

AG:

The temp

The temp dropt and the snow started falling
like misery or bliss into the areas formed
by streetlights and parking lots.

I wanna die with no less than fifty bucks
in my pocket/ whereas with as little as forty
I'll leave for New York.

GB:

And

And that would likely be
to go looking for Frank O'Hara.

I don't know about you
but this poem reminds me that my young friend
could write a poem
better than mine,

way better than this.