

TWO POEMS BY FRITZ HAMILTON

Ecstasy!

being the
Jackson Pollock of
poetry I

dance over the paper in
the street with
my pen poised to

pour my words of
poetry onto
the world &

in the midst of a
graceful pirouette I
fling my pen down &

it sticks like an arrow into
a pile of dogshit & I
rejoice having

accomplished something that
no poet before me ever
dared to try &

I'd reach down to
retrieve my pen but
no, I leave it to

its ecstasy &
walk away (for
fear I might find

my poem
stinks
!)

Assurance

she kisses him to assure him in
Pergolesi's Cafe but

not sure she kisses him again but
nothing settled she

kisses him but there's nothing certain so
again she kisses him

but the question stands so
she kisses him again

but still not resolved again
she kisses him again &

again & again & again &
she'd go home with him too if

she could just recall his name
SMACK! KISS! SMACK!