

My Friend

My friend  
used,  
she told me late one day,  
to ask men in to watch  
her strip her clothes,  
and then deny what  
any man, lascivious,  
gaping at her breasts,  
expected.  
She asked for it,  
a fuck,  
the leaping rape,  
death,  
begging naked on her knees  
'please. Kill me,'  
but none could ever take her  
at, much less beneath, her word.

-- Norman H. Hoegberg

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find fresh thyme  
pinned above the threshold  
eat crisp asparagus  
as a horned snail  
spill wine seeds  
upon the tablecloth  
rest as an oriole  
among green figs

wind  
runs thru wheat  
as  
sudden quail

-- R. Morris  
Los Angeles,  
California

pawnee  
rain  
bursts  
upon  
ears