

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.

But on the beach I count coins, your
 mercantile eyes charging us with the
 freedom of economic bodies. As we invest hands,
 we grow no trees, and sand mushrooms
 beneath our feet. Islanded under the
 gulling Atlantic sky, forests are
 forgotten, and I find, in fine,
 your cloven feet.

URSULA

Derk Wynand

a warrior advances fire beneath his copper breastplate
 a blue shadow beneath his helmet of steel at his wrist
 the asian bull's tanned hide mixed gold of the europeans
 at his ankle hard on her soft flesh shrinking away away
 from indian spices inside his armour the stink of merchant
 blood the stink of distant concubines that lingers still
 on his skin like so many tongues twisted for coins she
 smells the alien blood he walks on it's bitter it makes
 her limbs grow rigid she knots herself against him no
 loose end showing crosses finger on finger cups hand to
 breast knots her thighs against him against his orders
 against his scented words against his childhood tales
 how hard it was he falls to his knees for a prophet has
 whispered into ears for thunder has spoken for the bird
 has been cut precisely for it is said he must undo these
 fibers tensed against him no loose end showing with the
 oil of word or blade he must have this woman for no one
 shall keep him from winning ursula asia and the world