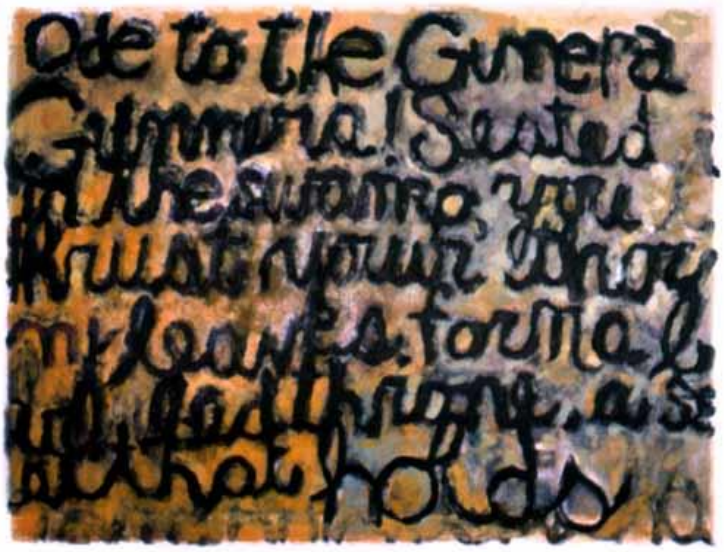

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Eleemosynary

So hongry for new words, esurient he'd say,
"I don't give a fig for the context," he'd say
Stuff 'em, not thinking about all the janes

he told ought to give it away. Pick up on
the seed-in-beak bird that's always in a flap Honk! Honk!
Now's the time to share your greed

[he thinks, flapping back and forth
on the county road between town
and the clay-earth land teeming with tall pines

& despite the usual rape of things
for money still believing & talking about
a tomorrow worth staying around for]

Buddha Ball

top of the first & the leadoff hitter
rolls one down to the keystone
the ball strolls under the 2d baseman’s glove
to sit mindfully at the center field wall
while the stands chant as one

No Blame!

on and on they play
inning after inning
everyone’s safe or OK
& the scoreboard reflects this
harmonic convergence.
after ten thousand innings
the game is called
on account of the light

Sanford Dorbin

Sanford Dorbin lives in Chico, California and continues to publish his poetry in US & abroad.