

Work Room

by Mathew Paust

She's the only one here
besides me--
had always preferred to work alone,
until it got down to
the linguistic surgery.

Indispensable, she--
guards the door from other sensibilities,
manages with fearless acuity
the constant inner jabber of
compartmentalized conceits.

I am the poet, though, make no mistake--
yes, she scans the words, smiles at some, on others turns her
back,
may change her mind—
yes I want her pleasure, yes mine comes first, yes her
indifference devastates.

