

## MICHAEL SHARKEY

### THE COWARD

Come and live with me, she says,  
as if a dozen mountain ranges,  
deserts, several rivers and a fistful  
of small lakes reflecting Pleiades  
don't exist. Of course I'd call,  
I write, if only – I recall her husband's  
threats, to cut my heart out with an axe;

and then the blue haze of the west  
disperses memory, and the rivers  
where the pelicans build nests  
and all those salt lakes, bitter  
tear-stains on the deserts, hold mirages  
like the lights of her town  
shining upside-down: the very image  
of a place I start to think I've never seen.

## ROGER VICKERY

### THE JUNGLE BOY LOOKS TO THE FOREST

though my elephants and apes  
are gathered outside the town  
i have not yet called them

these humans have already planted  
a jungle in my throat

my captors could die tonight

their stone could feel the tusks and teeth  
of my lonely followers

yet i have not howled for revenge

these humans have fed me on cooked meat

something in me is building a cage