

When He's at Home

A patch provokes the lazy eye,
Pillars support the dome.
I say his name and friends reply
Who's he when he's at home?

He's a performing art on stage.
At work he's smart and busy.
He's Times New Roman on the page.
When he's at home, who is he?

He's the road atlas man in cars.
On fairground rides he's dizzy.
He's wet in rain and drunk in bars.
When he's at home, who is he?

When there is nothing that provokes
And when there's no support?
Nothing. The show is over, folks,
And sooner than I thought.

The During Months

Like summer in some countries and like rain
in mine, for nuns like God, for drunks like beer,
like food for chefs, for invalids like pain,
You've occupied a large part of the year.

The during months to those before and since
would make a ratio of ten to two,
counting the ones spent trying to convince
myself there was a beating heart in you

when diagrams were all you'd let me see.
Hearts should be made of either blood or stone,
of both, like mine. There's still December free -
the month in which I'll save this year, alone.