

## **image 1**

he  
stroked her dark hair  
with fingers white  
long as night  
then with two metal pincers  
crushed her skull  
a gesture both exquisite  
& kind

she smiled lazily & said  
when you come again my sweet  
please  
do  
take my mind

## **coming through the other side**

it's warmer there  
they say  
though i couldn't verify  
light changes somewhat  
i have heard  
coming through the other side  
sound is always sweet  
mathematical & precise  
while love alone melts  
both glaciers & women  
there on the other side  
& all the rest is perfect too  
except  
for this iron moment  
barred across the door  
into the other side

**EDWARD DEAN**