

4 or 6 lines

Sandburg's Lock

odes
sonnets
consistent stanzas

"So you're a writer," he said,
drawing long on a Camel,
C. Lerner waiting for his smoke to rise.
I knew a writer once, sort of,
a poet ~~of some~~ name of Sandburg.
Carl. Yep! Old Carl.

create
vivid
image

~~It~~
It was the one cremated Old Carl.
3 C. Lerner slid his slack body in the oven
and slammed the door. Bam!

It got proof of it at home somewhere.
Fellow working with me ~~said~~ ~~that~~ ~~me~~
he was somebody. ~~Just~~
Took out my pocket knife &
whacked the ~~lock~~ ~~proof~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~forehead~~.
Bet you'd get a kick out 've that,
seeing the lock it got somewhere."

2 sp

But I thought writers were
an honored lot, remembered for their ~~art~~ ~~contribution~~
not abundant hair & their ~~own~~ applause.
~~They~~ We fill the hole in the universe —
it was told that by a Dr. Volkoff.
Was the hole ~~at~~ ~~gash~~ in the sky
created by an eternal ~~moon~~ ~~moon~~ ~~?~~
waxing & waning, unaided by ~~the~~ ~~Sunday~~ ~~Gods~~
we

