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5 Double-Title
Poems

AIN'T...

Is a word the South struggled with for years;
trying to shove metaphorical ivory soap into
mouths of both white & black disenfranchised
children. Could they express themselves with
class—their lives might have a little less *alas*!

Ain't—sworn enemy to upward mobility. Verbal
voodoo so *dang* hard to shake! Rosa McCauley,
an exception. Rosa seated herself in the first row;
didn't say *ain't*, didn't say *'t isn't*. Wasn't keen on
giving up her place on a bus. Rosa preferred *is* to

ISN'T...

INTELLIGENCE...

A flattering abstraction that gives us two legs up
on cats, dogs, hyenas and giraffes. Three cheers
for *Homo sapiens!!!* Hurray for the human race.
Still, let's not be too sanguine about being super
sapient. Clark's Nutcracker, a real contender re

Intelligence. This bird can bury 60,000 pine seeds
in the fall and recall where most of them lie—even
after the earth is covered with snow. And for each
whale that beaches itself—lacking lucidity—a man
falls into the sea. No species boasts a monopoly on

STUPIDITY...

MOMENT...

The next haiku poet who urges me to seize it—gets a one way ticket to Pleasure Island. There aren't any tongs or clamps or calipers that can grab and hold that will-o'-the-wisp for a nano-second—let alone a humongous

Moment. Take a look at me; be advised that what you see is not me *now*—but some time ago. A bright star you admire tonight might already be a black hole. *Seize the moment?* No one's ever that fast. Relax & enjoy your

PAST...

RAZOR...

If Occam's right that simplest is best
why such a com-pli-ca-ted universe?
Unseeable holes—light years away—
billions of times larger than the Sun!
Is Physics shouting NO! to Occam's

Razor? Hey, What-So-Ever! So you want to
lead a Bang? Isn't one Milky Way enough?
Who needs trillions of Galaxies? Quarks?
Quasars? Dark Matter? Jackson Pollock
on a hover board! Goodby, Occam. Hello

SPLATTER...

WAVES...

Are treated differently by surfers... singers...
hairdressers. Surfers ride 'em; singers catch
'em; hairdressers, who once said they were
permanent, don't mention 'em at all today.
They can be deadly. Especially ultraviolet

Waves and riptides that sweep swimmers out to sea.
Heisenberg tried to catch undines frolicking within;
but was able to grasp nothing but uncertainty. They
ride undulation the same slippery way—that meter's
ridden by nouns, verbs, articles. Physicists call 'em

PARTICLES...