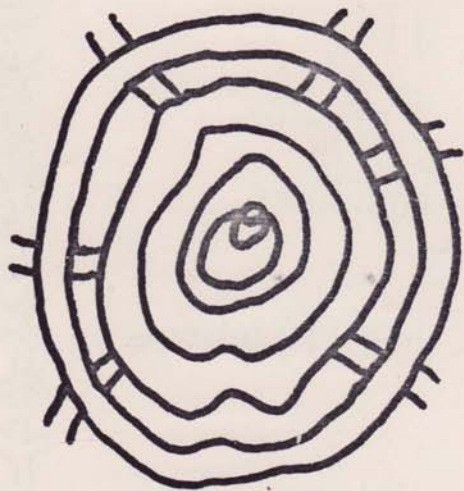


11
Romantic
Positions

Bob Perelman

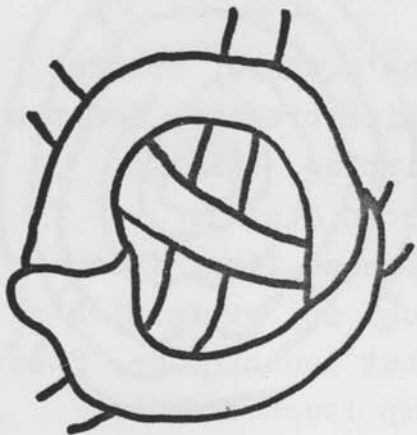
drawings by
Francie Shaw





COMPLIMENT

She's there, colors,
white breasts, downtown
nipples, bunched
brown & pink.
Eyes so fine, face
just so, expression's
what launches me. Sweet
imp laugh and
sweet ace smile.



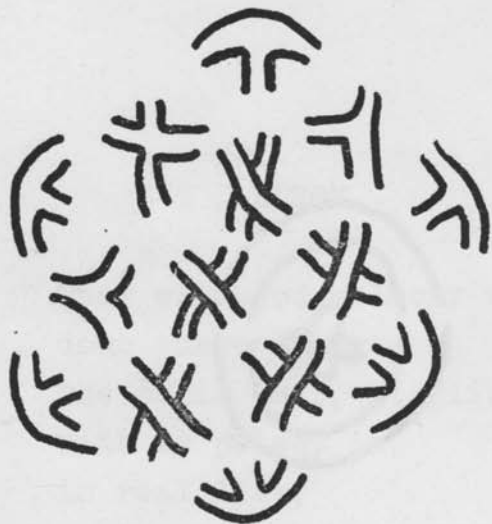
POSITION

I neither are nor am you.

ELEGY

That wrinkled salmony wad
down there among
the pubic hair, jiggling
with my pulse, is,
in real life,
a ticket to heaven,
round trip.

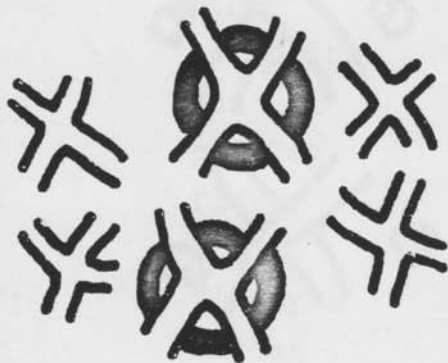




she loves me she
loves me not she
loves me she loves
me not she loves
me she loves me
not she loves me
she loves me not
she loves me she

TWO PERSONS

remembering how, feel
the feeling feeling
feeling



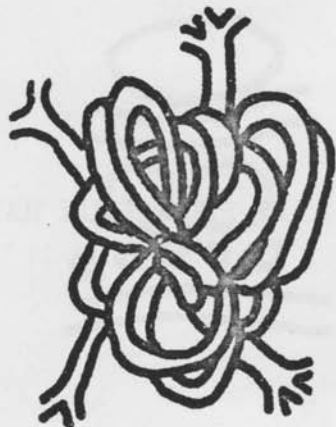


ODE

vaseline
wings
crinoline
mud
parsley
flavor
of
floozy's
kisses
the
missus'
yesses

GUATEMALA

Quarrelled, half
quarrelled slow hours
with Francie, Indians send
rockets up, it's
religion, explosions re
verberating in volcanic
rock bowl of air I
was alive It was the
rainy season And
here I was still saying
was, was, that old
unsatisfactory busride
back home





HUMAN BULLDOZER PITIES SELF

DREAMS

Others
With Her
Her Son
of a bitch
driving in the ditch





hopping around, all over the place in my head; managed to say, I bet you're wishing I hadn't come back yet so you could still be missing me and imagining how nice I was, Yep, she said.

When I'd come back, first she was very pleased, told me how I changed things so much for the better and happier for her, how sad she'd been at the stray thought that I'd never come back. Then she'd never be happy.

THE WAY OF THE WHITE CLOUDS

and now here I was
reading The Island
wiping my ass about
to get up and make
love with Francie



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