

XIII

it really must
be Nice, never to

have no imagination) or never
never to wonder about guys you used to (and them
slim hot queens with dam next to nothing

on) tangoing
(while a feller tries
to hold down the fifty bucks per
job with one foot and rock a

cradle with the other) it Must be
nice never to have no doubts about why you
put the ring
on (and watching her
face grow old and tired to which

you're married and hands get red washing
things and dishes) and to never, never really wonder i
mean about the smell
of babies and how you

know the dam rent's going to and everything and never, never
Never to stand at no window
because i can't sleep (smoking sawdust

cigarettes in the
middle of the night