

I HAVE ALSO BEEN IN ARCADIA*

I, too, have known that sylvan scene,
though not among the mountains green
with stands of laurel, oak, and pine,
where satyrs, dryads intertwine,

but down below, among the flowers
I'd sit and handicap for hours,
and often, when the day was through,
I won the stakes and claimers too.

I'd go back home with pockets filled
to find sweet Amaryllis thrilled.
We'd sit outdoors beneath the sky,
and watch the shooting stars go by.

Then, when the moon was on the rise,
we'd look in one another's eyes,
and if the night was clear and warm
we shared the Daily Racing Form.

T. S. KERRIGAN



CANTO'S POUNDS

One vittle more
and shortly
I'll be a little more
portly.

EDMUND CONTI

*The Santa Anita Racetrack is in Arcadia, California.

ALWAYS IN MOVIES

Always in movies after
Coital heat,
A couple are shown bare-shouldered
Beneath a sheet.

It's almost as if every
Decent American lover
Can only operate his or her apparatus
Undercover.

X. J. KENNEDY

BLIND DATE

I'm sorry but
I can't see you anymore.

CODY WALKER

THE MONSTER'S BRIDE

They married me at fifteen to my patch-
Work partner with a borrowed name, the name
Of Frankenstein, his maker. My poor wretch,
Miscalled, whatever called, can scarcely claim
One body part his own. Dank graves were robbed
To stitch together something on a table
In a forbidden lab, where he was jobbed,
Jolted alive, not birthed. How am I able,
Bride of the monster, how am I to cherish
That aching body, that tormented soul?
Dead loves assail him. Buried passions flourish
Deep in his makeshift brain. Old memories steal
Across his heart. Long nights of storm and lightning.
His howls of love, his needs are truly frightening.

VICTOR HOWES

THE FIRST LAUGH

A fly, in a flash of inspiration,
wove a web, an exemplary act
which taught every animal in creation
that they had gifts they'd hitherto lacked.
So mice made honey and fish climbed hills
and donkeys nested in sycamore trees
while every evening the whip-poor-wills
swam with cats in the depths of the seas.
Gorillas gamboled about in flocks,
the dawn chorale came from singing baboons,
chickens danced with a wolf as a fox
joined with rabbits playing the spoons.
In Eden all creatures acquired a new craft;
and one, for the first time ever, laughed.

JIM HAYES

PRACTICE MAKES PRUFROCK

By measuring with coffee spoons
He calibrates his brain,
Two hemispheres as dry as moons,
Down to the finest grain;

By rolling up his trouser cuffs
Repeatedly, perfects
The wholesome art of pleating ruffs
A balm for intellects.

And when he goes out for a walk
He hears the mermaids sing,
As dreamers never do who balk
Instead of practicing.

DAN CAMPION



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