

Roger Craik

JACK SMITH

His name's Jack Smith.
You know who I'm talking about.

Good morning.

He must have been born
(sentence continues)
John Smith.

Perhaps he considered that plain,
somewhat on the undistinctive side.

No?

There must be millions of John Smiths,
and Jack Smiths in the world.

But he's Jack Smith.

You know the answer to that.
Don't pretend to be stupid.

That's all from me today.
Good morning.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE

Tick tick tick

(you know who I'm talking about)

tick tick tick tick tick

LULU, ON THE EUROVISION SONG CONTEST

“If it was going to win,” you said,
“I’d sing ‘Baa, baa, Black Sheep’ standing on my head.”

Now *that* would be worth seeing.
(Hearing—possibly less.)
Thank you, Lulu, for this.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

The White House.

Crises. Crosscurrents. The Middle East.

On the lawn, geese.

Today's agenda: pecking at grass.

MAKE-BELIEVE

Gone with the pop gun and the spinning top:
make-believe.

Make-believe and you're

a salamander under a stone

or

your great-grandfather's will, locked in a drawer

or

one of a skein of barnacle geese

clambering the arctic night, north of Murmansk.

There's no *law* against make-believe
(but you wouldn't think it).

EPIPHANY (WITH CROWS)

Outside my bedroom window
a crow cawed seven times,
then seven times,
then six times
(by now I was starting to predict),
then four times, then
eight times,
then four and a half times,
ending with an indignant squawk.

I burst out laughing in bed.
It was all I could think about.
I'd forgotten who I was.
The stupid bird!
The rest of life is going to be great.