

Books

by Donal Thompson

Jayne, who humbles me,
talked of bumps and ate my chips,
dipped in beans.

'The *book* gets better,'
- her modelling shots-
'the more you keep at it.'

'Like poems,' I said.
She paused and nodded
her black mop.

I spoke of poems
printed in magazines.
'Yeah,' she said, 'That's success.'

She told of 50 pounds a day
being just a mannequin
wearing a dress.

'I'll never give up,'
she said to her third glass of water
taking a drink.

I resolved to fail better.
'When you think,' said Jayne,
'The book goes on forever.'

