



don't ya  
jai alai  
me kid!

km.rowe



not not empty just tiny  
little feelings like before  
your arm falls asleep.

all bright and smiles put  
forward, "to the front, walk-  
on fronton" and comes the  
foreboding sense of  
success.

hi jai alai and rest me cesta  
or catch me cancha or  
maybe just pause me  
pelota ... herd me and hurl  
me ... i am wild against the  
wall.

nestle nest or net me and  
leave me fallow 'til next  
season where we shout and  
shallow sort of simply we  
stitch ourselves together.

quietly quilted we be a  
thousand colours worldly  
and woven we speak  
secretly, lips locked and  
frozen.

colour me beryl or  
bertrandite or brush me  
burly unlikely not surly.

idle and title-wise or lovely  
and edelweiss, too many  
songs and poems about  
flowers but we just can't  
help ourselves.

inky calypso so sophistic  
so long and so soggy a tune  
we watch the trout dance  
only they ain't trout, they  
troubling troubled  
troublemakers.

please oh please proper  
and with pleasure present a  
fist and punchy punch a  
poet.

copy or compose or cull me  
composure: a feather, a cup  
of water, a miserly mentor.

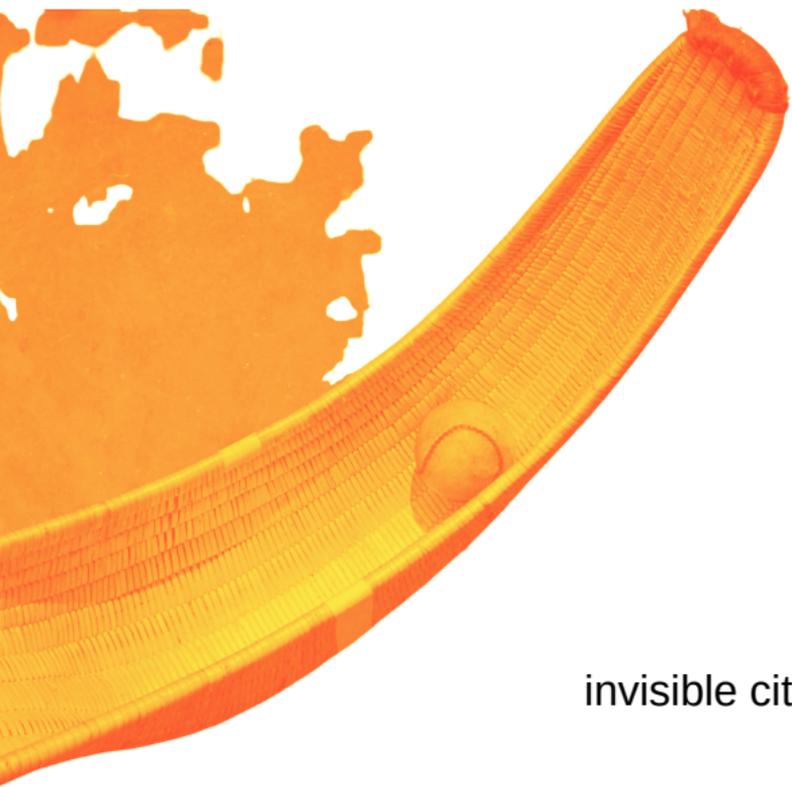
we little things, we itty-  
bitty things, and we dress  
in ways to either prove or  
disprove our sanity all  
gussied up and saintly.

i write to write things how i  
wish i said them and when i  
am all outta sorts i guess i  
guess i gotta.

lil book, lil poem, lil chant, lil  
gloom ... that time it hard to  
read ... or too drunk to make  
it home.

better rest in bed all  
wrapped up in one another  
and sink for sank no time  
for titter tatter we best and  
beastly ought to get atter.





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