

CONSOLATION

When the lines
 low cringing
 at the corners
 of my eyes
 and mouth
 and throat
 dig boldly deeper
 no longer vanish
 under make-up
 under low-watt bulbs
 under men's lips,
 when lovers ask
 to marry
 or to leave,
 it will console me
 knowing that
 somewhere
 you are growing bald.

ASSIGNATION

I waited for you
 among the slabs of trees
 until, at last,
 a concrete leaf fell on me
 and made my headstone.