

FRONT AND PEARL

This time it set off a lemon telenovela.
Chickens bolted—bummer!
Just then the buzzer sounded.
No subtle docks ministered to it.

No longer pudgy, all get off free.
It was “a regular rout,” she encouraged.
Sweet alyssum, you see, just doesn’t cut it for me.
The Wall Street crash of 1929
hit us both hard.

That would be a fine way to conduct things,
to bring it here, referring to the doctor.
The long Hudson Valley flows along
beside it, the river I mean.

She was the lemon target of reality.
Here, I’ll do the butcher.
Yes, the sun has officially set
until tomorrow.
The cathedral had an unfinished look to it.

What will you dream of,
two months after we breathed?
I don’t know but what he’d
cut us for the longest time.

Glance through your tendonitis sheaf.
You’ll find everything in order
and turn up again.
The nurses are getting nervous.