Making a Door / Dennis Schmitz

a weedy creek peeled from corn fields, the whole countryside where I grew up thaws from the front

windows of this dollhouse we are making together. my daughter kneels to chalk night on the back windows wanting for this one house all that our family lived her eight years even dreams contorted to the neat minimum

of her bedroom. I ask to enter the doll's world, tell in altered size what I dreamed

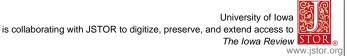
in my half of the house: how I reached speech through a series of dahs, made my face a welt on the five senses— I go on distributing myself over the assigned parts the house is almost done

I hand her the saw

It Is Still Winter Here / Linda Pastan

I need no thermometer to tell methe rhododendrons are enough,

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closed down like old umbrellas all along the drive, and your grandmother's voice from Florida speaking of the weather there as if the sun were some huge stone rolled against the door of death to hold it shut. Here birds blaze briefly at the window; a fox has died under the deck, and we haul it away our breath condensing into cartoon balloons but ours have no words in them. Even the trees seem no more than kindlingso many dry sticks, and your grandmother's voice crackling along the wire just now like a brush fire soon to be put out.

On Obregón / Greg Pape

Across the street from the only cottonwood tree on the Avenida Obregón there is a white burro harnessed to a cart that has stood still for over a decade. Between the long white ears, a gaudy paper flower. Beneath the slung belly, between the four patient legs, a bucket that now and then a man empties in the gutter.

All day, the flashing of gold watches, the thin rustle of money (like the flower between the burro's ears), the traffic in baskets and plaster saints