old men sit on buses...

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quietly
i observe old ladies on the bus
old ladies
with fuzz on their checks
and whisked breath
who hold tightly to their dogs
and boldly strip young men
straining at their leashes

billious in lace
they cackle deeply
in hoarse voices
and claw toward their canes
through yellowing gloves

they blink seductively
like circus clowns
who have swallowed eggs
of snakes
and they fall to sleep
vacantly
to be filled in in dreams
like wilted
powdered flowers in a vase

Mike Goodwin

old men sit on buses
and snap suspenders
judiciously
grow
whiskers the color of
dead skies
and trap
shoppingbags
between their
borowhite hairless
knees

and young men
wonder what lost
treasures
lie in the
serotom-like shoppingbags
of old men
droning loneward on buses
their eyes sighted stoneward
their whiskers
twinkling
like shattered pearls
and singing of death

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