

A DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON

D. Reid Powell

on the quiet marshy pond
 a lone duck hesitates
 then quickly D

I

V

E

S

disturbing the waters.

while ripples circle

D

I

E

W

R

I

E

D

the duck stays down
 too long:

another unreported suicide.

CONDITION I

J. McLeod

somewhere delight peeks out timidly
 from beyond one's view,
 strange that so timid a thing
 must be wrestled with:
 the constant human olympics,
 the decathlon whose prize
 is a press of bodies on motel sheets,
 a blind letting go,
 and
 an awakening appetite for the chase.