

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/3

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City of Strange Names

We travel to a distant land
to a city where steeples rise
like corn stalks and rivers
pour into each other
Streets have strange names
unpronounceable with no vowels
or too many vowels or names so
short even a dwarf would know
Bells ring out more names and
streetcars with abbreviated names
stop traffic and people dodge in
between shouting a strange language

National Hooker Night

The whores are dancing in the streets
It is National Hooker Night so the hookers
Have the night off to go to the movies
Play cards or dance in the streets
The Mexican Hat Dance is the music of
Choice and the whores dance around
Packages of condoms laughing and enjoying
The clean air of the holiday they will
Celebrate all night until dawn then sleep
Until the sun sinks like a lead weight
Then they will come out of their caves, slaves
to the night and the men who seek them out

The Whores On St. Botolph's

The whores on St. Botolph's are
lickin' their chops after a fast \$20 job
While restaurant curtains are closed
so meals can be enjoyed
The boys on rooftops with binoculars
and telescopes pointed to open bedroom windows
Lovers oblivious to the invasion of time and space
continue their passion and sweat, sheets on floor
Pillows have been cast aside in the name of love
Beethoven's Moonlight fills the room
Eyes wide across the street, giggles and laughs
the restaurant empties, the whores wait for another Jackson