

Roger Craik

Retirement Variations #4

"The sun streams down into your coffee":
(That's conventional enough)--
But fairly soon it's afternoon,
Duane Eddy and jacking off!

Bardic

Beyond all men I walk alone.

The wisdom of the willow tree. The wisdom of the stone.

Voicemail

Talking of signs, which I was—
you weren't—when my father and I
were in the long black funereal car in New Brighton,
opposite Liverpool, to take my Auntie Bertha—
or maybe it was my Auntie Gertie—to the crematorium,
I saw the pub called The Criterion, and I don't
know what maggot wriggled in my cheese-like brain,
but I looked to see what the sign was, and there was a man
in Roman garb, Elizabeth. They'd confused it with "centurion."
I told my father this and we both began to shake with mirth
right in the dark car, to the driver's befuddlement, doubtless.
But that was in another country. You take care.

ENVY

A sea gull sails across the sky.

I watch it from my balcony
in a city where I've always been happy.

But it has nothing but itself.

DATING SITE GUILT

He's cheating on someone who isn't real
with someone else who isn't real.