

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
servicing 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: