

## After the Ballet / Howard Moss

*Saratoga Springs, July 4*

Where do the dancers go after dancing,  
The tumult of the action slowly fading,  
Asterisk, bulb, and incandescent  
Roman candle rushing into starlight?  
Where do the watchers go after dancing,  
The crowds of people dim in the stage light?  
The rockets of celebration wildly  
Flare for a moment, dangle, and darken.

## Monogamy / Ira Sadoff

Imagine sleeping in the same bed  
with another woman. Any woman.  
Think of losing sight of all  
perspective, the bed tilting  
over like an ocean liner,  
the horizon sliding out the window  
like a sheet of glass. What if your wife  
left you tomorrow? Who would you have  
to tell about your wonderful experience?  
What if you never lose this need  
for sleep? All night you cannot speak—  
something is going on in everybody  
else's room tonight, the bedsprings  
heating up like coils on the stove,  
a whole way of life going up  
in a mattress. And you are there  
and there and there and there.

## Odessa / M. R. Doty

The wheels the carts  
in Odessa are black the stones  
on the beach are black