

Poems

By Kevin Densley



Rat Sonnet

There
they
scuttle,

along
the
fencetop,

descended
from
the tree,

pink and white flowers
delicately
between
yellow
teeth.

Hooray for Hollywood

High in the Hollywood Hills,
the cadaverous and the mummified
—B-Grade movie actors
of the sixties,
television sex symbols
of the seventies and eighties
—haunt minor mansions
among braces of Toy Poodles,
Pomeranians, Shih Tzu,
summoning illegal Mexican
waiting staff, pool cleaners,
occasional semi-literate
gym-bodied young men or women
who want to be in pictures.

These stars of decades past
leave their houses rarely,
to be the Marshal of their hometown fair
in small Midwestern or Southern towns,
sitting on a throne
in the lead float of a street parade,
waving at happy people,
some of whom remember who they were
—or else they go to conventions,
signing memorabilia,
people's arms (and sometimes breasts)
in exchange for clutches
of dirty green bills.

Self-portrait as a Violin Belonging to Anne-Sophie Mutter

Few feelings in life are as divine
as her beautiful hands moving closer.
I know I could never decline
the touch of this *virtuosa*.

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