

WIFE CLEANS HOUSE

Don Domanski

wife crawls beneath rocks
and comes out with salamanders
and beetles in her dust pan

wife places her hands in a pond
and brings up the bottom
in a plastic bag

wife climbs to the tops of trees
and throws starlings to the ground
then sweeps them away

wife plants seeds
and lamps appear
and mahogany tables
and a chesterfield
and quiet pictures
of the family.

GETTING CLOSER TO THE LINES

John Ditsky

Carefully, carefully,
along the straight sharp lines
I cut, the scissors defining
the star that lit the stable
—in construction paper I'll
white-paste to the window
of my schoolroom, seen
by those who pass.

Folding a redness,
cutting a single flaring curve,
I make a miracle: Open
the sheet & there's a heart
ready for arrowing, ready
for pasting onto a schoolroom
window. Who will see
my holiday wish?

Where did the paper
and scissors spend summer?
Where did mine go?—that now
I trace harvest forms, sheaf
shock & Indian corn,
lastly a grinning Face:
suffering souls still
reliving their lives.

Now my trembling
hand (someone's broken
all the windows: it's cold
in my schoolroom) lets
loose a familiar character:
fool bearded white
as the snow piling high,
outside & in—.

THE NEW DECORUM

J. C. Nitzsche

In the forest you flaunted the relevance
of your commonwealth sex, annexed by my government.
Wildly we groated through the woods, our
interest in play. The shilling sun
smiled upon us.