

## Chagall / Linda Pastan

It is snowing  
fiddle notes  
on the village of Vitebsk  
where brides float up  
like the wicks  
of sabbath candles.  
In the kitchens  
the dough cries out  
to be braided,  
or is it the hair  
of the youngest daughter  
newly washed  
in ochre?

## The Last Page / Albert Goldbarth

Sometimes, often, the tragic surface  
lies. When I was ten, I gave my mother a Hardy Boys  
mystery, she told me Who Did It  
after one chapter, I was—just like the dumbshit chief  
of police on every last page—thunderstruck. The  
man without eyelids was innocent, appearance  
having misdirected: the blood-soaked rope in his coatpocket

only a leash he walked his wounds with, the six gray  
bullets in the revolver-barrel: only his abacus  
for tallying joys, etc. Did I learn? Do I want to  
still proffer handkerchiefs numinously as fire  
department nets below whole megalopolises  
of sobbing, sponge up each moan? Do  
I. But here comes the man without

eyelids, has to weep to keep moist—his tear:  
his sustenance. For some chiefs, it's never one chapter