

Gerry Gilbert / SUMMER OF 73

us
thee
this
me

up until
it's all said
we get to say it

tomorrow's bread is being baked rite now

everything

this good pen
& proper height to write on
sitting up on wooden legs
elbows on the table
lamp on the wrong side
lady on the gitanes pack breaking into song
fresh okanagan apricot jam
finish dubonnet
write on

august full moon
I thought you said doom
you said wisdom

spider stopped there quite a while
looking up Miss Gita's skirts while
Mistah Zig Zag looks the other way
we'll see

the banana wars go on
there's the banana
it's worth it

sleepy
beautiful bee
see
moon's got you too

if I was up there
I'd want to come down here & write about it

it
i cross

Slim splashed in the bath tonite
& kept saying
fart
far out
& James Dean died to save Lee Harvey Oswald

be happy tomorrow

I dreamed an old fort
all these years the cannons were loaded

I woke in the sun
finding out
no one has the nerve to trample the thistles
this year
breeze
roaming through the garden

art
less
& less
leaves
of
off
often
alder
maple
rain

there's a slug on a stone down there
if you hurry

skid marks

fish & visitors
going off in the heat