JOHN DITSKY

Rhythms

in the time between the raising of a lager mug

> the duke of edinburgh's limousine emerges from the admiralty just across the street

and drinking

: britain goes on

The Midwestern Poet

He knows he is being watched. He writes his poems with his penis—that being the day's convention, all that is said to bolster style and earn a man audition.

Burly and bearlike, he smiles at readings at slightly older girls who know—who drink and give and make no fuss. He runs affairs with a heavy heart. He loves his wife.