

SUSAN TALLY

Baker Drummer

After last night's rendezvous
I hear your voice in the tiny dart explosions
of a baguette left in the oven too long.
Let the others have their postcard toast.
I prefer this golden cobwebbed cavern.
Baker's drummer, is this you?
My breakfast table by the window
Gathers static electricity.
You hold me in anticipation for your next crackle.
Is this the score to *2001*?
The ancients are here.
I feel I know too much.

No Simple Truth

At the end of the hall, one apartment
Has no name, just an eviction notice.
I imagine an apartment with
No furniture and a mattress on the bare floor.
Looking down at the street below,
He keeps his venations hanging at half X.
I imagine that the loud chatter of sports announcers
Takes the place of roommates and dinner companions.
I see him balancing things when inserting his key,
In order to avoid what's tacked to his door.
When I tried to read the words inside the black tape,
My heart raced a I scurried down the stairwell.
I never liked this man with unkempt hair.
He never said hello.
A neighbor told me that he used to own a dry cleaning business.
I imagine that his trousers drag with the last pieces of tailor's Velcro.
He wears the same drab clothes every day.
He is a frequent launderer.
When I run into him shuffling between washer and dryer,
He drops socks and misplaces laundry cards.
I want to ask how he is
But I am afraid he doesn't do questions.