

She spilled her Coffee --
He filled her cup Again--
In the River Oilspills
In the Mills dying Men--

Fill again Their glasses--
Give the Fish their Lives--
We tip the coffee over
No Matter what we Give--

9-21-82

Three Ambulances
at My door--
One takes Harriet--
the others take
Two More--

Which one came
for Me--
I shut my eyes
To see what I may see--

9-21-82

We like September--shoes
are Blue--
chilling November soon comes
Too--

Walking on sandals
of Snow--
Wait for March--cruel
Winds will Blow--

9-21-82