

## Alexander Jorgensen

### North Boston Dinner Party

Every one  
gone round—but a half.

13 people at *that* table.

Mother,  
Sicilian; father, Italian (and there—  
the difference).

Much's uncertain  
—alas  
—for these things idle  
are humming.

“Parity,” he wrote:  
“was never in existence.”

“But assisted me (this given)  
by removing whichever anything  
*needed* to go away.”

And must  
convince 12 other people  
you're worthy of that—  
(though it  
might not be so old  
and still desirable) last piece.

## Schadenfreude

*In Memory of Otto Dix*

If pushing limb  
through an eggshell  
were easier—“*Weeste noch?*”

not entirely  
more daunting, say—  
“*Sehr wirklich Leben,*”

thousands of  
daisy cutters, *der*  
*Selbstermörd* (1000 lb/in<sup>2</sup>),

might've led one  
to meadows, however  
miniscule, of quiet.—

But looking on  
long enough, “*Nach*  
*diese Platter dort.*”—

one becomes  
drowsy,—feels anemic.  
“Relative,” he said,

“—to naught.”  
No voice. *Stilleben.*  
And all is graceful.