

Sixfold File of three poems,  
**Silhouette of a Lost Love Driving in Reverse**

Now, hanging on a road sign, night worry  
working its way, trollops in my gut giving  
out names I can't remember, a single light  
bends a curving hillside road, night's edge  
comes sneaking up on me.

Arms of fatigue put forth hands putting out  
fingers touching here with foul fervor. I am  
alone, liking it less than last night in a half  
crowd of other loneliness.

One witness recalls, real as an open blouse,  
bona fide as underpants undone on fabulous  
witchy length of long oh perfect legs, hangs  
on with her imagery locked in place.

Little bears such glamour as does witchery.

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**Early Management of Dreams**

Morning's promised vise went on its rampage,  
the last ounce ushered into gear, heady, sticky  
later on if she had left it alone, but oh no, not  
this imagery in morning's walk which cleaned  
as good as any kitchen lady at dined finishing.  
Wipe down. Wipe out. How do you like those  
oranges, my faultless mister in the night?

Now, staring at the next light, the one on the hill  
known before, the climb to a barn and a gingerly  
small house looks down on the sea, the exquisite  
and lightsome lady too, I bring back the crowded  
room of smells, liquor on final legs, dregs at their  
last cries founding frames to reside in, sometimes  
headless, the little madam of taste that crawled up  
beside me at the bar, creature of eyes emblazoned  
with stories, cheek bones like early manufactured  
flint, lips that might stretch a river wide, sex itself  
having a rest after a heady ride.

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**I'm Cheap, She Said**

I'm cheap, she said, a 100 pounds of cheap  
that two drinks can buy for the night. I liberated  
myself for a nightly prison. But I'm good at being  
jailed, being sent off for a one-night stand or a lay-down,  
or however you'll have it. I never get too talkative. I don't  
let my mouth get in the way of anything that comes up real.  
Morning comes too soon, too smelly, too late for some right here,  
right now. There's not a good piece in this whole joint. All you've got  
to do is ask me.

You dress well, I said.  
I touched her fabric and was

charged with electrons in a shocking  
move, a whole laboratory of jump, tingle  
and broadcast. Her dress, thin, blue as a forgotten  
bird's egg, rigged like a sail's caught a fresh wind off shore,  
hip marks saying a vault could be ajar, was right next door  
to ignition. Right there. Gas-like. Bang! Poof! How do  
you come across with that heat? Where does it  
come from? Are any shock-proof measures  
required? Does it have a hidden switch?  
An off-on switch? A toggle switch?  
A switch you can see in the dark?  
Is it universal? Or Global?  
A trip around the world?  
Are you switchable?