

We lean over, our heads close together. Walking along bent over the mass of plastic and steel. Our first screws go in together, then our second. His clawed hands fumble the third. My third goes in smoothly. I step back. He struggles with the screw, which won't go in. The car slides out of reach. The cord on his gun tightens and pulls him back. The old fart begins trembling; the first screw he has missed in thirty years.

The camera whirrs towards him. A bell rings. The line stops. Without looking at him I let him see my contempt.

Then I go for a shit.

MAL MORGAN

MA NON TROPPO

Just a little bit
of sky
between the bars
 ma non troppo,
a house
a little home
but not a mansion,
a dance a merry jig
a twig
 but not the whole tree,
a breath
but not the wide sky,
a wave
 ma non troppo
not a roller-coaster
not an ocean crossing,
a wish
a wish-bone
a bird
 but not a golden egg,

a piece of bread
for a starving
brown belly
 ma non troppo,
this grass
beneath the blue,
this very all
 of much
so much for all
 ma non troppo,
this life
this small life
this little lie
 ma non troppo.

BILL FEWER

THE SHEIKH BLUES

the slender Arabian fingers
shake a cigarette into an ashtray.
Marilyn Monroe stares
like a fun pier waif from the wall.
Valentino scratches his head, confused.
his paunch rumbles, and the traffic agrees.
today is the day his contract expires;
the dream tent falling down,
camels kicking sand.

the bedroom mirror
smears his handsome profile
a glowing taint of eczema.
his fingers stumble into the telephone.
the small bruised book