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Like cottage curtains  
like teeth and sky  
your belly moves under me  
over and over in my fallow night.

And when the new women said  
“come in,” I said “no.”  
Now where do I go?

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Same cars under snow  
at the great window.

## Temperate Zone / Peter Wild

In summer the lizards nose down our chimney  
from the heat toward the music of our language.  
but inside they run around the tile, lacking traction  
like Indians from the bush crazed on city streets  
that you see in Mexico.  
we spy them, a medallion spread on the wall  
pausing in its journey, doing push-ups  
on the couch while we're on the telephone,  
tangled in the aerial roots  
of the colocasia looking for insects. watering,  
my wife shrieks, and the St. Bernard, eyes going big,  
pursues her barefoot, hands out running  
after it around the house. from the corner  
she says This one's a prince with  
a speckled coat, or This one's lost a leg  
in an accident, as I reach for a broom,  
an axe. finally we get them steered  
toward the light of the open door,  
or cupped, a candle gone limp in the hand  
thrown out. on the porch released

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from their dreams of the tomb they come to life again  
with all their senses, sailing past  
the cats waiting paws lifted in the bushes straight  
for the nearest cloud stuttering by. arm in arm  
on the top step we watch them clinging  
with their thin transparent fingers behind  
the billboard moving on to other kingdoms.

## Without Glasses / Michael North

Without glasses I look  
at a primitive world  
where the animals are more  
beautiful than Lascaux.  
Cows billow as they amble  
through the trees. Dogs  
go soft at the edges  
and mold themselves  
to the fence. On every  
branch is a small bird,  
pulsing like a flame.

This is the original world,  
where the deer grew so  
tall they toppled, dragging  
their complicated racks.  
Here the new teeth of  
the cats distorted their  
jowls, and mammoths  
bowed to the majesty  
of their own mouths.

This is the world in  
flux, where color is so  
insistent it can't be  
contained by any line.  
With nothing to stop it  
the tail of the flycatcher