

30,000 feet from Peenemunde  
a street divests its wealth  
touches the fall  
feels the raid

first  
a window cleaner in front a small dress shop  
its Spring dress begging, Love me! Love me!  
its oranges and red, Jump! Jump!  
last, me.

Him disabled by a speck nesting on the glass  
Her helpless in that sweet, full blown silk, adrift  
Me out of range, stalled, stripped, bald

none of us had time to look  
to feel the laces of our shoes.

-- Simon Perchik

Staten Island, New York

### Two Poems

1

a river outside the door  
carrying black leaves to the sea.  
The tallest flower stands in the water  
swaying in the passing flow  
and stirring the mud with its roots --  
a grey haze of swirling specks  
a jumble of misty words  
falling into place as they settle:  
a poem written by water on water.

2

A line on the wet sand  
drawn with a black stick;  
a scattering of bark  
leaves and pebbles  
at random round the central line;  
a trickle of water  
seeping through the gravel;  
a few squirming insects  
disturbed by the stick;  
a pattern under overhanging branches  
beside a pool inhabited  
by a pair of water snakes:  
a poem without words and without readers.

Early Morning Poem

The darkness twists its hair in a knot  
hangs from the rafters  
with an apple in its hand.

The birds shoot the arrows of their song  
split the apple  
and spill its seed on the ground.

A myriad morning worms take the seeds in their mouths  
raise them once to the sun  
then bury them under the grass.

-- Michael Bullock

Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex, England

Number two

Daisy Maisy,  
Maisy daisy  
Hunker, hunker, hunker!

Lazy daisy  
Shine on Maisy,  
Crazy, hunker-hunker!

The daisy, you know,  
Has an elegance  
The orchid would never understand.  
(Although a Canadian would.)

Bliss

So, lazy daisy  
Shine on Maisy  
Hunker, hunker, hunker!

Daisy Maisy,  
Maisy daisy  
Crazy, hunker-hunker!

... then bit by bit  
munch, munch, munch,  
we got little pieces of  
each other,  
chewed and chewed,  
spit out the pits of us,  
and bit by bit  
munch, munch, munch,  
we got little pieces of  
each other,  
chewed and chewed,  
swallowed some,  
spit out the pits of us,  
and bit by bit ...

-- J. McLeod

Binatang, Sarawak, Malaysia