

**ROBERT C. BOYCE**

**SUN-UP**

break of  
day  
your only window opens  
brightly outwards

about  
already  
all proper  
manner of things

**TWO-UP**

Into rings  
Roped by faces  
Linking hearts  
Pounding bloodlines  
Springs the king  
Tossing pennies  
Spun from heaven  
Heads to fortunes