

## Charm Bracelet

Cocaine blues  
glow from the radio.

The wood stove snaps, a  
bubble of water jumps  
from the spout of the tea  
kettle -- the hiss  
of a snake. The pit  
and pith of dream.

Across the harbour,  
the village like a dime-  
store bracelet shines.

-- Charles Tidler

Ganges, B.C., Canada

## Lakeside

He slid the boat up to the dock with the ease of long  
practice, and the cow got out. She browsed her way up  
the hill.

"You're going to have to sit in the middle if I take you  
out again," he called after her. "You tip the boat."

His wife appeared and said, "You've been out with that  
cow again." Not accusing, just commenting.

"Cows have rights," he said.

"I don't like cows. Let them have their rights in someone  
else's boat," she said. Anyway it's going to rain."

He had been standing in the boat, holding on to the post.  
He liked that post. It was an old friend. He gave it a  
little pat, then tied the boat to it. He got out and  
rubbed his legs.

"Why do you always have to be right about rain?" he  
grumbled.

-- Ruth Torbert

Tuscaloosa AL