

Cut Up—Food

If you had the gift
Of Magic for One day
What would you do?
Mix and match
The foods you love
With a taste whole and new?
To take (food) into the mouth
And swallow?
To many people a hot bath
Is like a cocktail,
Its horrible taste
Protects it from predators.
Drink these two tins,
It's like drinking a pint of speed.
Opulent clocks such as this
Did more than tell time,
The urge to make Dreams come true
And the tendency to miss lunch.

Black and White

What happens

When sky is across

And grass is across

But cherry is down?

Is it not blood or lipstick?

Could it be a fruit roll-up?

Perhaps something smaller

To fit these tiny squares,

Make the puzzle complete.

Near black houses and black jobs,

These white boxes

Smile and frown and stare at gray news.

What it would be

To finish the thought

With stamped letters

Sealed with approval.

Especially

When it is so obviously ruby.