

PONDY-WEEDS

I stick my nose in everything
Suck the nectar of each flower.
I poke my beak in every creek
To smell the trout and pundy-weeds
Kitchen odors a mile travel for me
And constitute a feast
The only problem is old tweeds
The sewage plant and cows,....
resplendent in a field.

Waltzing down the avenue,
I wrinkle my nose in
Urban pundy-weeds,
Monoxide, bakeries and
dark drunken stairwells
A symphony of scent
Nectar for the muse.

And when I die
and pay the final loans,
I hope to retain
sufficient sentinence
To enjoy the final ripe odor
Of my own dear rotting bones.