

The New Realism

That night rain came pattering in from the suburbs.
The plates were still unwashed by the sink.
Near the sink lay a pencilled list
Of things to buy, and to do.
The word "china" appeared on the list, and also the word "clitoris."
Also on the list were the words "Pepsi-Cola," "twitch,"
"Spark plugs," "butter," "eggs", "milk" "garage," "sandwich,"
"Hose," "Dad," "movie," "bench," "quiet," and others.
Near the sink lay an open book
Open to page seventy-seven.
In the illustration a woman wearing gloves
Was holding some flowers. A man
Sideways, was seeming to look up at her.
A man with a cap was holding the door open
And through the door could be seen the word "Regent's."

At the top of page 77 was a title: "A Perfect Fool."
Underneath were printed words: "decided to call
Vince Vance. If Owen had been menaced, Vince Vance
Would surely know, and by whom. Carefully
She dialed the number, nervously waiting while
at the other end the phone was ringing.
No answer. Maybe Vince was out of town.
Perplexed, Vera started to pace up and down.
What should she do? Suddenly an idea came.
Reaching in her pocket she felt the crumpled bit of white card
With the address on it. "Remember, if ever you need help--"
Some dust, or shadows, obliterates the rest.
The book is not really interesting.