

The cab the wet lights floating above asphalt  
The balcony and leaning  
Staring at the 3 AM traffic  
Still dressed the same and no less  
Remembering  
How one walks away and beyond the door  
Becomes glass so often in the hand  
And up to the lips  
Imagining her to be somehow  
As perfect as the taste of cold  
As unforgettable as

Cyclists! yes the hills much greener  
The sun much higher much like a helmet  
Tires passing black quickly  
Like the eyes of those in the passing  
The wrong flags waving in the distance  
The finish  
And the smiles dropping from the faces  
Of those standing  
Now turning away

## The Drunk / Ray Ronci

His hands and feet are sleeping on waves  
His limbs are tunnels reaching out like a starfish  
His head is barely visible like a rock in the ocean

Meanwhile the truth is he is laying on the outfield  
In the rain  
And there are blackbirds all around him  
And all around the baseball park  
Noonday traffic like crowds of people  
Standing in the rain saying: Shhhhhhhh

And he  
Is face down and spread out  
Reaching so to speak like a hand

Like a starfish like many tunnels  
Which go on infinitely  
In these several directions  
Embracing the damp  
The drunk  
Holding on  
To the waves  
To the earth

## Turning Back / Michael Sheridan

*for my brother*

We were born in a town no one famous came from.  
The planet just dragged us around.

Often there was a deadness in the air—  
the stench of mayflies rising

from the Mississippi, smoke from the paper mill  
riding any wind that strayed near shore.

Children grew older, married & multiplied.  
No one said anything new.

We've left that town a hundred times for good.  
Anywhere we go the sun comes up the same

and in the same old place,  
like a woman used for years unfairly; the wind

still runs from leaf to leaf; we've seen other rivers  
turning in their beds & other lives going on routinely.

Sometimes we stop & touch each other, then reflect.