

We stirred like spring fish,
silver bullets in our teeth, antsy
as small towns, our breath the color
of Hue, our arms empty, mother in our mouths.

NUMBER FORTY-NINE

- 1 Odd dog
 floating down four feet
 at a time, just to be here?

 I haven't black berries
 to feed you. I have not money
 for meat.

 I will situate your carcass
 in a room of two-way mirrors,
 watch you rot.

 Watch me take your picture,
 blow it up, imagine it
 into a montana storm.
- 2 The number two is the reason
 I don't listen to jazz
 any. More.
- 3 He had a moustache, and one
 guitar. He could sing with each
 in South Dakota, where lawns
 grew near, and lank hills;
 everything grew near,

 enough, big enough to keep,
 odd as the sun,
 stalled as boots on the highway,
 bruised as baggage you never
 thought would see its way
 home again.
- 4 "Love set you going like a fat
 gold watch." There must be something
 else to remember of her. That
 is all I recall. I've moved the gas

 stove down the stairs. Right now
 you are curling tight as eternity,
 set for death, no matter
 what I tell you not to do.
- 5 Look: do not send me parts of You,

send me deathless cats, locks that
do not. I have money, I can buy.

The radio broadcasts us before we
know it, write it down. Our name is
not an anagram for Sylvia, & won't be.

THE MOONS

Bears mauled the girls because they were
bleeding/red moons, spread by wind.

-- William Velde

Is that true?

In the summer hush,
the dark green wood,
ornaments of coon
above in the limbs,

white girls brood
in their tents,
tiny red moons
rise like balloons
from deltas at their hips.

The bears yawn
in the evening yellow,
famished, brown
as clocks, smell
the red moons in the green wood.

They move,
three teddys humping
through last light
fluted as a lamp-shade,

for ladies!

The whiff of months
in the wind like steaks
so rare this far north.
This is Galilee, Golgotha,
again and again.

-- Danny L. Rendleman

Flint MI