Stained Sheets

Bruce Weber
Hey — she cooed

SOME
THE
PICCOLO SAYS, "YOU DON'T
·
MINDY
and kick your way to land. After the planes leave, you climb out and survey the damage. You look at the rubble, step across the grave. You search the sky again, scanning for telltale flying dots that could be more bombers heading your way. Maybe your next step is moving to the country or the desert, off the beaten path, assuming you are still alive.

No fun, right?

Thad Ruthkowि

THE GARbage MAN

I remember how scary and exciting it was to hide behind a bush and wait for the garbageman. You'd smell him before you saw him. He was a bit thin and rangy in his dirty orange suit. He'd pick up what we didn't want, and with a twist of his mighty arm, hurl it into the humming machine. It would be crushed, dropped up a skinny slope, and devoured. If I were in a repressing mood, I'd say that Satan is the Garbageman. He eats our waste. That's why he smokes you up the arm. You want to eat our own garbage? I'm already burdened with obligation. Satan is a tough guy with a tough job. He won't bring clarity to your life. He'll come around, of course, but first I have to take out my own. If I mean learn 'to eat my own garbage — and my breath stinks, give me eloquence.

K.L.

THE LAST OF WILLIAMSBURG

High tide on the East River Rolls past crumbling piers Disintegrating before our eyes This foot-wide cement barrier Barely connects to the mainland Less of the pier remains every time I come here The grass-covered earth is mostly replaced By tide-swept rotting planks hanging up air This narrow river perch will soon be inaccessible Assuming it remains A little further out Speedboats glide past the Con Ed plant directly across And on this side is the shiny new waste-transfer station Reminding us that less changes than we think

PETE DOLACK

CONE TRAVELS

Dr. Cone is tied into a metal frame and lowered over the edge of the map. Rapidly he leaves the world of concepts behind, plunging instead into a land of forces and junctures. They do not see him at all in this new land. He is felt the way a dream is felt, good if you can even be sure what he was. The journey remains incomprehensible to him, memorable at points only because of the state his mind was in when he reached them. The details are not there at all, almost as if he had read about it in a book. And perhaps he had. The map and arrows seem to lead him only to circles, back ever again to the point where the river starts, at the edge, cut irrevocably like the slice of the knife that sends the lucky ones back again and again from the altar to sit with the gods.

— BOB HEMAN


的能力

The sky is unlimned. The pavement is no longer cut with sharp edges. The subway is no longer a place to travel in one direction. The traffic lights are no longer filled with cascading colors.

The nights are no longer decorated with an unquiet peace. The days are not lit up with bitter embellishments. The earth is not blackened with poison. The conversations are no longer laced with bitter undertones.

The scientific definition of the psychotic monstrosities Through the alchemistic delusions have ceased. The events to take out my own. If I mean learn 'to eat my own garbage — and my breath stinks, give me eloquence.

That's an old fashioned saying — he told her. I guess you're more up to date — she replied to this.

In every music spot they stopped the crowd. This piece is just a cube - he spat. Hey - she cooed — we'll be counter to our calling.

If we can't make it new wave.

And they make the beat of the silver muted color as they danced midst the crowd in the dark.

Morning has come

You looked as beautiful as a boat lying on your side in the darkness. I'm not sure which one said it. I'm not sure which one smiled in answer. Day welcomed them, as it does all lucky people.

BOB HART

The Season Out of Season

They always loved the blue. Time embedded in her voice. That bass hint of sadness. That scored her words. Made her melancholy sweet. But in this winter Of verdant front. A dash out of season With itself he bit into her blue. And they cracked on the lip of the moon. Repelling all shadow. When last. They were limbo rocking. The way to Jupiter. And that was the end. Of the blues, the blues. The harmonious blues. Joan Rivers-Chi White.
Keep Memory Balls

You gather
The moments
Of our love,
And keep them
Safe.
For us,
Like flower petals,
Pressed through
Between the pages,
In the book
Of your heart.
This night
When,
First
I hold you
I love you,
Looking
Into your darkling
Eyes, and
We shared
Our first
Daisy
And gentle
Kiss.

You remember,
And, remembering,
Tell me,
And we read them,
Again,
The pages,
Then,
Together,
We wound them,
Our blessings
And joining
Grateful
Hands,
Silently,
Our hearts
Give
Thanks.

Keeping Memory Balls

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