

maze. Arriving at the goal he finds food, but he does not recognize it, so the animal will return to the entry. He sits down to wait. Wait for what? He does not know, he can't remember. Eventually he will die. Inches away from food he will starve to death, because in his haste to collect stars he has neglected his basic needs and has lost his ability to satisfy them.

Sentimentalism Is What You Would Call This Had I Not
Left Out the Woodpeckers and the Butterflies

by Susan Cox

It was wonderful to be alive.
Today I
picked up a buckeye and one for my
love, peanut-warm
from the last sun of summer
(Or was it the first sun of fall?).
It smelled like hay
the grass, not like chlorophyll
heavy escaping.
Not to be Thoreauish, but there were squirrels too
(just as I expected) scampering
without reason
after mutual tails and entirely
for the fun of it.
I kept the buckeyes to impersonate
still warm
a paranoid's ball-bearings
for a not so warm day.