

Borgo Was 29 on His Birthday

by Ann Bogle

when the long arm of the law
hit his parade in the right hand
and brought his trombone pedal
to a dead stop on Mifflin Street

Buy this bag of fluits
to take home to Wisconsin
now I'm in Wisconsin
in the Constitution
where I now live
in a little crater of its map
for all time
which is now

Borgo was 29 and a half
when he learned Flench
for all time
for all time
which is eleven hours
out of midnight or another way
to say it is: avec

Borgo was 31 when he saw
that tall cancer-causing arial
she-devil (but really not, he was thinking)
Betty named Borga
saying may prayers to no-God
—so forthrightly, too,
he liked her immediately.

Borga was 21 when she said
let's be Borgo
Okay, they said
And so they were
Borgo, or: The Tall People

Borgo said 1979
So Borga remembered 1979
for him, just in case,
for what if:
a driver license
or an act of god
or a marriage license
or even a lease
for an apartment
you never know, she said
so he said, okay
you remember,
so she did.

Borgo was an age
beyond remembering
when he put his black horn rimmed
glasses in his tool drawer
next to his tiny set
of screwdrivers and bought wire rimmed gold

Easier to break, he said.

Consumerism, she said,
and that failure of hers
to spend enough
became a next desire
to earn close to nothing

Each project, each signing, each book,
each line of verse, song, every idea
that could turn a promise
Borgo put the whole heart in that
at 51.

