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.

Robert Sward 10

