

Daniel Pitts
Dottle

Dottle /'dɒtəl/ *n.* a remnant of tobacco left in a pipe after smoking.

Writing a poem is like blending
Together the dottle from a
Thousand pipefulls of tobacco
Of varying quality,
And smoking it.

The Razor
Daniel Pitts

When I was a young man,
I used to watch my father wake up
And paint his face white.
He never painted white his head,
Or legs, or hands, or anywhere except
His uncivilized face.

How I longed for the days when I would
Paint white my own face.
Soon I would rake away that overt symbol of my masculinity,
And feel all the more a man for it.

When my exile is ended
Daniel Pitts

When my exile is ended,
And I can finally
Throw my belongings in an old sack,
And strap it to my back,
Then I'll be off.
Wandering about like a seasoned veteran
Of long walks with no particular purpose.

Living like a king, in a tent, in the woods,
Shoeless, hatless, unconcerned.
A few days of this,
And I feel like a person again.