

and there was something funny  
in his look almost as if he  
were  
homesick

-- Jeff Heglin

Simi, California

we walk toward the wires  
you whisper: what does the pattern mean?  
I shake my head

through the center of the grid  
red putty pushes out  
shaping to a sagging ball

the hawk whirls  
great wings slap the wind  
we huddle closer together

a scream slashes from the building  
I lean toward you: it's started  
scream after scream bellies out  
to where we stand inside  
the lights go on figures move  
the screams dull to whimpers  
I touch your arm: we must go

no wait  
you edge nearer the grid press your body against the wires  
parts of your flesh push through forming sagging balls  
I try to pull you away you slap me

come we must go!  
no I'm staying!

I leave you  
sticking there

you scream after me:  
what does the pattern mean!

-- Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Massachusetts

#### The Doll House

Say, this is some doll house; they're  
serving martinis on the cocktail  
table. -- Today

Allowed the darkest corner of the trunk  
The Duke and Duchess gradually grow old  
And chipped, their fires unlit, their hallways cold.  
What could they do? They had to turn to drink.

All of the shutters closed, and curtains drawn,  
Another room is shut off every year.  
The servants lose no chance to overhear,  
And everything they hear they tell the town: