

Robert Wexelblatt

## COMMUTERS

To his/her career each has a right  
but consider this young couple's plight.  
She professes math in Milwaukee  
while in Boston he does chemistry.  
They divide the distance mileage-wise  
and in Buffalo they synthesize.  
Though with tough ionic bonds they're paired,  
their problems equal their distance, squared.

SUKI'S VERNISSAGE

Who came to her show?

Just those in the know:

two cognoscenti

and hipsters aplenty.

Not far from their teens

in skinny jet jeans

her clique was quite funny.

Too bad none had money.

FRAN AND REG'S DIVORCE

First intrigued next bewitched,  
then enthralled, now unhitched.  
Blame this gloomy conclusion  
On the newlyweds' delusion:  
What? Stay the same? Reg *wouldn't*.  
Fran change? Oh no! She *couldn't*.

TARDIF MONSIEUR BLOIS

Monsieur Blois comes late to class,  
as late as any French waiter.

His students do not cry "*Hélas!*"

*Non!* Most wish that he were later.

ONE SIXTY-FIVE OVER ONE HUNDRED ONE

“Well, as you age blood pressure tends to rise,”  
soothed Dr. B. To please him, I feigned surprise  
and let him think this fact was news to me  
though, in these matters of mortality,  
with age you reach the obvious surmise.  
Oh, you resist it; you downright deny,  
but in your heart know numbers never lie.

MATURE DECREPITUDE

A bundle of habits and nothing more—

Is that all the future has in store?

Doing the same things worse every day?

Or is there some richness in decay?

Wasn't Schiller quickened by rotting apples?

(Writ with this hand an age spot dapples.)