

Poetry

40th Street

I'd like
to say

that when
I change
coffee

the pot
doesn't know
it for
a few
days

it's awaiting
the tempo
of French
espresso &
suddenly
El Pico
is back

it's inexplicable
the glass pot

is dulled
speechless

so wake
me up
with your
confusion

in a few
days you'll
be shaped
like this
& a new
strong
meaning
will
come.

Be patient
pot. Advance
the parade.

Eileen Myles

Winter Wind

Leaf-laden lately, beech limbs once reached
the ground, swaying. Lightened now, choreic, bare,
they twitch. An abandoned wasp nest
scuds across the yard. The nest is dashed
against the garden shed and drops to rest
among discarded flowerpots, each smashed
to shards so long ago the sun has bleached
them gray. It totters, then lodges there,
gray, too, and trapped among the shards, held fast
and peeled: Its catacombed, translucent skin
is flung away in layers, drifting like ash,
catching on bark, raised roots, spent tufts of grass
until the labyrinth within
floats ply by tight-wound ply away, at last.

Mark Bauer

*seeing the morning sun
being reflected
in each dew-drop
I don't feel the need
to search the infinite happiness
and perfection of all things
anymore*

*there is nothing else
to be found*

*just
this*

...

Katka Grofova

[25

