

shining in my eyes' blinking irises,
the beast inside became a rose.
No one now can diminish me,
as he sits with me, comes and goes,
reads and laughs and hits my thigh,
you are working now, sister, a poet,
be gentle and composed,
no sense to lamentations, when all is well with you
write from your heart
to not be false is everything,
I give you handful of work and pleasure
a measure of yourself to make you whole.



Fritz Hamilton

NOTHING LEFT

Unemployed again ... always
unemployed ... nothing to do but
walk to the top of Mt Tam to

pocket the clouds ... go
sit on the rocks at Stinson Beach with
the ocean beating at my feet ... capture

the stacks at SF Public Library to
read up on George Orwell's poverty and
Thomas Chatterton starving at his writing desk and

Ernest Dowson staying in Paris each night with
a prostitute more cheaply than he could if
he had his own crib ... listening

to Turk Murphy's dixieland at Union Sq or
standing just outside the Wine and Cheese Cafe in
Ghirardelli Sq to hear baroque ... then

sitting off Ft Mason to watch
the sun set its multi-crazy colors over
Golden Gate Bridge ... with

always enough wherewithal to panhandle for a
flop and
pick up a free meal at St Anthony's Kitchen ... me

unemployed as usual with
nothing left to do but
live

SLIM CHANCE!

Always
kind of funny sitting on my
17th St stoop as

the family of fat Falbos every morning leaves
the bldg ... 1st
bitter, angry Frank Falbo carrying his

lunch bucket and thermos of whisky, too
big to get down the stairs almost if
I don't get out of the way ... then

the fat Falbo twins, Mark and Mort, carrying
their lunches to Catholic grammar school ... then
pretty Patty if she weren't so immense wheezing

her rolls of butter to high school ... and (only
if the need is desperate enough) out
squeezes old tub of grease herself, enough

to make the stone steps crumble, Mrs Falbo on
her way to market to
buy the tons of food to maintain them ... all