

THREE FOR THE SEESAW

(A one and only
three page book)

Tony Dingman
7 / 20

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Tony Dingman', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

ROOMS FOR RECLUSES

Yes I am quiet
in my own
room.

A room of my
own.

With two type-
writers.

I am a novel-
a-day man.
Voyaging no
further than
a page.

If I had a
rocking chair
I'd be in it.

As it is my
bed will do.

I am Babe Ruth
looking for a
good one.

Or Jackie Robinson
going into a
slide.

Computer off.
TV off.
Telephone on
standby.

Where has Emily
Dickinson gone?
To her room.

What is Vermeer's
room full of?
Light.

Where did Holderin
go for 40 years?
His room.

The poor cannot
afford to go
out.
They stay put.

30.mar.13
(Dublinesque, E Vila-Matas)

CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE

I dare anyone
in their
right mind
to go there.

The last outpost
in the
Gutenberg Galaxy.

The shelves
are lined
with soft
spoken books.

Voices buried
between
the pages
waiting to be
released.

Where you
find Latin
authors by
their middle
name.

Hoping to see
Baudelaire's
albatross wobbling
in the aisle.

If you dare
go up
the stairs
to find
all the poets
gathered there.

There's one
from Hartford
Connecticut
I see two
from Brooklyn.
You know who
from Chile.

And don't
forget the
basement.
Wooden stairs
creak as
you go down.

31.mar.13

AN IMAGINATION UNWORRIED BY FEAR

The splash of
napalm
shoudn't find me
here

Silent as an
actuary
freed of spent
warnings

An automatic
amnesia
for
the unbearable

I checked for
pinholes
that might
have held
a butterfly

The slo-mo of
aquarium
ritual abides
at feeding
time

A routine pre-
caution
pulls the
airlock door
secure

No spoon
has
fallen to
the marble
floor

No need to
jump
as the escalator
subsumes
under
the floor