

followed by slow, protracted dreams
of icebergs sliding
into the Greenland Sea.

but here's your little secret.
a puddle, hardly bigger
than a footprint,
has condensed on the floor.
and you've contrived
a high, chirping noise in your sinuses.
it's just loud enough to wake her.
the floorboards creak
when she comes to investigate,
and the moon collaborates,
dipping into the trees.
you hold your frosty breath
as she opens the door,
slips on the puddle,
and pitches headfirst for your arms,
cast forever
into an abject, falling posture.

-- Chuck Oliveros

Atlanta GA

BUFFER

SENSE OF PROPORTIONS

tugs on discarded
pant leg & growls.
I tug back & growl
but let him dominate.
He's very small &
needs to feel tough.

Wool blend shirts are
too wide in shoulders.
Bought extra large to
get sleeves to reach.
Sacrificed sense of
proportions for
Korean price.

-- Phil Weidman

North Highlands CA