

Artie Gold / THREE POEMS

SITTING DOWN TO LOVE

Sitting down to love
most of the breakfast disappears
no, love isn't gratuitous
most of it disappears
and never was. To understand love

you must be old.or feel old
from love. love can do that to you
but living without love, the power,
can nail you a lot sooner.

love,though it is
the mover, leaves more untouched
as your life travels
by not being there.

hate is love's left nut.
the real grand mover however
is still and has always been
indifference. Fortunes

are struck in in-
difference, a currency coined
and fortunes are made.

SO NOW IT'S ANOTHER DAY

So now it's another day. But we
never decided did we on what
kind of cheese we were eating
and now I am eating that same
kind of cheese and wondering
just how many days was it between
this and that and what is the country
two hands carding uncertainty, no thread
of any definite consistency coming
onto the mind's spindle.

A MORALITY PLAY WITH DEATH

what are you doing?
with what father?

with those dead mice you were playing with.
I was not playing dead mice honest father wasn't.

I came in the room dead mice there you were playing
you had out your hand on floor mice wasn't crawling was dead.
No father
is mistaken.

Saw what he saw you there were on the floor and with was dead mice.
Sorry cannot understand what saw but not dead mice.
Mice never due.

Pronounce it!
Due father due.

Naughts right there mice due yes they due.
Don't think father is right.

Widshed!
Olrigh then with mouse dead was playin.

Mice not mouse!
Olrigh then with mice.

Dead too!
Olrigh dead too now what's th point eh?

Playing too!
Playin with father and was dead!

Nevertheless thou'll ha' t' cume th widshed. . . .
Widshed/bludshed . . . bludshed/them damn dead mice na better.

—the end—