

Two Poems · *Alan Feldman*

ANOTHER VISIT FROM MY SISTER

She gets off the bus in my mother's old mink coat
And dungarees. Carrying a flight bag. She's made a quick
Circle around the country. Has even seen our remote
Father in Florida. Two of her friends are widows.
We're getting older and older. Luckily. I don't
Feel like lecturing her about her unfinished dissertation.
I accept everything. Even her ice cream dinners. I won't
Back my father when he accuses her of procrastination
And worries how she'll collect social security in Istanbul.
Are you happy? is all I ask her when we talk.
"Mmm, yes . . ." she says, considering. Her eyes full.
She shows me a photo of the view from her balcony. A short walk
Along the Bosphorus brings her to the ferry that goes
To Asia. It's sunny. The wind ruffles her clothing.

MARINI'S *Man on a Horse*

It's hard to tell if he's in ecstasy or supplicating his lover or God.
Seated on his horse, his arms spread and raised a little, like wings,
The horse's neck extended like a pointed finger, the man's prick
Rising like a small trumpet, a counterweight to the horse's stubby tail.
It's all the same in the arms of desire.
He faces the Grand Canal in front of Peggy Guggenheim's house.
Maybe it's because in Venice the streets are made from water
Flowing softly and humbly and smelling like sewers to the ocean in an
infinitesimal tide
The moon pulling the liquid streets in a slow pulse that he becomes
(On his useless horse) the god of desire. One of the slow but dependable
forces.