

Linda Haviland Conte – Two Poems

Rage Warehouse: Ire-proof

Storage Warehouse on Mass Avenue
is across from MIT's main entrance.
I don't know what they're storing in there
but on my way from Buddhist chanting
in Boston, I drive past the storage fortress,
and notice that a part of the building juts out
and occludes a bit of the sign so that it reads
RAGE WAREHOUSE, and *FIREPROOF*
truncates to *IREPROOF* from that angle.

At MIT a lab director queries the support staff
on how to train the distracted and sometimes
thoughtless professors and researchers:
Shall I send them to charm school?
They tell off-color jokes at staff meetings,
lose their keys regularly, invent the internet
and establish the Kingdom of Nerds.
There is an experimental reactor near
the *RAGE WAREHOUSE*. Whatever
they've got in there, I hope it's not fissionable.

Time on the Meter

I wait while he sleeps
the druggy sleep of a patient
after a procedure,
the car parked at the curb.
People pass me in the corridor,
some joking, some shuffling by.
The chatter from the coffee shop
jangles in my ear.
They seem very healthy

these hale and hardy passersby.
Surely, they require no procedures.
He has prepped like a champ for this.
I guide him toward the door in his
grogginess. We discover time
still on the meter.

Linda Haviland Conte is the author of *Slow As A Poem* (Ibbetson Street Press). Her poems are included in the anthologies *City of Poets: 18 Boston Voices* and *Out of the Blue Writers Unite*. She has recently received recognition by awards from the Connecticut Poetry Society and the National Federation of State Poetry Societies. Linda serves as Treasurer of New England Poetry Club.