

Caspar

Caspar awoke me at 5:46
Fluttering the bed sheets
Softly like moth's wings
He reminded me his writing could no longer materialize
As punishment for several cryptic
Unintelligible epic poems he
Read with "Wasteland" illusions
And no footnotes at the last
Unbearable assembly party
The punishment fit the crime
But he thrust his notes at me
You he said will be the instrument of my
Excellent reportage. You the vessel to
Preserve these events as lightly as a
Leaf in Lucite. And off he goes leaving me
With only seven hours sleep and no coffee
He is a useless ghost always leaving
Unconditional demands, never buying me

Little presents. The vague threat of his presence
Does the trick. I always comply. You, of course,
Think you would not. They are not your bed sheets.

-Susan H. Maurer