

Gambit

Liebling, said Bluebeard, trust me  
but stay the hell out of my closet

and whoever it was who gave Pandora  
that box full of beautiful itchings

Trust me, look at the etchings, but  
don't turn that key, well, honestly

anytime anybody's said to me Don't  
I've thought I will before I won't

#### A Beginning

Over the yawning of  
I have looked for you then  
over other people's memories  
I have searched, rims and  
over innumerable lost ice cubes  
I have never slept  
over elastic Time, stretched  
I, with taut eyes, have  
over conversational chasms  
I have looked and looked  
over all openings and closings  
over, and over again.

-- Ruth Moon Kempher

St. Augustine, Florida

#### Caterpilling Time

The moon swings out of the sea  
Stretching cobweb dreams from a common here-now  
To another space-sigh,  
Where there is no caterpilling time for bug-eyed boys  
To search a tree  
For God  
Knows what he'll find,  
Among the crevices and cross-arm branches,  
Perhaps a caterpillar  
Making time?

-- Nina DeVoe

Storrs, Connecticut