

I said, It sure has, and he
smiled and said, real loud:
Who wants some more of
that coconut cake, mama.
Get these boys some
more of your fine cake.

And up she jumped
as he hit the zapper
for something else.
We've got a dish,
he said. We can watch
just about anything
that's on in the whole
wide world. You got
that where you live?

Grandma had started snoring.
Then in came the cake.

TRASH: 2

Take all the waste
of my body and of
my mind and gather
it in one place.
How much would there
be? How many wadded
poems? How many steak
bones and beer bottles?
Imagine the particular
smell.

— Kyle Jarrard

Suresnes France

GHAZAL: HOUDINI

Driving alone somewhere in the Midwest.
Thunderclouds breaking on the fields' edges.

I wash developer across the paper,
only the outline of your face emerges.

frogs suction to my window. Small red hearts
pound through the thin film of belly.