

you were hitching to
provincetown just out of **boston**
fresh from the **river charles**
just carrying a can of gas so i stopped
to give you a ride either up to your car
or to that texaco a few miles back
but you smiled
as you got in and showed me how your gas can
had a door in the side fastened with
duct tape
and i loved your smile and your
gas can suitcase
it's waterproof you said and strong enough to sit on
and everything you needed fit inside
your socks and your faith in god
and your toothbrush and your little **22**
and your poems
which you began to read in
yarmouth
and by
wellfleet
there was room for me in there as well

at the beach

red
pink
our position in the sun is everything
and sex with sand and sunburn
stops hurting
only
when we come

about our hats

thin black hands
reach
out of the backs of our heads
holding up
our heaven hats
so when we face each other
it seems
there is a sky
complete with stars

adultery

your breasts were just the right size
just the right brown
for the light
one window away
balanced
between the two parts of the day
and our love
innocent
but only to us
and they
could always be waiting outside
but not in this room
where two months rent
was more than enough
for eternal love
for your breasts
so warm in my hands
your breasts
that sucked firm in my mouth
and the constant surprise
of your thin sweet milk
as his baby
slept quietly beside us

flowing under ice

the stream remembers
the wash of the shore
the punch of the rocks
the caress of large fish
individually for miles
dark nights
winter nights
flowing under ice
the thaw
the flood
the sea

hands don't need to talk

one wraps around my back
and the other holds mine
and we are dancing
like you see in the movies
so this
is what my grandparents were up to
amazing
that anyone can hold you this close
just
by asking for a dance

years after the war

he was frightened
by the war
and will not leave their house
she was frightened too
now she is dead
but their conversations go on
years after the war
their conversations
flow
out the doors and windows
and fill the street
making it hard
to walk by
years after the war

write to me: ray@scribbledyne.com
or: <http://www.vais.net/~heinrich/wb/>
copyright 95,96,97 by ray heinrich

flow

seeing my mom's underpants
i asked if she was hurt
no, boy i just do that it's ok

my first sister was frightened
when she bled
the second
wrote her name on the mirror
used my towel

teenage in highschool
no contraceptives
waiting for the first blood
the starting flag
of a few days
to do it like adults

so horny we forget the tampon
ouch
now you pushed the string
up somewhere gotta find it
damn string

and the sheets
my mom really
must have suspected something
her son doing laundry at 3am
hydrogen peroxide works great
and always use cold water
and sometimes give up and
buy new sheets
but what about the mattress
jeez

after all this
it still took years of marriage
to confidently walk
into the supermarket
and distinguish scented(never)
from unscented
to grab the right selection

light flow
light-to-medium flow
medium flow
medium-to-heavy flow
heavy flow the rivers of blood
blood to wash us with new life
blood to wash us clean