

and then my mother purses her
lips and then the two pursed lips
start to move (ever so slowly)

on a line heading towards each other
and after they touch
(ever so slightly)

my father says to my mother
good night and then my mother
says to my father
good night

and they go to bed.

-- Al Fogel

Miami Beach FL

Take a magic word like tundra
or timber wolves
Malamute
or North Slope, Yukon
the gold lust days
from books of course, Service
the cremation, the shooting
rinky-tink dance hall
women crazy-eyed at the end of the earth
a place to go
whooping it up at the Malamute
the killer frost, and six-gun
from radio too, as a kid, I
heard King growl at the friendly trapper
long before good Sgt. Preston
found the miner bushwhacked and
the claim jumped
"should have figured, a trapper with no furs?"
so I can understand, Friend Prosak
the pull
the frozen purifying getaway
to leave the lady
and the son, the Pasha
pack it in, head north
maybe a pipeline job
the ice
for the first time in twenty years
no books, just like Thoreau
the ice
watch the ice, Friend Prosak
the long midnights
and those mother timber wolves.