

and

David J. Kelly

He Goes Far Away

He goes far away
wherever he goes:
journeys to the minute market,
adventures waiting for the bus.
Once he got lost in his own bed,
reading something about love.
Now he mostly wonders
how he did it, because
he found his way back
and gets tired
of running into trees.

David J. Kelly

Texas Sam Meets Gandalf

Only once
when a crazy wind
stirred my coffee
and ate my pie,
the cute waitress looked at me.

I got hairy arms,
change and balance
tires for the man,
talk funny,
don't look nice.
Ate there seven years,
real quiet,
and some sonofabitch
full of magic
blew my dessert away.

"Jee-zus," she says,
"Look at the mess."

Some days I can't think
real good,
so I plunked a dollar down,
kissed her on the cheek,
snapped my greaseblack fingers
and

the whole mess flew up.

When it plastered
all over the ceiling
she called the cops
and I left town.

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