

In The City

You are always looking
for the smell of
flowers; through

dust of a dirty
sky, blue appears; everyone
is happy. On the roof
a green weed creates smiles,
and when the wind
blows it brings
smells of a million
cities. But in the country

you are always looking
for the plane, sometime
root or hint
of black, loud cities, waiting
to climb out of the grass.

-- Alexandra Grilikhes

Fort Washington, Pa.

A Trick of The Tilted Eye

A trick of the tilted eye
at this red light,
perspective,

 slants of earth and
roadway leading backward,
low brick wall, curb.

The car rolls on
while I admire, head
upside down through the
window, a gathered zoo
of clouds stalk
through bars from one
cage to another.

-- Norman H. Hoegberg

Baltimore, Md.