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 tlinkit 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.