

Provided by Diposit Digital de Documents de la UAB

and there was something funny in his look almost as if he were homesick

-- Jeff Heglin

Simi, California

steering through the jostled room and

landing against the couch

he falls

headlong

on the floor

his drink spreads on the rug

his dimmed eyes

barely catch

the tentacles reaching toward him

as he passes out

across his chest a parade of little mice displaying anti-cat sloganned banners march to a squeaky fife

from between his knees a woman rises in the air naked except for traces of seaweed his hands sprout fingers two feet long

which wriggle into snakes that curl over his chest and swallow the mice

the woman wrapping the snakes around her body presses two of them against her breast-nipples and as they bite she sinks down between his knees again

the corner of his eve

catches the line of the sofa's seat
the huge frame of the window
the movement of the curtains
the tipped glass on the floor
the dusty smell of the rug gags him

he fights down the sneeze and turns onto his side

he sees

the drink-stain moving toward him
with a hundred wet fingers
and closes his eyes again
not to come back too soon

we walk toward the wires you whisper: what does the pattern mean? I shake my head

> through the center of the grid red putty pushes out shaping to a sagging ball

the hawk whirls great wings slap the wind we huddle closer together

a scream slashes from the building I lean toward you: it's started scream after scream bellies out to where we stand inside the lights go on figures move the screams dull to whimpers I touch your arm: we must go

no wait

you edge nearer the grid press your body against the wires parts of your flesh push through forming sagging balls I try to pull you away you slap me

come we must go! no I'm staying!

I leave you

sticking there

you scream after me:

what does the pattern mean!

-- Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Massachusetts

The Doll House

Say, this is some doll house; they're serving martinis on the cocktail table. -- Today

Allowed the darkest corner of the trunk
The Duke and Duchess gradually grow old
And chipped, their fires unlit, their hallways cold.
What could they do? They had to turn to drink.

All of the shutters closed, and curtains drawn, Another room is shut off every year. The servants lose no chance to overhear, And everything they hear they tell the town: