

### Iowa Saturday Night

The girls of Grundy Center  
(breast-deep in bubbles)  
are rubbing boys into their skin.

Over basins of hair curlers  
and flattened tooth paste tubes  
steam writes "I love you" on the mirror.

In pinup pasted bedrooms, observe  
yellow dresses and pink panties:  
butterflies on a summer lawn.

### Village Vignette

The sun breaks through a wet cloud,  
sweet as a breakfast bun,  
and my village of flags  
opens up like a bright bird.

See kitchen chairs beneath the trees  
and oranges eaten in hammocks.  
See the buzzing grapes, the hedge of boys.

An American holiday drones on.

Upstairs behind blue doors, I sleep:  
the prince of clocks and candles.

-- D. P. Etter

### The Book Store

Inside  
under the buzzing tubes of light  
the cashier  
knows where everything is.  
She wears  
a green smock and listens.  
A fat man  
his jacket hanging  
on his arm  
breathes with his nose  
while pages tick  
out from under his thumb.

-- James Hazard

Oshkosh, Wisconsin