

# POETRY BY THE PAGE

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## FOR JERRY PARKER

poetry surrounds us  
crazy Joe with  
his painted moustache  
curl above the  
blacked-out tooth  
seen smiling for  
once but waiting,  
sitting outside his  
barbershop for  
some kid to chase  
and scream at  
or some other  
day, sweeping  
the streets conversing  
with passing cars  
and haranguing buses  
crazy Joe

or the old pug  
outside the  
Blinker cafe, posing  
for the poem as if  
he didn't know  
how sad and beat  
he was, fists in  
the air all smiles  
or streetcorners,  
porches, lost  
uncluttered  
playgrounds, snapped  
shuttered boarding  
houses  
the first line is  
supposed to be  
ironic  
the last is  
poetry

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