

VISIT TO THE SIXTH FLOOR

*Sherry Rind*

Behind glass and chickenwire,  
 the newborn ripen in open boxes.  
 There is still a feeling of blue  
 under the fresh skin. Men asleep  
 in water, they wave and flop,  
 loose mouths working the air.  
 Their eyes slide,  
 wet paint in the folds.  
 Feeble and wrinkled, hands  
 older than their mothers'  
 know only to grasp:  
 all they will know.

DEATH THOUGHTS AT TWENTY

*James E. Cooper*

Still nights of unwashed feet trail over the end.  
 These eyes surmise these tinkit voyagings  
 Of clacking sleet these crisscross panes  
 In dark reject unlettered beyond the west;  
 These quenching trophy lights of ocean creek  
 These cot springs, gnash these teeth with spinach leaves,  
 Are caught within these throats like glass ground fine;  
 These rilles of moon-cold flesh roar bitter brine  
 As dark as very darkness and these know  
 What corpses know and that these too soon die . . .  
 Still nights of unwashed feet trail over the end.