry
Is nothing more than parallel construction,
Or in a way is nothing more, though in
Another way it is,
But in Long Beach is simply
Nothing, which makes my gizzard hurt.

While moments of the universal angst
Drift by, the sound of waves like crashing cars
Breaks on my ears, for poetry is nothing more
Than a shore on which
Parallel lines shatter like crystal

Goblets filled with the sound of streets, near where
I live, near where my house is, in L.B.,
And where I breathe the moving ocean air,
On the periphery

Of my aching gizzard, and my life
Is on the edge of traffic, sixteen blocks
From Long Beach Boulevard and poetry.