

ANOTHER POEM ABOUT LOVE

Josh Bell

It's like in any good horror movie when the heroine escapes from the farmhouse and down the darkling country road. She flags down the first passing motorist she sees. "Help me," she says, "those people are crazy." "Look," the motorist explains, "I want you to know the true meaning of terror, and anyway, we're very late for supper." He's quite insane, but his eyes are *so* beautiful. "Your eyes," she says. "And yours," he says. So it's not too surprisng that during the ride back to the farmhouse, there's very little screaming.