

Poems from 1st Fine Tuned Poem

where each voice is a different story. it's nice to
be surrounded by people who enjoy each other's company, unlike
the time when I used to be so busy tapping
away at the keyboard that I didn't really notice or
care that someone else "was tapping away at the keyboard
or who was sitting opposite the keyboard while I was
working on something else, or when I wasn't sure what
to do about the phone call. I think I made
a good point. We have many things to say about
our company and I want all the ducks to know
about it. We are a small duck organization not a
permanent one. we have many good meetings to talk about
the future and how to accommodate and move forward with

hello world

. the world &. in the year 2000 to be
an idiot: turn off the television: show the world you
are not a person. stop being so mean and selfish
look away: a boy in the forest lies awake, watching
the sun bear will do whatever he likes. before the
sun bear can fall asleep we'll have gotten our metaphorical
chairs. #9 and on the island the wind blows in:
the leaves slowly ripen. the oak trees are dying, but
we wait to see what they will do: remove their
branches on our heads. I'm trying to talk you into
staying. but you want something more grateful than a bowl
of banana peels. You'
re not ready for the mundane and mundane meant to

and we don't want you to hear that kind
of joy. I'm sorry you've come to expect this, but
it's so unimportant. You don't even need to know that
it's winter, and we can leave that note in your
car. The lake bears are happy. They have more income
than ever. You and I are back at work. A
few days ago I walked by the pond and saw
a man swimming in murky water. He had two long
tongues waiting for his prey. Before I knew it, I
was dipping his tongue into the soft of his neck.
I've been craving that mouthful since. The bear cubs are
not yet ready for winter. While you and I wait,
I gather that lake

but not in one place at the same time I
don't like the thought of having to think about time
and places again but still feel happy that way. Memory
Island I'm a dog eater. I have three different kind
of tastes. My mother is an penguin eater and my
father is a geese expert. My mother has always been
a cat lover, and my father has always been a
geese expert so I guess my environment is very hostile.
If I get too far away from a house I'll
move the cat inside so that my feet don't get
bitten. If I get too close to the bathroom mirror
I'll have to remove my dresser before I can use
the sink. I apologize for not keeping enough contact

, a horse in the mud: a fable about a
mud horse who is always in a bad mood, then
left alone to rob an apothecary, eventually stealing a bottle
of violets from his paws when they get too tired.
Happy Pointer If you're reading this, you've read my poems
before. I've had a fair amount of fever since I
wrote them, and I can say that you aren't alone.
Sure, you and I both know that you love us
dearly, and you love me, too, even if only for
the present. I love you, dearly; I love myself and
almost never will. I always say it with a sigh,
as I write this: I love you, so much so
that I'm almost too tired to text806 to talk