

# Two Poemss



Allen Street, George Luks, 1905

## *Cash*

Give me Arcadian milk,  
Bleakly delirious throes,  
Persian tobacco & rose-  
Water, prosciutto & silk,

Cardamom, berries & sweat,  
And those perfumes that unfurl  
From the coiffure of a girl  
Learning to be a coquette.

Flowers all fall from the bough.  
Listen, my seraphs: the gloom  
Deepens. Release the Khartoum  
Wolfhounds of Flattery now.

Give me dark, fathomless wood,  
Harpsichords, shisha & steak.  
Cash is the home that you take  
With you. And Home is a Good.

*My Mother Wanted As Many Children As Possible*

The question of why she'd pick *him* as her  
Collaborator in this undertaking  
Remains absurdly unanswerable  
To me, and also to her—to her, because  
She doesn't go in for intelligent  
Introspection, and to me, because I do.