slit some wiry threads? I do not know, but the eye wants loose.
For 25 years, I've gone to eye doctors.
No matter how much I pay them, they can find nothing wrong.



## E. Jean Lanyon

the keys

the power is in the keys, and the man with the keys has the power.

ring ting ring-a-jing and the keys on a ring on a chain on a clip on a trouser waist

even though the suit is gray, or kahki janitor color, the power is in the keys,

on a leather belt.

ring ting ring-a-jing
makes a soft
makes a smug
makes a smile
on the face of the man
with the power at his waist.

he can say no. he can lock out all others who would usurp his kingdom.

ring ting ring-a-jing
music for his song
rhythm banging
on his thigh
jangling notes
singing out
reminders of his might.

he is something special now,
When day turns into night
he holds the power,
ring ting rin-a-jing
of the keys on a ring
on a chain
on a clip
on a trouser waist
on a leather belt.

## old mr. cain

old mr. cain, i met you in your wizened days, dry as a stalk of marsh grass in the winter, brittle and thin, humming over a special framing job up in the shop. you twinkled when you told how you tripped the boy. who raced you to get that job some sixty-five years or more before our time. you've seen so many others come and go — outlasting and outwitting them with your piercing eyes and bird-twitter patter of nonsense. you were a lesson to me, many lessons taught silently in a school you did not know i attended. your endurance amazed us, for fifteen years you did not speak a word to the other framer there over a drafty window feud. andy wyeth brought you apples every fall. your pale cheeks bloomed with joy, your fingers never forgot to be nimble.