

## CAUGHT IN ICE

A light, clear-blue, plastic ice cube tray  
sits in small puddles  
on the counter  
by the aluminum kitchen sink.

Light, yellow and dusty hot,  
streams through the window  
cutting itself  
on a suspended prism.

The room is empty.

In the living room with dark wood  
a naked three-year-old  
with pink bows in blonde hair  
plays the piano  
thinking of last night's bad dreams.

In another room  
someone rustles.

## STRAIGHTEDGE RAZOR

Old, but as clear of eye  
as a sixteen-inch rainbow trout  
freshly pulled from the blue lake,  
she looks at me  
seeing a son with an ex-wife and children.  
She has come across the praries  
and mountains with packages and  
bags, suitcases and valises,  
stopping at the ocean to hold  
the final grandchild,  
a mancub named Max.  
After a stay she packs again  
turning the car into the rising  
sun of the east.

What she expects or needs  
from me has been lost  
in the bowling alley of time.  
A kiss and she pats my cheek  
saying, "Take care of my grandchild,  
that woman, and, for God's sake!,  
shave."