

## SOLIPSIST

My mouth is the sum  
of all other mouths  
speaking as one.  
The phone can't ring  
I'm not going  
to  
answer it. And besides  
it's off the hook  
and in any case  
there's no one else  
to talk to. I  
*know* I'm conscious.

## THE NEXT POEM YOU WRITE

The next poem you write  
write on the sole of your foot  
with a pen or thing you've never  
used in a room you've  
never written in at a time  
of the day you've never worked  
then show it to the person  
least likely to expect it  
and ask him to commit it to memory.