

TO A POET

I address this to you,
the poet who always wrote of love and greed
and of money and swollen women
I don't want to hear your name anymore
now praised in elite circles
by those who confess to believe in you.
You're old now
and though you've traveled
in numerous countries
on countless lovers
through cold mystic rivers
you're old now
and you're not graceful anymore.
Stop writing about your lovers
Stop referring to Greek girls
you're old now
and the lines in your face
disclose all your secrets.
But if in your fears and visions
you see yourself gray and unloved
and must write to unburden yourself
tell us how you feel now.
Do your ladies still wait on you
thin fingers going through your hair
and while you pour coffee
are your eyes on the fire now
instead of on the girl?
You wrote so many poems
and now you've nowhere else to go
except on chartered holidays
to places you haunted
so many years ago.

paty marshall

POEM

that car park
fifth floor, afternoon
we sat on some steps
your hands under my shirt
and all the time whispering
Spanish in my ear.

paty marshall