

if there's
one thing
i can
tolerate
it's human
weakness

july 4th

(blow up the money day)

people don't understand
that we blow up money
each year
to remind
everyone
that a businessman's
revolution, once in
two hundred years
doesn't generate
energy enough
to sustain
the people
for the next
two hundred

George Tronzo

the people
from vallarta
want to go
to hawaii
the people
from hawaii
want to go
to tahiti
the people
from tahiti
figure they're
going to hell.

(the memorial to captain bligh)

love poem

she doesn't know
what the tilt
of her nose
does to me
she thinks
i'm mad about
her tits

george tsongas

i was born
before
the television
replay, so that
when i see something
it sticks with me, and
i don't need it
played back from
different angles
to understand
what i've seen

june 4, 1986

what are we doing
to this planet
with the green
and brown earth
surrounded by
blue water

corporations
are vampire
farms, muddlers
of the psyche

george tsongas

totems

have to break out
of my own prison
go for walks
that are mine only
speculate on
the trees, the bay
cracks in the sidewalk

things only i see
only i do

no false hopes
in the apparition
of other persons

i walk in the woods
the light dappled
with the shapes
of leaves (the strange
warm irony of light)

followed by a deer
who is the color
of sun off reflected bark
with hooves that move gently
silently, who nods when i
nod, we are distant companions
sharing the forest, dreaming
of a bed of soft moss
green and moldy, whose odor
both decaying and sharp
reminds us of that living
breathing thing we seek
as if impelled by a memory
and a vision
as inherent as a shadow

i squat in the dust
to draw totems with a twig
the deer's brown eyes
peering into mine
through the tangled
underbrush

note: june 8, 1986

life
's
that
well planned
series of accidents
you survived
along the way

ouzo-ouzo!

i'm getting
to the age
when
i'm thinking
how
do i get
to a hundred

my grandfather
lived to 94
died
of smoke inhalation
after 4 days
in an oxygen
tent, smoked
2 packs
turkish cigarettes
a day, fell asleep
on the couch
with one in his
fingers, crawled
50 feet to the door, and collapsed

but he lived
to 94
drinking a shot
of ouzo
before each meal
breakfast
lunch
dinner

worked
12 hour days
into his 80's

ouzo-ouzo'

(2)

still played
cards & dominoes
in the kaffenion
(the greek coffee house)
downtown 'til midnight
after
those 12 hour days

one shot
of ouzo
before
each meal

tidy
&
neat

in the pantry
behind the kitchen

striped
elastic armbands
holding
the billowing
shirtsleeves
away from his
delicate wrists

may 1986

the mind
is an open
and shut case

open
all night
while dreaming

closed
for the day
upon awakening

july 11, 1987

frisco's
a town
of high
density
connivers
who line
their pockets
with the lint
of shady deals
'n
insist you call
it san francisco

may 18, 1983

notes for a lengthy poem

the human
emulsified
into the in
veterate, ob
durate consumer
the ultimate pig

9/9/82

poetry doesn't die

unlike poetry
prose is
a memoir
a journey
through time
that hardened

1/21/86

billie holliday
(1)

you can touch
the cobwebs
in her voice

pay no attention
to what's said

you can feel
the smack
roll over
her hips

do nothin
'til you hear it
from me

now that i said it
let me go
the way i came

the night has
no mercy
on this foolish lady

billie holliday
(2)

though she cries
her heart out
'til the dark
is gone

next time
she'll turn
the tune around

but, pay no attention
'til you hear it
from me

love is a part
of life's
agony

george tsongas
may 1987

church by the park
(washington square park)

the sketch
from memory
is adequate

the color
of the tulips
spectacular

the grass
translucent
green

the church
steeple soars
beyond
the enclosure
of the clock

dante alighieri
has a saying
above the entrance

that opens
the sun
to god