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
Iowa City IA

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,
quahoging off Point Judith,
can you imagine that.