

**ASK HER AGAIN NEXT TIME**

The way you enjoy a poem is not

the way you enjoy a poem.

It glides restlessly and weaves itself into

an open window, then shuts itself

frightfully under the triumphant weed.

A guess at what it is traffics

with such adolescents as those who

stupidly peg ducks with stones and make

crude advances by the campfire.

To jump over it is a skill, to fling

oneself directly through the smoke and feel

the hot embers beneath one's tender feet.

There's no telling where it'll go.

Don't wait up for me.

**PHILIP BOLD**