

SANDBURG'S LOCK

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

*Good  
image*

I was the one cremated old Carl.  
Slid his slack body in the oven  
and slammed the door. Bam!

I got proof of it at home somewhere.  
Fellow working with me said  
he was somebody.  
Took out my pocketknife and  
whacked the white lock from his forehead.

Bet you'd get a kick out've that,  
seeing the lock I got somewhere."

But I thought writers were  
an honored lot, remembered for their art,  
not abundant hair and thin applause.  
We fill the hole in the universe -  
I was told that by a Dr. Volkoff.  
Is the hole but a gash in the sky  
created by an eternal moon,  
waxing and waning, unaided by us Sunday Gods?

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