

What Dignity? (1980)

Love's prospering dignity,
as ritual and holy as the garbage collector.
Love's aesthetic rites,
as logical as a corncob on the door.
Love's laughter,
as you ponder his burnt picture in the little tin cup
(the only thing sacred enough for such prospering dignity).

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Which Way Do I Go? (1982)

When I was little and used to get lost,
I would pause, "which way do I go?"
When I was young and couldn't get home,
I used to pause, "which way should I go?"
Now that I'm older and know my way home,
still I pause, for different reasons though...