

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