

A current lover
leaves the last copy
of After Lorca behind
by the tire factory
pool, where the water
has died and miraculous
fishes are skeletons.

Thirst-lovers locate it
copy it out, drink it in
believing they have found
ichor, as the wind deceived
again says darling,
lightning belches, and
the toads we kick aside
leap off distraught
betrayed in search of
other water:

the young are axes
in the forest, diviners
after desert water.

Do boys and girls swim up
laughing out of luminous
heavenly pools where they
once drowned? Can you see
needles crumbling now, and
massive, water-soaked
cactuses tumbling over?

Can you see, Jack?
or are your eyes still
crammed too full
of paper?

-- Robert Peters

Riverside, Calif.

tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,

TENSION

TENSION

TENSION

TENSION

TENSION

Are you working

tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,

to get to the top?

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska