

SAVED

I'm here  
3:15 A.M. pen  
in hand when  
the kitchen door  
creaks open  
and there she  
stands squinting.  
What are you  
doing? Sitting  
here. I say.  
But it's 3  
in the morning  
what are you  
doing? she says.  
Come here. I say.  
She shuffles over,  
sits on my lap  
and looks with  
me at the blank  
page.  
Best moment  
of the day.

PERFUME

Not wives  
or mothers  
these pure  
women  
making  
a living

standing  
for years  
at glass  
counters  
under hot  
lights.

I've seen  
how they  
stare at  
you these  
fragrances  
incarnate

waiting  
haremlike  
for shy  
men to  
stop and  
be sprayed.

— Kyle Jarrard

Suresnes France

MONETARY HAIKU

Coming down  
the steps of the bank,  
each person  
feels  
a little different.

THE FATHER BENDS

The wind  
picks up  
the child's laughter,  
polishes it  
like an apple.

POETRY OR MURDER

The construction  
of either  
will keep you  
awake.

OUTSIDE NIGHT WINDOW

The moan of the traffic —  
sea without  
a bed.