

B. M. BENNANI

Prima Ballerina

Her disheveled hair
dances in the air
like a host of butterflies
she dances away on ropes
tautly drawn from my eyes.

JOHN M. BENNETT

Wind

The wind my mind is it
the sky is blue and
white its buds ex
PLOding eyeballs is a
distance cross the river WOOLCO
sign is bending under
wind is roar my sight a
coughing joy bursts out is blown
my brain its branches bare and
light and tossing whipped
around the air thrust in
my lungs cracks out and breaks these
damp and bandaged ribs my tongue

BUD BRICKER

Joker

Cards—who are the cards?
Are they the pasteboard
Or the people?
Do the players lead the trump
Or is the trump soul leader
Guiding hands to its glory in play
Laughing at the guided?
Is the joker in the deck
Or the deck held by the joker?