

in the winter sun
a katana
without its sheath

Natalie Perfetti
Tiffany Owens
Ryan Murphy

a man in a suit
enters a Volkswagon

In Tiffany Owens' room,
Friday, April 17

abandoned school bus
without seats
our future home

firefly light
reflected in your eyes

last night's bonfire
our first
cherry blossom sunrise

guests stagger home
I clean alone



Unmortared Bricks

shaded hammock -
a handful
of chocolate eggs

the balmy evening
on this side of the window

a drop
of light, falling
fall i n

9

the wine bottle slips
from her hands

too many moons
at her feet -
shattered glass

slower and
slower, still - sirens

bow song
this voiceless arrow
snatched by wind

rustling leaves
sun and moon
in the same sky

"I love you"
on the slide
in orange ink

past Christmas
empty gift bags
litter the porch

a whirlwind suspended
just above ground

entranced, they gaze
at the lava lamp

citrus juice
rubbing a red eye

McDonald's wrappers
on the good china

figure skater
sequined blur
she spins

orange bean-bag chair
licking Cheeto-cheese
from my fingers

dying ivy
still connecting
unmortared bricks

Jewish reception
mother and mother-in-law
smashing a plate

ice on the lake
his warm embrace

wrinkled pages
on the hardwood floor

the outline of the cathedral
burned in the ground

amidst the mayhem
a child with plugged ears

past the distant firs
a pair
of lost hikers

cherry blossom bra -
silence
his little girl

cigarette filter
still smoldering
in overflowing ashtray

a sunflower field
in the moonlight -
a pigeon's coo

two crows
sitting on telephone wire

teddy bear lost
in the woodchips

Grandpa rocking
ranting about the gov'ment

crooked train tracks
no longer tied