

East Boston Airport

Before concrete,
we welcomed unscheduled landings --
butterflies on blossoms,
grasshoppers on grass
and small boys jumping
past waves of the high-tide.

Time is a slippery staircase
and everything is lost --
butterflies in scrapbooks,
grasshoppers in bottles,
small boys in pot-bellies
of screaming or silent
travelers who trusted
steel wings on a jet,
crumpled so easily
in an unscheduled landing.

— John Vilkas

East Boston, Mass.

The Wasted Corner

She was a higglety, pigglety hen,
one wing askew, tail ragged,
stranger to the rooster,
under a board pile
she nested a clutch of eggs
that decay ripened.

She fought off rats and crows,
comb bloody, eyes blazing,
feathers loose on her basket of bones --
a daft old woman
snug in a wasted corner.

— James Hearst

Cedar Falls, Iowa