

I am in another sun, eleven.
Angling off rocks with cane rods.
Eleven, and inept at it. Outfished
by a brother with a pail of mullet
to take home.
Smells of evil bait, entrails, salt
and blind to the now . . .
of boat and coming rain.
And this hook removable only
with my brother's pliers.
If he were here.

DAVID BOLLIGER

Straggling in the streets
With her child in her arms
Suicide rain
Nighttime wind
They found her hanged
The baby crying beside
But the final gesture
Was waiting inside
Three places set
With a rose and a knife
Last supper light
Suicide wife