



Thanks for your
emails, I see.

Here's my latest
booklet.

Best regards,

Mark

The letters in our new mail box
somehow seem
more important now.

This crossword puzzle is a bear.
Fifty years on,
and I'm still working on the first clue.

Begin every day with a poem
and get it over with.
(with thanks to W. C. Fields)

This old skin I sleep in every night—
like a suit I should have sold
years ago.

Women have no illusions,
they know the cost of everything,
including love.

It will happen very slowly,
one second every million years.
Even so, I'm glad
I won't be around
when it happens.

Am I proud or sad,
to pass my father's "Sell by" date
by ten years?

For this, I gave up
family and friends,
for a hearty handshake at the end?

When you have a job,
you succeed or fail every day.
When you don't,
you neither succeed nor fail.

I have no time, I have no time,
I'm too busy doing nothing.

In this place, no one is alone;
everyone comes with a bodyguard of ghosts.

Growing old, dying, lousy weather—
Oh, Margaret, you deserve better.

Is she so beautiful
because she's so young,
or because I'm so old?

A hard choice:
recognition now,
or immortality when I'm dead?

On the beach—
I'm smarter than the waves,
smarter than the sand,
a genius compared to the sky,
so I'll enjoy it all while I can.

At least it celebrates spring,
the nest they built
in our Christmas wreath.

Cover photograph by Dede Hatch
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1871
The first of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor.

The second of the year
was a very wet one
and the crops were
very good.

The third of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor.