

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.