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The Piece as of Yet Untitled

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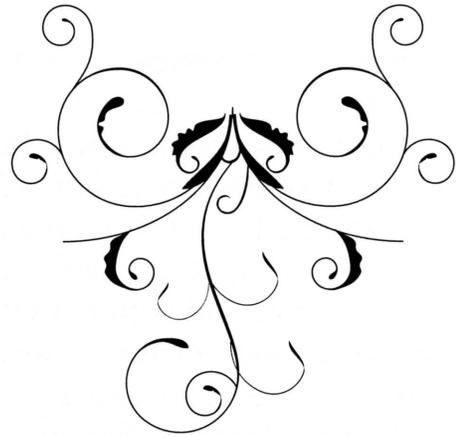
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Lost

J.M. Romig

Nobody knows the boulevards
and back roads of broken hearts
better than he who has been there
too many times and counting.
He loved to get lost in this neighborhood
practically growing up here
seeing his fair share of roads in need of repair
bridges built up and burned down
and train tracks leading everywhere
and nowhere.

Exactly where he was going
before he was distracted
by a pretty girl with a flirtatious smile
in a pink Corvette passing by.
Occasionally he'll come to his senses
and head for the city's exit
but before he's home free
some dame, with a dangerous name
convinces him to stay
and play cat and mouse.
Nobody know the boulevards
and back roads of broken hearts
like he.
and he still gets lost
in familiar territory.



The Piece as of Yet Untitled Mary Mastromatteo

All my life I've been told to
Say it clearly
Get to the point
Spit it out.
In logic, the analogy can't be
Irrelevant:
Non sequitur is bad.
But poetry--
A different tune.
The concrete is really abstract;
The abstractions,
Useless.
Never say what you mean
But mean everything you say--
At least that's what They say.
So dear reader, good luck.
Read, then tell me how the mittens are a
Metaphor for mending a broken heart
Or read and then scratch your head; I might
scratch with you.
And as for me,
I say
To hell with it.
So here's to those hated abstractions:
I, perhaps the only one,
Raise my glass to you!