

TWO, THREE

Sad, fat boy in pirate hat.
Long, old, dented,
copper-colored Ford.

How many traits
must a thing have
in order to be singular?

(Echo persuades us
everything we say
has been said at least once
before.)

Two plump, bald men
in gray tee-shirts
and tan shorts

are walking a small bulldog –
followed by the eyes
of an invisible third person.

The Trinity was born
from what we know
of the bitter

sybiosis of couples.
Can we reduce echo's sadness
by synchronizing our speeches?

Is it the beginning or end
of *real* love
when we pity a person

because, in him,
we see ourselves?

