

## FOR TED, ON ELECTION DAY

*for Ted Berrigan*

rain (second day in a row)  
morning (day-after-day)  
body smell, need a bath  
coffee cigarets ashes in ashtrays  
one-after-another pile up  
need shoes, yesterday walking  
in rain revealed a hole in my right sole  
sitting around not thinking of much of anything  
feeling drizzly, wait to go vote (later)  
'no' to mass transit amendment  
have my fill of mass transport  
everyone wanting to transport themselves  
went to Columbia (last night) to hear  
Ron read translations (one of four readers, translators)  
fine translations drinking opium  
through pores of ordinary american  
unlike the others (studies in the subordinate clause)  
(non) relation to (any) poetry  
first school setting for me in 4 years (puke!)  
vergule  
everything starting to fit in place  
have a home  
be a home    home  
reaping (this fall) routines  
reappearing in the dress of melancholy like  
the housewife of a house  
making (work) time go  
I've made some money working with my own hands  
I've made some working with my own hands  
I've made up much  
experienced some done some



*think* I have trouble sleeping (and, I guess, really don't)  
my habits and routines embarrass me  
and I still, although I don't think so as much, think my arms  
too skinny (they *really* aren't)  
my body too small or too big (varies from day-to-day)  
it's embarrassing to feel  
my self body image etc (often)  
defined by people around me (my reaction to their reactions)  
*that* embarrasses me a lot  
zeal embarrasses me, your zeal for instance  
always lining up poets and their poems  
one up one down  
in relation to you and your poems  
(I'm embarrassed by the same zeal, ambitions,  
it's no real consolation that when it rains it rains on everyone)  
most of all, this Election Day, I'm embarrassed by death  
death is really the only embarrassing thing  
and sometimes (unexpectedly these days more often)  
it scares the shit out of me