

CAROL CAVALLARO

admission of guilt

Listen to the trees that have a sorrow
like your fingers moving in the dark.

The sound of bells and bells
is the emergence in my mind when we make love,
fighting back
the turning into substance.

Sometimes our love reminds me there's a sea rock
where the sea can never come.
There's something before the rock
that breaks the waves upon it.
I cover my head
because in the darkness it's my mother my mother my father
as twisted as the tall tree trunks.

LARRY SMITH

My Grandfather's House

My grandfather's arms are in this porch; his face is in its boards.
A mile out from town, his life is pumped up from cisterns of loneliness.
The basement is his mind.

I swing in the yard from the apple boughs of his legs, slowing into
his hands. The coarse rope of his ways.

Dark windows stare back at the woods and the neighbor's cows, sealed
now with the lead of his blood. Without light his roots go down.

The grass smells of his clothes.

I climb the smooth hair of his stairs reaching for his words. The
door lies open.

In the old toilet bowl float the tobacco leaves of dreams. They are
his. They are mine.