

## A Matter Of Focus

I think only Chuck Close could paint me  
So many squares to my face  
Graphed out – equally  
Unlike my life  
Only  
Standing back  
At a distance  
Getting my true picture  
Even then  
The perfection  
Is the distortion

In The Evening

(For Jerome Robert Patrick Hart)

In the evening

Jerry drinks his wine

marrying past and future

into a somewhat pleasant present

Forgetting

Viet

atrocities

Remembering

granddaughters

The screams of one

nullifying

the other

There is peace of mind

in forgetful

imbibement

And

In the evening

Jerry drinks his wine

Sue

(6/22/06)

(Our 32nd anniversary)

In the beginning

as now

she was like that last unwrapped present  
of Christmas morning

9 To 5

In the silent sacrifice  
of everyday man  
lives the hope  
that there are no time limits  
on dreams

6,667 Days Dry

Drunken night  
of somber sidewalk slumber  
fills my memory  
with wavering inducements  
to follow once more  
sweet bourbon's muse

Answering The Bell

4/27/07

In the pugilistic night  
of cheers and jeers  
only the two  
know the pain  
rained down  
upon their sweat glistening bodies

Only the two  
know the inner strength  
of fighting on  
broken – bloody – already beaten  
but not yet resigned  
to defeat

Only the two  
know the courage  
of answering the bell  
for the final round

Ali

(6/10/09)

Immersed in the growth

of experience

She travels the world

with an affluence

of abilities

and confidences

that carry her much further

than the combined miles

of her journeys

## According To Hoyle

Love

is a game of chance

All in

hearts on the table

No bigger stakes

one spin of the wheel

Love

is riding on thirteen red

And

baby needs a new pair of shoes

ain't

got nothin' to do with it

Love

won or lost

is

always worth the throw of the dice

Even

crapping out

it's the best game in town



## A Close Friend – Still

He lived in one of the  
four family houses  
second floor – rear  
across the street  
and up the block  
from ours

He was my childhood playmate  
JoJo Sidoti  
He was better at ball  
than I  
Any kind  
baseball, punch ball, off-the-wall  
and played the brick alley angles  
and the dirt lot  
rock, glass strewn bad hops  
as good as anyone could

We went to high school together  
(even got caught using each other's names as the author of David and Lisa)  
and worked after school and weekends  
in the same supermarket

I attended his twenty-one year young funeral  
and was not ashamed when the tears flowed  
as the Marine Corps bugle blew Taps  
and the riflemen fired not nearly loud enough  
for his being  
into the rainy morning gloom

