

## Fall

# "Visit Of An American Poet V 2"

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Phones cut. The gun jams.  
Now he stands in his ten foot hall with three of 'em  
One bound to radiator also two wife and three his  
girlfriend  
The two latter scan his fifty-nine pence can of beer in  
the kitchen  
Behind ya he thinks  
A mutual glance inherent from their milltown Persian  
Alabama  
Atlanta Albania whatever  
Their wisdom confirms friendship  
Too dumb shit to do or know  
I am hostage  
Their young eyes say  
Jet-lag  
Wreck

Arrogant  
Big lad  
He brought home yank  
Their triptych mentality explodes  
He laughs  
Poet reads out quatrain

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