

Birthday for Robert, October 28

—for my father

The realism of
a broomstick
can describe

sadness with
a swing. And
all those sweets

that fall from
the split at
the neck are

delicious,
will be rem-
embered as

a taste one
cannot, does
not, want to

forget. Or,
if air is
the only

thing cut, the
donkey still
dancing in

his multi-
colored fi-
esta, then

the blindfold,
adequate,
enough—fits.

Joe Betz