

The Antennae

of people
visible, though buried
deep in the cranial whatever

show in the sudden lifting
of an eyebrow, cocking
the eye sideways

to let in vision
or out thoughts

easily
as if you were pouring something
in or out of a tilted bowl ...

the antennae of people
interest me.

Yours
are nowhere near
your eyes.

-- Ruth Moon Kempher

St. Augustine, FL

Red Cross

They take the body out.
The white attendants
in their sneakers
stir the dust motes
on the second floor.
The Puerto Ricans
in Apartment 8
Look quick, duck back.
A chattering.
No trouble here.
The stairwell stinks.
He had a name.
Goodby.
He'd talked once
in the hall.
He'd grown a beard,
once saw a Movie Star
outside of Schrafft's.
He'd lived for
seven thousand days,
an equal toll of nights.

With nothing to drop out of,
he was young, addicted,
disillusioned.
I have been unworshipped too,
but he was never liked,
or tried to be.
To not know how
may be enough.
He was not loved,
and only once
had overdosed.
It was a good, full life
for the unhappy god
across the hall,
Apartment 4.

Third Rail

Look out. Don't touch.
This rail is hot.
Our end is what
Your world is not.

Give me the things
That you have found.
I will not live
In underground.

I am to touch.
I am a man.
We can forgive.
We can. We can.

But touch me not.
Your hands are red.
My blood is cold.
Your blood is dead.

Look out. Don't touch.
This world is hot.
Our world is what
Your end is not.

-- Carl Larsen

Rosedale, NY