

nickleodeon nights

banking to make the stem in spite of the toy or
 instantaneous piano
 let me get you a parking lot? about how sapphires
 are such cold stones
 the shakes, a first night from the sack. lines
 moved by anger and the radio page a skeleton of
 it to substitution hack
 she has been a second to take the come

from all open I thought she enjoyed to come back
 to the house
 shorthand be not this just wrote in the coffeepot,
 habits walked up
 adhesive to the banking spray

-- James Brodey

Waiting

a poem for Lorca

There is Death
 in the middle of the road
 drowning in a blood-empty moon
 the jasmine ink permeates
 the fainting breath of corpses

the sigh of deathless brides
 awaiting the groom
 dying in the middle of the road

Death enters from the left
 comes mid-stage and counts the house

the silver moon-knife
 flashing in the raw black streets
 the death'shead seal upon the groom's wax lips
 fallen in the middle of the road

Death smiles
 stoops
 rights a fallen jasmine
 and moves off-stage
 into a field of blue-flowered flax
 and soft poppies.

-- Steve Levine