

SUNDAY

summer cools  
the tanned sea bitters to fog

or I survive  
shrapnelled from birth  
to live alone  
now bare toed in the sand

the goal of children

or you sit, thirty years,  
still at war in France  
our independence  
as the brown bag to your lips  
always with our backs to the wind

into winter

1977  
Sept.

(post-it: places Venice CA  
Los Angeles ±)