

SAVED

I'm here
 3:15 A.M. pen
 in hand when
 the kitchen door
 creaks open
 and there she
 stands squinting.
 What are you
 doing? Sitting
 here. I say.
 But it's 3
 in the morning
 what are you
 doing? she says.
 Come here. I say.
 She shuffles over,
 sits on my lap
 and looks with
 me at the blank
 page.
 Best moment
 of the day.

PERFUME

Not wives
 or mothers
 these pure
 women
 making
 a living

standing
 for years
 at glass
 counters
 under hot
 lights.

I've seen
 how they
 stare at
 you these
 fragrances
 incarnate

waiting
 haremlike
 for shy
 men to
 stop and
 be sprayed.

— Kyle Jarrard

Suresnes France

MONETARY HAIKU

Coming down
 the steps of the bank,
 each person
 feels
 a little different.

THE FATHER BENDS

The wind
 picks up
 the child's laughter,
 polishes it
 like an apple.

POETRY OR MURDER

The construction
 of either
 will keep you
 awake.

OUTSIDE NIGHT WINDOW

The moan of the traffic —
 sea without
 a bed.