

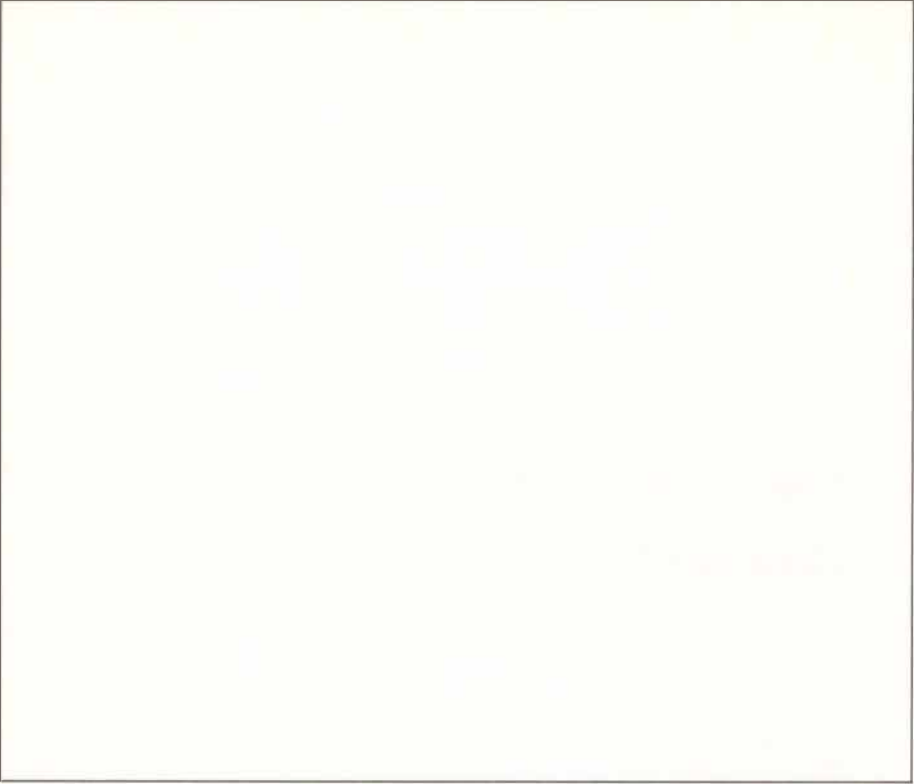
Zonko / THREE POEMS
LOVE IS IN TROUBLE

Sharon says, 'Love is in trouble'
and I believe her.
The new mathematicks
hasn't prepared us
to work out this problem,
nor has insanity.

Infinitely organizing
search parties
Scout the badlands!
kindle small fires in the night
dance evocations.

We hunt the marquee that blazes
LOVE IS IN TROUBLE

whose face on the Wanted poster
who issues the summons
how is the capture effected
the rescue
who's got a clue



I'm the greenhorn
and nobody knows as much as me
how little I know

Hey you, Socrates,
put a toothpick in my mouth
my hat back,
'loving
makes me feel good
tenderness
affection
lively conversation
dancing
and not saying a word.'

December 14, 1974

LITTLE KISSING

So there was kissing
there was always kissing
in the beginning, Matthew
was kissing,
in the beginning of you
was kissing. Bill kissing
Holly. Holly kissing
Bill. Bill and Holly
were always kissing
in the beginning of you

ALWAYS LOVING FUCKING

After the kissing
Holly and Bill were
always loving touching and fucking
and coming
always loving feeling and rubbing
and hugging in the kitchen
fucking in front of the stove
or at the kitchen table
and there must have been a leather chair
somewhere loving fucking
in a leather chair
stoned fucking up the stairs
fucking up and fucking down
fucking sideways like a clown
fucking backwards and upside down
Holly and Bill were always loving fucking
and from our always loving touching and fucking
and coming, once
an ovum fertilized
began the coming of you
and all your loving