



the sun goes out; a threat of snow.  
but the measles are spreading hill over hill;  
we feel it, buckshot in  
the jowls and private parts.  
and slip back into the cold trees  
to hide, til spring, behind the pimples.

-- Peter Wild

Alpine, TX

it is said  
there are words  
disguised and waiting  
among us  
as rock flower or bird  
a network to devise  
in us a poem

farmers  
swarm the roads  
up the pyramid  
this day of the virgin.  
gourds, lemons and pears  
clutter the pathways  
women are on their knees  
selling apples.  
diesel trucks & buses  
chuff along slowly filling the air  
with black caterpillars.  
we scuttle mindless  
bargaining our way  
to satisfaction --  
sit down for a beer  
and then back into the crowd  
our fuzzy eyes  
and smiling,  
watching the rain clouds  
come in.

-- Bjarne Tokerud

Puebla, Puebla, Mexico