

Roger Craik

BLACKBERRY *ET AL*

Dark screen. The tiny
red light winking.

Morning's
ritual compulsion.

A bell clangs nine.

In the tail of my eye,
against the slanting window there's a
peering agitatedness, and it's
one of those great big bumblebees, sunbristling and—
dammit it's inside and
suddenly everywhere at once immediately
boring its vibrating resonance
along the humming corridors of air and
the room amazingly itself is
greatening to the zooming frictionless
compression—past-close my cheek and

gone.

Meanwhile, on the shelf
of wedged encyclopedias *Britannica*,
hell's black tablet flashes on and on.

LAMY SAFARI

The navy blue, the thick
nib, the black

ring between the
navy blue segments of it, the
stylish, trim,

black loop.

HEARD IN A RESTAURANT

“Love and marriage, love and marriage,
go together like a horse and carriage.”

Of course. Just ask the horse.