

Five Sixfold Poems

Insurance Man

The telephone rings in the middle of the night.
Wifey answers, then cries: "All right!"
I wonder if I should wonder,

what's going on?
So, I go: "Who is it?" I mean like,
HOLY COW! It's frickin' 1:00 a.m.,

I hit the rack at 9:00 p.m. The alarm begins
blaring at 5:00 a.m. It's *exactly* the
middle of my night.

She answers, "It's the insurance man,
he'll be stopping by in the morning. One can
never be too cautious about protecting one's assets."

I get to work at 6:00 a.m., take lunch at 10:00 a.m.,
which is exactly the middle of my shift. I clock
out at 2:30 p.m., make it home by 3:00 p.m. only

to find the house empty, a total void—
no furniture, no future. My guess is the ol'
lady took this insurance thing to the next level . . .

as a matter of policy, of course.

Five Sixfold Poems

Book Review

I hit Bookman's:
picked out a copy—
pre-owned, of course,
National Bestseller.

Settled in my chair,
I began to read:
the characters
all puffed away.

Cigarettes—
lit, lighted, fired
up, stubbed out,
stepped-on.

Ironically, this
novel garnered
mention on NPR's
Fresh Air.

Ashes—
flicked upon
lips, laps, lapels,
laptops, lapdogs.

As a page-turner;
I'm addicted
to its plot—
got a light?

Five Sixfold Poems

Lizzie Borden—(*Skipping Rope*)

I hate this—i.e.
embracing visceral
carnage bloodied by
vivisections of bodies.

*Lizzie Borden took an axe
gave her mother forty whacks*

Who dare assonate
a goofy-footed beat
featuring a murderously
cunning spinster?

Children twirl ropes
of sisal and hemp—
enticing others to
jump and sing:

*When she saw what she had done
gave her father forty-one*

Five Sixfold Poems

Waning Desire

Each of our whispers is a love letter,
even those beginning: Kiss me,
because we always did,
again, and again . . . ,
and again,
again.

Until
the novelty
wore thin and
life got in the way—
feedings, diapers, and colic.
Shh we whisper, don't wake the kids.

Five Sixfold Poems

Meter

I don't get them—
New Age poets that is;
the rhythms they craft,
the rhumba of their ink.

I love their bios though—
charitable line dances
describing scholarship,
position, and award.