

Ghazal / Philip Dow

Coming to him from its fumbled audition for the head of a pin,
the poem said: *I am your promise. What do you keep?*

His muse. Played the piano as if it were borne up at six points
by midgets dressed in money.

Get it right this time.
What am I supposed to feel?

Holding that still waters run deep
they, too, stagnated.

The present arrived, at a pat on the cheek,
offering a revolver or a barrel of whiskey.

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Daybreak. A ripple vee-ing across still water:
nothing's errant wake.

Minnows aquiver in the heron's eye.
And I, how can I understand love's angry tongue?

Hurt, like ritual. Performing duty beyond the need.
As if that was enough, as it sometimes is all there is.

The milkyway had seemed one endless track—
but then, but then.

Between those brightened splotches of his trail
doesn't the snail polish the air we breathe?

Artist / George Oppen

he breaks the silence
and yet he hesitates, half unwilling

something comes into his mind
it is something about something

the sea

to ask
where is the sea he asks