

## I'VE TRIED SO MANY TIMES

to write a poem for Munch's The Cry I feel  
like the guy inside it,  
the one in so much pain  
he could tear his own head off,  
push up on those hands  
over each ear  
to stop himself from hearing  
the shriek of all that black and white.

Everything's at such an impossible angle,  
the bridge he's about to jump off of,  
the clouds like gouges, and that body  
twisted as a wick  
with everything about to go out.

In two minutes he'd just jump  
or offer us the skull,  
but he's screaming here forever,  
with two boats on the water  
and two gentlemen in top hats  
vanishing to the point  
at the end of the bridge,  
one with his head turned slightly back,  
wishing that man  
would just  
shut up.

— Aaron Anstett

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## PEOPLE KEEP TELLING ME

they're running into my twin  
all over the place: at Star Market  
where the two-dollar-a-pint  
blueberries have dropped  
to a miraculous 99¢, at  
the Foxy Lady where I am easily  
spotted by my blue sunglasses  
amid the nervous nude lighting,  
at the Cathedral, bringing a red  
votive candle to life, of course  
I'm dressed in my summer whites  
making me look more other worldly  
than a dweller in this.  
Someone's even seen me all mustachioed,  
quahoaging off Point Judith,  
can you imagine that.