Winter 1959

Untitled

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a smallish toohuman nimbly squats
delicately in the center of
the lavish dining table in
the toopopulated thick carpeted this is who i am
melting pot of our sweet society

and ever so assiduously toasts lightly
a slice of bread like mother never made
over the soft flame of the
atmospherethatyouarepayingfor candle

thinking of the large bronze ashtray
on the chandelier that once held heavy bulbs
and the chianti bottle hanging from the kitchen wall

and the nude floor lamp with glaring bulb
and painting perched above the window

and dabs margarine inconsistently on the toast

Max Steele

TO WEBSTER

When from the many depths of books and conversation
She comes upon that what is said, to her consternation,
She finds the content all but given to dissipation.

Shyly she retreats from her barrier of confutation
With the hope of finding some sort of revelation
That will bring her to her mental destination.

She takes it upon herself to delve into the blue cover
Only to find that that which has been said to her
Could have no meaning if it hadn't been for Webster.

Mary Ann Williams