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.