Posing for a Photo after a Stroke

You take a big breath and hold it hoping like fixing a blown tire the air will stay in pushing back those weak inner walls long enough to feel that time is still on your side. You look and feel an old familiar symmetry breaking once more into your smile to fool an uncaring camera that time is still on your side.

First appeared in American Journal of Poetry
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Every OPP microchap may be printed from the website.
Cover art by Lauri Burke
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On Trial For Being
William Cullen Jr

Finding Out His Old Man Died

He did not weep but lit his father’s pipe and settling back in his porch chair every once in awhile when the clouds gave way he blew a smoke ring at the moon.

First appeared in Gravel

A Tanka

peeling an onion you weep tears for what’s now gone as if in your genes you sensed a kindred soul from your life before this one

First appeared in Pirene’s Fountain