

the broom closet?" or "That sounds like somethin' Ziggy would do." Nobody remembers him much now, though. Seems like the old gang's thinnin' out. Mostly younger fellas now, y'know? It's kinda sad. They sure were a crazy pair.

Can I get you another cup of coffee?

HOUSEWIFE'S MORNING SONG

Julie Heller

There are thousands of cluttered
 breakfast tables every morning,
 But my heart rises like the steam
 from coffee cups at only one:
 Occupied by this man so un-rare
 it cools my coffee to think of it.
 But this man belongs
 to the corner of this kitchen
 And these jelly jars
 as only this man can belong.

Including Death

Look at your hand.
 Your hand which is smooth and white—
 So young. What can be done?

One day, some day
 Look at your hand:
 Wrinkled and marked—so old
 Everything's been done.