

## A Nest in the Wind / Gwen Head

Stuck up under the eaves, shiny and black  
as a barn swallow, her muggy room smelling  
of Florida water and crumbling linoleum, Marie  
lolls in a mess of chenille and sweaty newsprint.  
She wears tattered rayon panties. They are pink  
and slick as an open gullet. Her haunches are solemn  
and ravenous. In her telephone voice she reads  
out loud from her dream book. The bed is a nest in the wind.

—*Champagne and caviar. A man with a mustache—*  
Listening is black and banal as a cave.  
The girl likes caves. It is hot. She would like to swim  
in the cold underground.

—*Oh, but Isabelle, adored—*

## A Voice / Michael Cuddihy

It is late and no moon's out.  
I'm alone here, in this metal chair, listening:  
My car, a few yards away  
With the lights off. Stars.  
The river's empty.

Trees face me on the far bank  
With a darkness older than myself.  
Here. This ground I pretended  
Was home. Like an arm I don't  
Use, never noticing  
How it waits. If I cross here  
I can rest. In the foliage  
The sky looks big enough for a man  
To walk through, discover  
Himself, his own star.

Huge trees I can almost  
Touch, lean out at me. Fear.  
My legs rooted in it. The self  
I won't let go of, ever.