

two poems from  
« FEBRUARY WEEKEND »

1.

in afternoons  
visions

of my hands  
and eyeglass

rims  
bewitch me  
suddenly

i close my  
book, look  
up and see  
the silent  
passing  
air and  
realize  
how much  
time i have

2.

my poetry  
comes  
surprizing  
me today  
like  
time  
used up

like some  
device to  
mark this

Saturday  
a comma