

so earnest and tryful,
 clutching their pitiful
 morning Daily News
 slip on the ice & fall
 both inside 5 minutes
 and I cried I cried

That's when you taught me tears, Ah
 God in the morning,

Ah Thee

And me leaning on the lamppost wiping
 eyes,

eyes,

nobody's known I'd cried
 or woulda cared anyway
 but O I saw my father
 and my grandfather's mother
 and the long lines of chairs
 and tear-sitters and dead,
 Ah me, I knew God You
 had better plans than that

So whatever plan you have for me

Splitter of majesty

Make it short

brief

Make it snappy

bring me home to the Eternal Mother
 today

At your service anyway,

(and until)

POEM

I demand that the human race
 ceases multiplying its kind
 and bow out
 I advise it

And as punishment & reward
for making this plea I know

I'll be reborn
the last human.

Everybody else dead and I'm
an old woman roaming the earth
groaning in caves
sleeping on mats

And sometimes I'll cackle, sometimes
pray, sometimes cry, eat & cook
at my little stove
in the corner

"Always knew it anyway,"
I'll say

And one morning won't get up from my mat

A PUN FOR AL GELPI

Jesus got mad one day
at an apricot tree.

He said, "Peter, you
of the Holy See,

Go see if the tree is ripe."

"The tree is not yet ripe,"
reported back Peter the Rock.

"Then let it wither!"

Jesus wanted an apricot.

In the morning, the tree
had withered,

Like the ear in the agony
of the garden,

Struck down by the sword.

Unready.

What means this parable?

Everybody
better see.