



Dispatches From **Lansing**

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Poem

There are times when the books & art & music
are no good, when your relationships with friends & acquaintances are
no good, when the biographies of chess players are no
good, when drinks & walks are no good.

I go down into the basement
& paint. I run to the post office for a three-cent
stamp balance the checkbook shave
take notes.

You reach a certain point after a certain point when the small purchases,
the postcard, the new CD, the six-pack of Bud
are no good,
so you don't.

You stay with it.

You spend more time with
that
person you
love.