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.