

JOHN M. BENNETT

Dream Lot for Eva

We were standing in the
parkinglot a man was
scraping at his tires with a
tin can lid I was
holding to her hands I
told her of a robot in a
dress that was rolling down the street
It must have been your wife she
said the street was lined with
parked cars I stood out there
and clutched a plate of pie This cut's for you I
yelled a heavy car came
speeding at me from a space that rushed away

Then I saw her
face her coat her wanting me I said we'd
touch again and was hacking at the hours of ice
frozen on my windshield while she spoke and raised her
umbrella to keep the sleet off me

KAREN VANBRIMMER STONER

Anatomy Of A Marble

What it is that forms the eye of a marble
I do not know
As an admiring layman
I can only speculate on the formula
The eye is at once the stormy waves of ocean
and the cool side of a rainbow
How in the world someone managed to get it so neatly
inside that perfect glass bubble is quite beyond me
But isn't it fun to shoot one across the grass
and watch it sparkle