

and between your thighs  
that reddish wedge of hair  
that hovered near my palm-sized face  
is white with a black crease.

When you turn completely to memory  
that is the shape you'll take,  
reminding me each time I pass  
through you into another room  
that death is a short trip;  
your heart stops and you're there.

## The Picture / Arthur Vogelsang

In this one, we sat on the floor.  
Beyond the thin glass the idea of water and thunder  
Was like a seizure in God's mind  
("Fresher! Fresher!" he yelled, and threw the water down)  
And among our legs which smelled like salt and clean blood  
We spread out the thousand photographs,

A few aunts dead, the Cartier-Bresson imitations we published,  
Our cats at two months, that auditorium  
Where we saw Lowell eight years ago deserted  
Afterward so in our frame it looked like erosion  
In a waterless desert or a hill so steep  
You'd think at a sneeze someone would have somersaulted down  
Over body after body into his sidekick poet  
Rich's lap. The old girl friends,  
The boys who had you, in snapshots  
Somehow better than the 8 x 10's we were secretly so proud of and sold.

In nearly every one, of us,  
There's this irony on my face and always on yours  
That keeps us from being scared  
At the nervelike blue light which instant by instant attacks the powerful rain  
At the edge of the window.

There's a smile

In one of them that makes you look like the sweetest shark ever  
And as I pass it to you a gagging cloud makes us a little nervous.  
There's even some spectacular ones of a robbery—I can still hear the guns!—  
And under the roof of your bare, crossed legs whiter than surf  
The expensive, quiet-shuttered camera we've just dusted off  
Seems ready to wink cahoots at the storm.

Near it  
A color shot of my aunt crying because she'll die. Near  
That, a second one in color that friends took last week  
—we still seem to be in our twenties—  
And we can by now look openly and decently at someone's lens.

Cover these awful two with your leg and I'll come closer.  
We'll grin at the window when the blue light electrocutes it.

## What My Head Is For / Donald Finkel

To keep my ears from squabbling  
to pound on the door of judgment  
when my knuckles are sore

to keep my nose out of the sewer  
to hold souvenirs, old keys  
worn yellow pebbles, a parching tongue  
cracked like a cast-off shoe

to lift my eyes above my appetite  
to read the writing over urinals  
peek through windows, make out scrawls  
in matchbooks praising black motels  
I never slept in, bearing  
one last match, whose rosy head  
I still may strike against the dark

a head with a future, not like this one  
doomed never to flower on my shoulders  
destined ever to nod on its stalk  
at the merest breath of reason