

IN THE HARDWARE STORE

Bald men
admiring
the heads
of mops.

THE STARS

Our humility returns
when we try
to count them.

ORGASM

Over the waterfall
in our
boat of skin.

AFTER RAIN

The wind
rushing through
the alley,
making each puddle
frown.

DURING YOGA

While
standing on my head
I hear a plane
overfeet.

THE PIGEON-FEEDER

The pigeons
carry away
his bread,
never
his
loneliness.

—Peter Bakowski

Richmond, Australia