

This is the spot  
 on the Route 1A bridge  
 where she threw her baby  
 into the harbor  
 where gently  
 she pushed it up  
 into the soft maw  
 of darkness up  
 into the end  
 of its tiny life up  
 into hushed rooms  
 of the past back  
 to stay safe  
 and a baby.

RUTH BRIGGS

**the ants**

ten million  
 carry off a baby  
 ten billion  
 budge a one car garage  
 a few thousand  
 fire a light revolver  
 yet vanish in silence  
 at a touch  
 turn into  
 tiny saints  
 barely caring  
 beneath a small boy's thumb

A thousand yards out I paused,  
 saw all that loose blue sky and how  
 the sea I sat on was a version of air  
 and how the wind stroked my hair  
 like a woman's hand as ducks and brants  
 flashed by and a jellish pulsed its song  
 of joy about how I could never die  
 when floating in this painting  
 of so much beauty  
 and so what if I did.

KAYAK JOURNAL

Wadded in some gutter,  
 exhausted from keeping its end  
 of the bargain down decades  
 of fifty cent years,  
 one corner singed black  
 lighting some hack's cigar,  
 someone's wrong number  
 inked over the edge,  
 furtively jotted in some dark bar  
 out on long lonesome blacktop  
 that coursed across country  
 still open to dreaming  
 where someone met someone  
 and ordered more drinks and  
 spoke softly with meaning  
 by dimly lit neon  
 the lyrics to sax solos  
 wandering through  
 someone's sad jazz.

OLD DOLLAR

Dance with me  
 on silvered water,  
 over bridges, up stairways,  
 on cloud-painted ceilings,  
 through giant ivory halls  
 with syncompated echo  
 where gravity is a feather's touch  
 on a mirrored floor  
 and full orchestras swell  
 discreetly behind the potted palms.  
 My white-gloved hands  
 are always available.  
 My gleaming hair  
 is perfect.  
 I absolutely refuse  
 to fall down.

SO SUIVE

**CLOUD-PAINTED CEILING,  
 MIRRORED FLOOR**



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Cover artwork by Tom Chandler

**Origami Poetry Project**

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