

Tusk

Dark flags lisp
In a bright slash
New York hatches
From its icy crystal
1 million workers
Dead of boredom
Pink black w/
Brown blood fluttering

A rubber keyboard
Guns its groans
Flows the intricate layers
1 million crystals stiffen
In sullen
Articulation

Dark flags rattle
Dark stars
Stripes of equal darkness
Wave
!

-- Stephen Tropp

Maryann

Medals go for Maryann and all her blond soldiers,
unsuddenly here all the way from Fort Smith, Nagasaki,
Bremerhaven, like home-flushed hunted birds, she
followed the boys there.

Now her oldest son's in
olive drab at seven years, Daddy's brought him souvenirs
home, and she, her belly moaning morning now in black tight lace
and two other children, girls, Mommy loves them too but O
Bobby got an air-gun.

Sun sweating she and the sergeant
here in the hot swamp smells of central park, she swears
"I am sympathy" and it's too bad these damn green boys
fill the terrace, any older man or soldier would better love
Maryann, wife of a soldier, mother, of an air-gun.

-- Irene Schramm