

FOR MARINO MARINI

in the art museum
there is
a juggler
with his arms slashed off

there is
a stick man
with leprosy

there are
45 giggling teenage assassins

Jonathan Siskin

THOUGHTS AT TURTLE LAKE

One floats among the waves,
relaxing like driftwood.
One crawls through the warm, slow comfort
of familiar mud.
Another is digging near the bottom.
He is busy confusing the water,
dredging up dark clouds of silt.
He seems to believe too much activity
can be dangerous near the surface.
The disturbed sediment hangs.