

THIS MORNING OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE

I awoke and just glimpsed your black bush  
as your housecoat fell  
around your thighs  
clothing you for coffee  
and I thought  
as when a bird flew across  
my vision the other day  
backwinging a-flutter to touch  
down on the branch  
little wren  
will you ever know how pretty  
you looked just now

IN ARIZONA

At dawn the sky gets up  
behind the eucalyptus trees  
and just stands there like  
a friend out of work  
not saying anything

— Ben Jacques

Stoneham MA

POSTCARDS FROM IRONIC CITY (NO. 1)

— for John Levin

A taxi cab  
with its windows wound down.  
Islamic music pounding out  
as the driver makes  
an illegal  
U-turn.

POSTCARDS FROM IRONIC CITY (NO. 2)

Store-front Santas  
clanging their bells,  
forcing the homeless  
to beg a little louder.