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Flamingo

Elizabeth Humerickhouse

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BRUCE HECKMAN

NOISY SPIDER

I listened at the door of
 A grey spotted spider
 Only with my eyes,
 Making up sounds.
 So soft and rasping as
 He scrapes on threads;
 The air so whistles softly as
 He swings to the other wall.

In his dark corner,
 Holding together walls and ceiling
 By tiny cords,
 He sits, humming,
 Testing his work.

ELIZABETH HUMERICKHOUSE

FLAMINGO

Upon
 A coral reef
 Of spiral rock there stood
 A bird like silence chiseled in
 Rose quartz.

HERBERT MORRIS

JUNE'S LETTER

We have a little cactus
 that, for one day this week,
 opened a desert flower
 before us, struck a second
 start that we come to mornings
 naked and in bare feet,
 hoping it, too, astonish.
 How do you tell a son,
 barefoot, impending, patience?

Here, we have bread, cool wine,
 plums, and stars on the roof,
 a candle for the nights
 when a rain laps the moon
 or if it be too deep
 and soon we fall to sleep
 to hear the stars above us
 in their long light and choir.
 How do you tell him waken?

Herb, dear, you should know sons,
 home, and the alien cactus
 slamming its heat and silence
 through the dense thorn and choir
 into our naked mornings
 so that it one day suffer
 flame and articulation,
 then turn, ready for desert,
 the year's dark milk, itself.