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Susan Stone's Shoes

Stephen Rodefer

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GEORGE HITCHCOCK

BATTERSEA PARK, LONDON

Cowled in madras, two silent women
 Sit beside me on the bench.
 Beyond the house of mirrors
 The carrousel starts up, its horses
 Tinted like upholstered rainbows.
 The bingo dealer twirls his plastic keg,
 Casts Cockney spells. The women cough.
 Hindu, they're far from home, perhaps
 Tubercular. The moon drips shadow.
 A familiar hand falls on my wrist.
 Now that ancient piping starts again:
 Too late to move, against my will
 I'll watch the captive animals,
 Riders and ridden, rise and fall
 On pillars of brass.

STEPHEN RODEFER

SUSAN STONE'S SHOES

I'd never seen another pair
 like them. Neither had you.

*I'd rather put a quarter in the juke box
 than do almost anything.*

Love is that drunkard
 believes it, flinging himself
 thru ten beers in two hours
 and two others.

People
 who need people
 are the luckiest people
 in the world.

Peace man, peace woman.
Let's live in pure affection
and leave contention and wit
to those who choose it.

I'm sittin in the morning sun,
I'll be sittin when the evening comes.
Forever, forever, why not
believe it.

Just put the money
in the box
and don't stop
playing it.

Susan Stone's shoes. What
am I telling you?

I think king James was beheaded,
but queen Elizabeth lived a long long time.

STEPHEN RODEFER

THE ELECTRIFIED WORLD

What is it in us
that will not let
be done
what cries out
hopelessly in us
to be done

here in this
electrified world
where in one vast cloud
of vacant desire
everybody is looking
for everybody else.