Life, Love and Lysol

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i see myself
as my father
but when he was young
and trying to decide
whether to embrace bohemianism
or to offer himself
up to the professionals
and his art took a
fatal blow,
dying agonizingly
year after year

and now my crossroads has come
my muse
telling me hoarsely
to hang in there
has been a long time bedridden
barely able to lift fingers
to touch my pen

LIFE, LOVE AND LYSOL

This man strolls in
Smelling like dampness and animals
That's how it should be
Gives me a cold kiss
Smelling like sleep and cigarettes
That's how I like him
Lays in my arms
Smelling like sweat and love
That's how I remember him
My mother would want to disinfect him
That's how it goes.

M. ELIZABETH DICK

THE WIND—STATIC ON

The wind—static on the winter walls as time is
forsaking for my confusion
But the sweetness of this lost-or-found is much
in needed words. I feel as
matters at my body (or mind)

WEDDINGS AND LAKE MI

(for Ebie)

Child of Mary Godwin, quiet, restless
Your surgeon's skillful hands flex at
daylight, as the sun gives you her atoms.
You engineer blueprinted muscles
And recircuit patterned veins
(Enough to hold your body to)
And wire it for sound,
Waiting for the vernal equinox.

Then—all unknowingly—you trip the switch
And the amperes sing with pleasure
As they nurse him now along.
He quivers with the voltage—
The current's much too strong
For one so unsuspecting—
Then slowly, slowly, carefully
Smiles sickly, sweetly pale
At the wondering Mother there.
'Tis a shame we never met, Mary.
You missed the point, you know!