

Question we shall not raise now.
More immediate is the problem of how
Much longer his delicately cut suit
Fabric can hold out against his wrenching
And tearing.

His nostrils have dilated
To an impossible width and blood has coagulated
On his chin. Perhaps that sudden clenching
Of the fists is indicative of the end.
Yes, a final death-throe in the arms of a friend
Who'd rushed to help him only to apprehend
A corpse.

-- Lee Jacobus
Danbury, Conn.

Marigolds

I have noticed how the marigolds
Accommodate: two plants sown close
Grow pale, spindly, competitive.

Nearby the rugged single unfolds
Profusely and, unhindered, grows.
The twins, I think, may somehow live.

Another day I see they are not foes.
Stem on stem, contorting, molds
Itself: they are almost amative.

I only know what the garden knows:
Never prophesy for marigolds
Or anything that wants to live.

-- Richard Fleu
Levittown, New Jersey