

Tiger Fine Cut

Leonard Exner

Too sweet
Not much satisfaction
Not strong
Too fine
Like hair they said

So I swiped a package
From my father's store

Father didn't approve
Of swiping
Or tobacco chewing
By children

And both together was a deadly sin

Which made the climb
To the roof of the barn
Much more thrilling
With the Tiger Fine Cut safely hidden

And made us stuff
The tobacco in our cheeks
Like lop-sided chipmunks

And made us try to beat each other
With tobacco juice rivers
To the edge of the sloping roof

Over half a century's gone
And I'm sure Indiana's still there
But the barn's gone

And I'm stuck with what's between the ears

Xmas Tree

Mike Lawson

Looks more like an erector set.
It doesn't drink our water,
doesn't smell,
doesn't lean to one side.
It doesn't wiggle when you enter the room.

Every year, the same perfect isosceles,
the same ornaments,
the same blinking lights.
I'd love to burn it on New Years day,
but it's flame proof.